

ou can spend 30,400 seconds with Elvis

PHOTOPLAY

SEPTEMBER 25¢

has Sandra gone

Kookie?



SANDRA DEE
and
EDD BYRNES
(Kookie)



NEW...
Suave[®]
revives hair
surely as
moisture
refreshes
a flower

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Ever watch a drooping rose revive after a summer rain? Watch the same sort of miracle happen in your hair, thanks to fabulous new Suave. Just a touch moisturizes hair problems away—new greaseless way. Dryness, drabness go. Highlights sparkle. Suddenly your hair obeys perfectly, takes any hairstyle easily.

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Listerine Stops Bad Breath 4 Times Better than Tooth Paste!

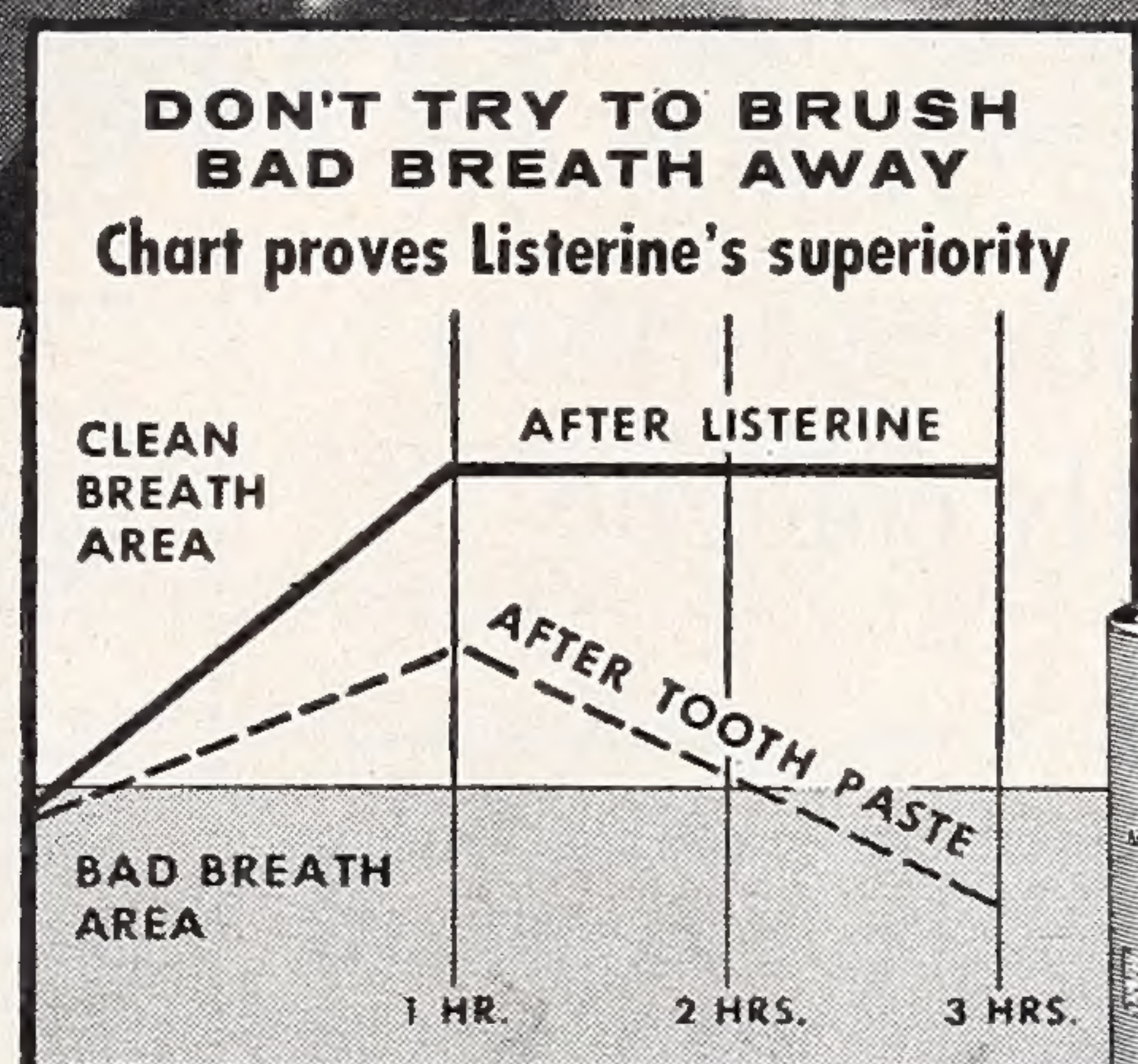


Tooth paste is for your teeth—Listerine is for your breath. Germs in the mouth cause most bad breath, and you need an antiseptic to kill germs:

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Reach for Listerine

... Your No. 1 protection against bad breath

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

VOTE FOR YOUR GOLD MEDAL RECORD WINNERS

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BALLOT

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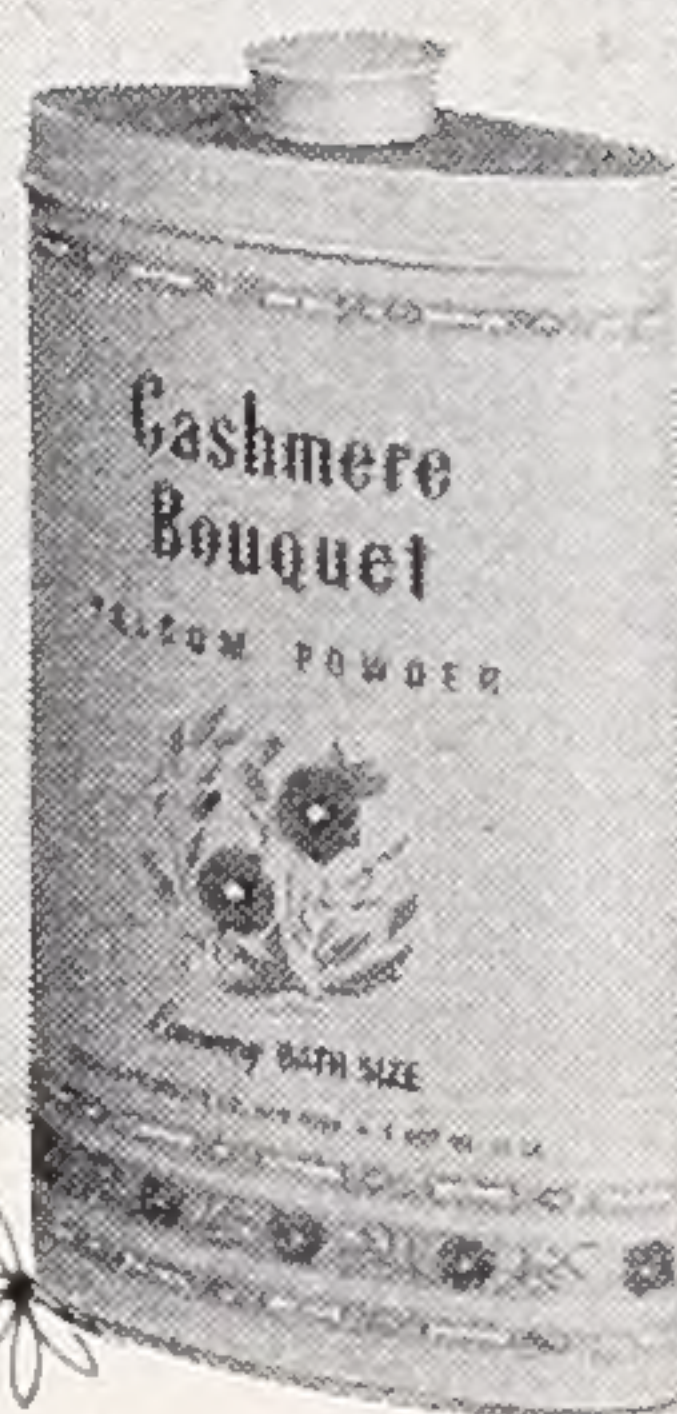
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The Fragrance Men Love

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use one ... and she
has her own
ideas about
the other!



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Screen Play by
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Story by VALENTINE DAVIES
In CinemaScope
and METROCOLOR
Directed by
GEORGE MARSHALL
Produced by
AARON ROSENBERG



Wonder what the girls really think about the way Sal Mineo dresses? And are they tickled by Peter Ustinov's whiskers?



THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



Bob says money's bad for actors. Any one in mind?

I'd say Joan Crawford is the modern version of "Poor Little Rich Girl"—with poverty never having it so good. . . . Jean Simmons is as amusing as she is curved. . . . Peter Ustinov told me that nobody knows when he's angry unless he tells them so—except Mrs. Ustinov. . . . After seeing "Room at the Top," I'd pick Simone Signoret instead of B.B. So sue me. . . . Robert Mitchum's Quotable Quote: "The worst thing for an actor is to get rich. It's ruined far more actors than drink." . . . Most girls who date Rick Nelson wind up dating Dave Nelson, and vice versa. . . . Of all the child actors, Mickey Rooney remains my favorite—because he's the only one who didn't grow up and outgrow me.

Bing Crosby can turn the collar around now. He's done that role enough. . . . I don't blame you if you don't believe me, but I did hear Lawrence Welk call a musician a square. . . . Tuesday Weld doesn't know she's the domestic type. . . . Elvis Presley always puts on his right shoe before his left one. . . . Eddie Fisher's Quotable Quote: "I had a dream last night that my marriage license expired." . . . Girls tell me that George Nader has sex appeal; so I take their word for it. . . . Sal Mineo wears his own clothes and looks as if he's in costume. . . . Dale Robertson looks like the type who'd enjoy a Dale Robertson TV show.

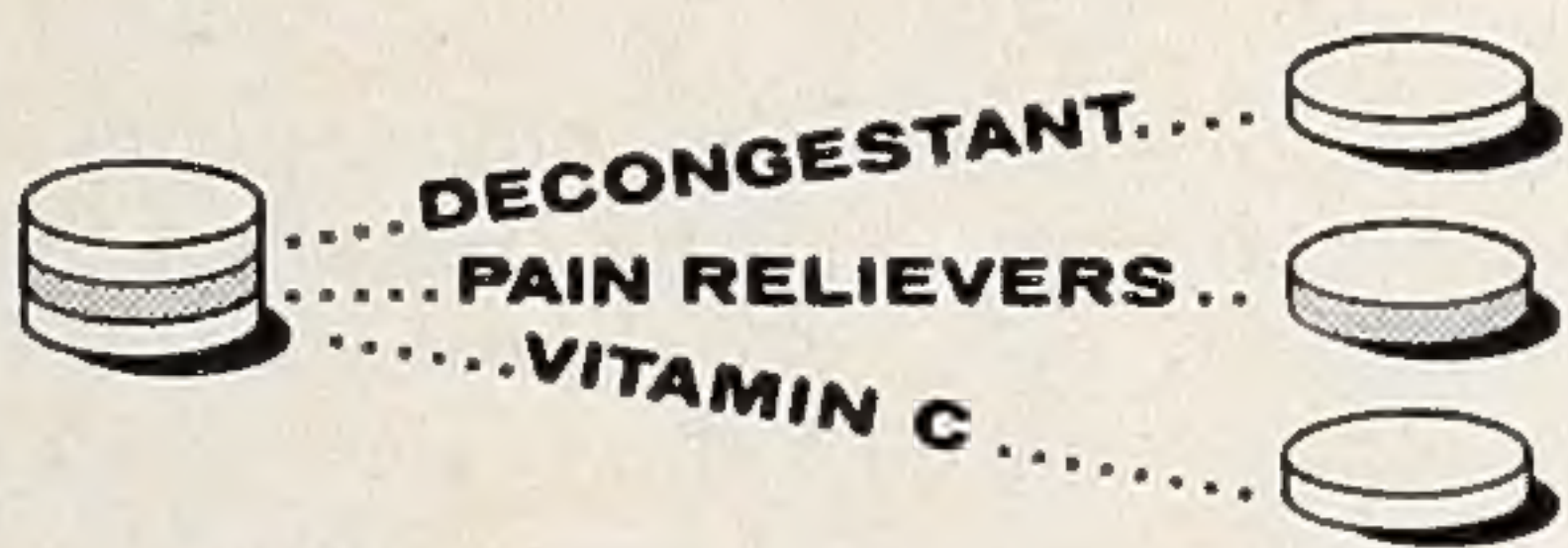
For a treat, get the album "Secret Songs for You Young Lovers," featuring Andre Previn and David Rose. . . . I wish you could hear Judy Holliday's tape recording of "Lush Life," with composer Billy Strayhorn at the piano. . . . I believe folk singers sing long after most folks've had enough. . . . I'd hate to have to eat some of those meals I see prepared by heroines in pictures. . . . Tom Jenk was told by a TV producer, "We're looking for an unknown actor with a name." . . . Remember the days when a blonde could be flat-chested and be a movie star? . . . I don't.

My idea of a real heel is a guy who'd try to do Ann Blyth dirt, even in a movie. . . . Sometimes I wonder if Grace Kelly longs for those days before Cinderella turned into a Princess. . . . Tony Martin and Cyd Charisse are beginning to look like each other. It happens with married people. . . . Kim Novak's Quotable Quote: "I choose my friends as I see them—not as others see them." And That's Hollywood For You.

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READERS INC.

DEAR MISS PAIN:

What should you do if you see your boyfriend out with another girl when you're supposed to be going steady with him? This has just happened to me and I just have to get him back. For two years Johnny and I were steadies and dated every weekend and sometimes during the week. A week ago we went to one of the places by the lake where all the crowd hangs out. Johnny saw an old friend of his there and they just sat around and talked. A couple of boys came up and asked if they could sit with us and when I asked Johnny if it was all right, he said sure. So they did and I had a pretty good time. When we went home, Johnny was just as sweet as he always is. He even told me he loved me when he kissed me good-night. He didn't call me all week but he had a new job and I thought maybe he was very busy and we were going steady, so I trusted him. Then on Saturday night when I went downtown to the movies, I saw him there with another girl. When he saw me, he just looked away. He hasn't called me or anything and I don't know what to do. I may only be fifteen but I know I love him very much and just last week he said he loved me too. How can I find out what I did that was wrong and made him angry? Is he mad at me for talking with those boys? I didn't do it to make him jealous. What can I do to get him back? Please, answer right away.

LINDA M.
Springfield, Ohio

DEAR LINDA:

I wish there were an easy solution to your problem. You do have a right to know why Johnny doesn't call. But you should very carefully think through what you want to do. Do you feel that what has happened is your fault? If, as you say, Johnny didn't mind your talking with the other boys, he shouldn't take out another girl to "get even" with you. Could he be using this as an excuse because he doesn't have enough courage to say he wants to stop going steady?

If this is true, what you can salvage from this romance is your self-respect and a deeper understanding of the question of love.

Why don't you call Johnny and ask him, honestly, why he hasn't phoned you? Don't make the call, though, unless you're sure you can do it without a single tear or harsh word. Crying won't win him back, and he'll think more highly of you if you don't make "a scene." Why let Johnny and the whole world know you have a broken heart? Maybe you'll find in a couple of months that, after all, Johnny isn't the "only man for you."

The fact that you admit you enjoyed talking with other boys could mean that maybe you were getting a little bored going steady. Besides, if two boys found you attractive when you were with a date, I don't think you should have any trouble finding interesting boys now that you're on your own. You might even discover you've been missing something these past two years.

And if you and Johnny do go back together again, I think you'll find you have a finer relationship and appreciate each other more.

Know why? Because you've gotten to understand each other. Please write and tell me how your decision works out.

DEAR MISS PAIN:

My problem is, I've got a perfect girl—good dancer, pretty, swell personality and all—except every time we go dancing she cracks her gum in time to the music . . .

EMBARRASSED
Queens, N. Y.

DEAR EMBARRASSED:

It could be worse. She could blow bubbles!

DEAR EVELYN:

I'm fourteen and a freshman in a midwestern high school. Even though I'm kind of heavy (5'5", 150 lbs.) I do go out on dates—maybe once or twice a month. I even got asked to our spring formal this year. (I'm a good dancer because my older brother practices new dance steps with me.) My problem is that even though boys seem to have a good time when we're out, I've never had more than three dates with any one boy. And I just know it's because the gang teases them about going out with a fat girl. What I can't understand is if a boy likes me enough to ask me out more than once, why does it matter so much to him what his friends say? How can I make them understand that it shouldn't matter how much I weigh? I used to have such fun on dates but now all I do is worry that the boy won't ask me for another.

PATTY R.
Des Moines, Iowa

DEAR PATTY:

Sometimes, it's easier to change yourself—this time by losing a little weight—than to try to change a boy. We know it's unfair—but true—looks do count. It's only human, though. I guess we girls would be fibbing if we said we didn't feel particularly proud when a nice-looking boy takes us out. Well, it seems the same with boys. They want to make a big impression on the gang, too.

I think it would be easier for you to try setting yourself a weight goal—to lose a certain number of pounds by the time you start school. Sometimes it helps when you do things—like dieting—with someone else. (There's always someone dieting on our staff!) Why don't you keep a strict list of everything you eat for the next two weeks and send the list in to me. Also send your measurements, whether you think you have a small or large body frame, and tell me how much weight your doctor wants you to lose. Also why don't you tell me a little about yourself?

In the meantime, start eating your carrots.

DEAR MISS PAIN:

My boyfriend thinks Brigitte Bardot is absolutely the most. Yet everytime I try to look like her, he tells me he doesn't like me. How come?

JEANNIE L.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR JEANNIE:

Maybe it's your French!

continued

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with reg. 59¢ size

Helene Curtis®



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- Handy as a squeeze bottle
- Spillproof, leakproof, perfect for travel

shampoo plus egg^{2%} in travel-size bubble
T.M.



puts *Spring* in your curls

New SHAMPOO PLUS EGG, by Helene Curtis makes hair easier to manage... actually leaves curls far livelier, springier! That's because it *conditions* as it cleanses... so effectively, even limp hair instantly gains bounce-back beauty, spring, sparkle. Only Shampoo Plus Egg rinses so fast, so clean. And highlights? Like washing your hair in sunshine!



1 Bubble free with 59¢ size
2 free with \$1 size

Betty's BLUE



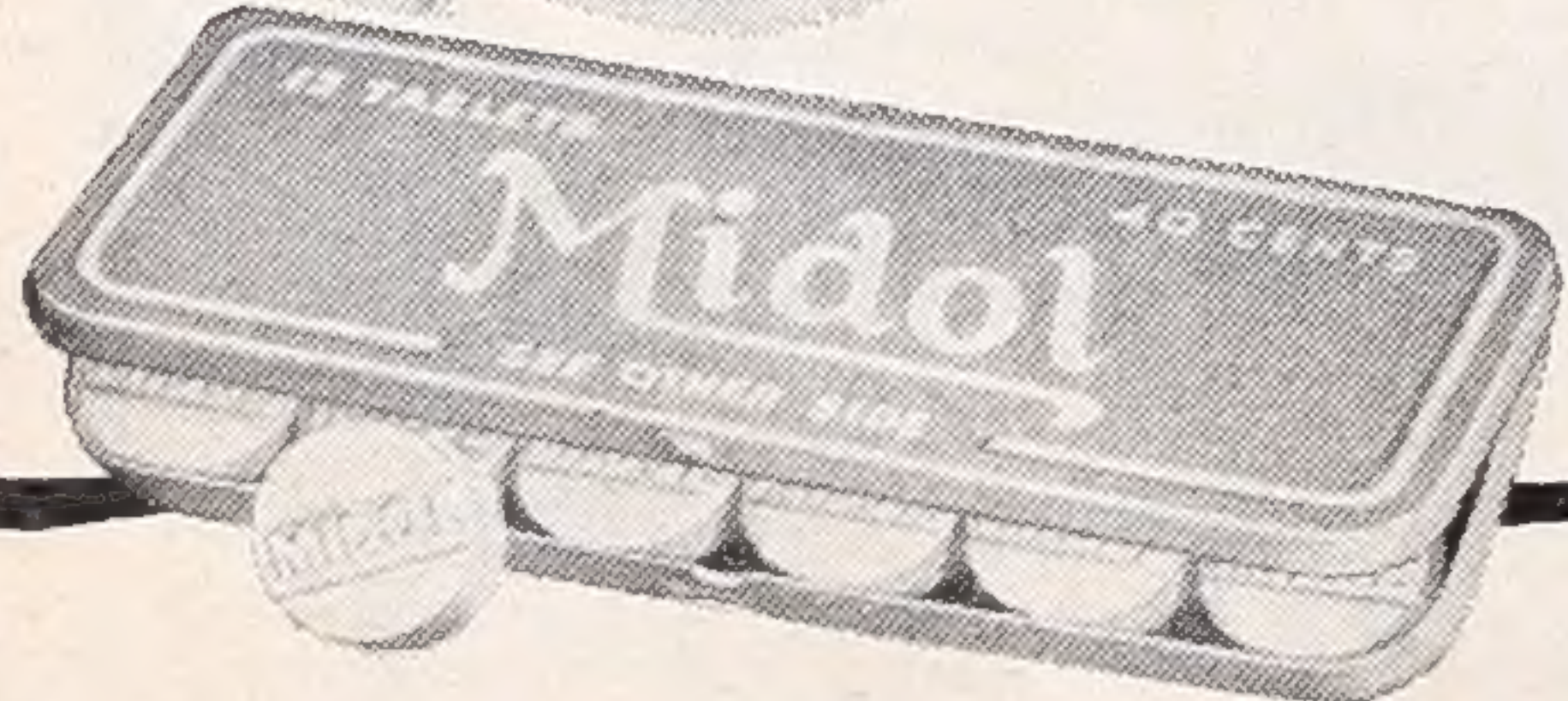
PERIODIC PAIN

Don't let the calendar make a slave of you, Betty! Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water ... that's all. Midol brings faster and more complete relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"

a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't B-99, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Betty's GAY WITH MIDOL



READERS INC. *continued*

confidentially...

... Do you think that there's a chance for my little girl to get a break in the movies? Her name is Debra Patricia and she's five years old.
LEONA V. STEWART
Camp B.
Franklin River



Via Port Alberni
British Columbia
Canada

... Hi Elvis fans! We have a fan club for Elvis in Gothenburg—a big one. We have members in Scandinavia, England, Germany and the United States too. If you'd like to join our lovely club write to:

BENGT LINDEBALD
Salofjordsgat. 5
Gothenburg. H
Sweden

... I am 17½ years of age and my hobbies include films, records and dancing. I'm 5'8" tall and have blue eyes and light brown hair. I shall be so pleased to have someone in America to write to regularly and exchange magazines with.

INA LIGHTEART
3 Bingham Crossway
Edinburgh, 15
Scotland



... I'm president of one of Kim Novak's fan clubs called "Kim Novak's Satellites." Want to join? Just drop me a note, and I'll answer.

GIG DE FAZIO
21 Lake Street
Pittsfield, Mass.

... I would like to hear from anyone who has old stills of Earle Williams, Bob Steele, Kathryn Williams or Grace Cunard. I have quite a collection of photos myself.

EARL H. WALKER
R.D. 1
Covington, Pa.

... I'm a sophomore student who's real gone on Cary Grant. Are there any cats who share my same interest and perhaps know of a fan club for Cary?

ELAINE SIEDLIK
409 Jouet St.
Roselle, N.J.

... I'd like to increase my collection of photographs and movie magazine pictures of movie stars of the 1940's right through to 1958. Anyone interested in this too?

JOANNE KOLB
2207 West Hudson
Peoria, Ill.

To Whom It May Concern:

I hereby grant permission to Miss Jane Harris, of 8974 Bay Drive, Miami Beach, Florida, to organize a "Milton Berle Fan Club." (National)

MILTON BERLE

... Hi. I've just started a Connie Francis Fan Club and would like new members. For full information, write to me:

JERRY LEON
20 Skylark Lane
Levittown, N.Y.

Do you like Jimmy Clanton? Are you interested in joining his fan club? You can. Just write me for full information. (Not National.)

JENNIE MEALS
19 Chestnut St.
Mt. Holly Springs, Pa.

... Though I don't often say so, my secret ambition is to be a movie actress.

I'm thirteen years old. Stand about five-feet-one and have blond hair and blue eyes.

Do you think I've a chance of being discovered?

ROSE MARIE HYGARD
Canada



I am a Turkish boy of 14. My name is Deniz Ilgun and my first and best wish is to have an American pen-pal of thirteen, fourteen or fifteen.

DENIZ ILGUN
Osmanaga Mah.
Leylak Sok No. 14
Kadikoy. Istanbul
Turkey

... I shall be visiting the States for the first time at the end of September and beginning of October. I hope to visit Seattle, Washington, San Francisco, Los Angeles, El Paso, Atlanta, and New York.

Is there anybody in any of these places who would be interested in meeting one lone English gal? I have friends in one or two of these places, but otherwise I don't know a soul!

VIOLET M. SMITH
67 Russell House,
Cambridge Street,
London, S.W.1.
England



... We're six girls who are trying to help Ray Elias get started on a possible acting career. He's always dreamed of someday becoming an actor. He sings and dances and is very good looking.

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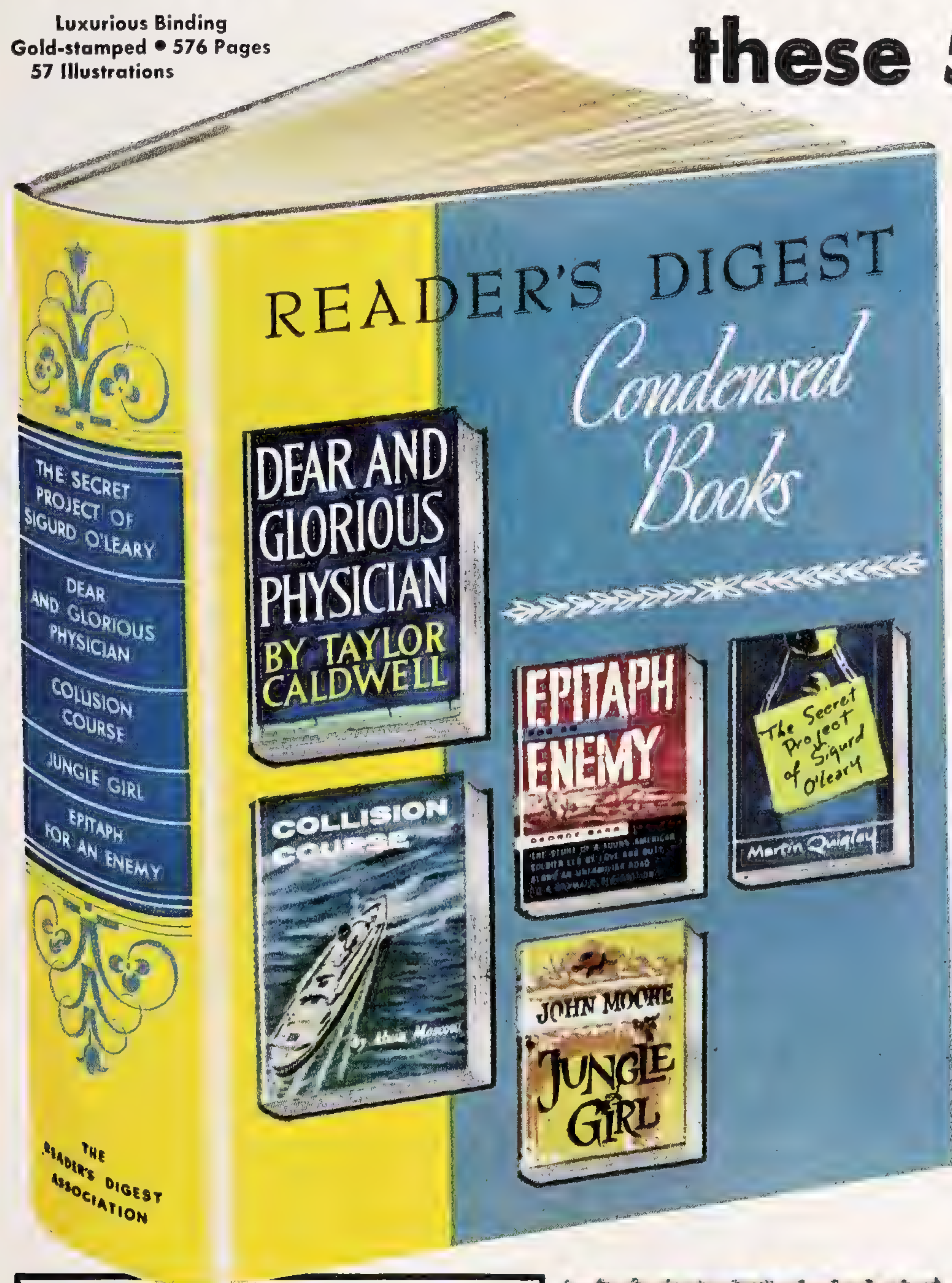
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CONTENTS — BOOK

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POSTMASTER: This Parcel May Be Opened For Postal Inspection If Necessary.

READERS INC.

continued

Tab in Our Hometown

Tab Hunter was staying in our hometown—St. George, Utah—making his latest movie, "They Came To Cordura," when the kids at school suggested I interview him (I'm on the school paper). I started out for the hotel where Tab was staying, but when I'd gone about halfway, I thought I saw someone who looked just like him coming down the sidewalk. As I got closer I found I'd guessed right. He said, "Hi Paul." Tab must have a wonderful power for remembering names because he'd only met me once before—along with some other kids, just for a second, at a place in town we call Dick's Cafe.

I told him that the kids had asked me to interview him and he said, "Fine." He invited me to join him at a place called the Big Hand Cafe, where he was planning to meet some friends. He told me that his real name was Art Gelian and that he was born in New York in 1931—and all about his family and how much he loved to act. He told me he liked horseback-riding, water-skiing and swimming.

He was wonderful to talk to and while



A reader can't begin to thank Dean Stockwell, Orson Welles, Brad Dillman.

he stayed in town we became good friends. So, to Tab, I want to say this: I'll never forget you. I remember the first night I saw you over at Dick's Cafe and asked you for your autograph. . . I remember that ride to Santa Clara in your pick-up truck. . . I remember the time you couldn't come to the Senior Ball because you were working, but you still found time to send your best wishes for its success. These are only a few of our good times together, and I remember every one. And some time, if you have time I'd love to hear from you.

PAUL LORRAINE HUNT
St. George, Utah

Movie Better Than Book

Recently I saw the movie "The Sound and The Fury" and I was happy indeed that Hollywood did not remain true to the book. In my opinion the book and its characters truly signified nothing—while the movie version was hard-hitting, and a more warm and meaningful drama I have seldom seen.

Keep it up, Hollywood. You can even improve on Faulkner!

THERESA PROCTOR
Raleigh, N.C.

Just for Sal

You are simply just so cute,
For you there is no substitute.
Sal, you really are all man,
And that's why I'm your faithful fan,

CHRISTINE KOLESIAK
South Bend, Ind.

Tribute to Shirley Temple

Once a lovely darling child,
Shirley Temple was her name.
Though really very tiny,
Was enormous in her fame.
She was by far the cutest
Of all other little girls,
With her elfin dimpled face
And bouncing golden curls.
In "Bright Eyes" and in "Heidi,"
Or in any other part,
With her charming personality
She stole the world's heart.
I think I liked her best
In "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,"
For in this she showed the most
Her captivating charm.
As she sang, or as she danced
With her magic little feet,
She displayed more talent
Than any child star can beat.
I, and I'm sure many others,
Await the grand day when
Shirley Temple, now Mrs. Charles Black,
Will be in the movies again.

PATSY BAUM
Washington, D.C.

many other magazines of stars in Hebrew and English and since I began to read your magazine I found that it is the most interesting magazine from all the others. One thing I'm very sorry that the magazine appears in Israel one month after it appears in America.

May you have the best of luck and success for giving me this wonderful Photoplay magazine to buy.



Who married whom? In "Julie," it was Doris Day and Louis Jourdan.

If there are mistakes please correct them.

LEORA REZNIK
Nes-Tiana, Israel

For some reason we couldn't find one mistake!! Thanks.—ED.

Terrific Picture

Just where does a person begin to say thank you for making a picture as fine as "Compulsion"? From the smallest role to the leading role, all the acting was terrific. Especially the performances given by Orson Welles, Brad Dillman and Dean Stockwell. Bravo, everyone!

M. H. BURDEN
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

My Friend Insists

. . . I have a friend who keeps insisting that Jane Wyman played the wife of Van Heflin in the picture "Shane." Could you tell me if this is true?

LARRY PRISCO
Philadelphia, Pa.

Your friend is mistaken. Jean Arthur played the role of Marian Starrett, Van Heflin was her husband Joe.—ED.

. . . My friend and I are having an argument. We are undecided as to who played opposite Doris Day in the motion picture "Julie." I think it was Louis Jourdan—she disagrees. Can you settle this argument?

PHYLLIS LEVINE
Columbus, Ohio

Right you are. Louis Jourdan played Doris Day's husband in this movie. However, Barry Sullivan co-starred. Perhaps your friend confused the two.—ED.



They'll never forget what happened with Tab in town. He was tops.

Write to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We regret we cannot answer or return unpublished letters. To start fan clubs or write stars, contact their studios.

ALL *Smart* GIRLS SAY NO! NO! NO!



**NO
shampooing!**



**NO
mixing!**



**NO
odor!**

Totally New!

Fashion Quick

The Salon-Tested Home Permanent

Shampoos each curl as it locks in your wave!

FASHION 'QUICK' contains exclusive "Clean Curl" Neutralizer
...the amazing Built-in Shampoo!

Imagine a permanent that even washes your hair for you!
Ends forever the 3 big home permanent problems. No shampooing—before
or after waving. No mixing, measuring, messing with neutralizers.
No "perm" odor. Leaves your hair fresh and clean . . . sweet enough to kiss
right after waving! For the most beautiful wave you have ever had . . .
in half the time . . . with half the work . . . get Salon-Tested
Fashion 'Quick'. *Guaranteed* to take! *Guaranteed* to last!

Regular, Gentle and Super Fashion 'Quick' (for each type of hair)



New *Fashion Quick* Home Permanent

by **RICHARD HUDNUT**

NEW PALMOLIVE GIVES

New Life to Your Complexion Safely...Gently!



PALMOLIVE'S RICH LATHER CONTAINS—

No drying detergents! No greasy cold creams!

No irritating deodorants!

You can give your complexion New Life—leave it softer, fresher—with New Palmolive care. New Palmolive's mildness lets you cleanse far more thoroughly than you'd dare to do with harsher soaps. No drying detergents! No greasy cold creams! No irritating deodorants!

New! lather  fragrance  color  wrapper

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

ANATOMY OF A MURDER—Columbia. Directed by Otto Preminger: *Paul Biegler*, James Stewart; *Laura Manion*, Lee Remick; *Lt. Manion*, Ben Gazzara; *Judge Weaver*, Joseph N. Welch; *Mary Pilant*, Kathryn Grant; *Parnell McCarthy*, Arthur O'Connell; *Maida*, Eve Arden; *Mitch Lodwick*, Brooks West; *Claude Dancer*, George C. Scott; *Dr. Smith*, Orson Bean; *Sulo*, John Qualen; *Paquette*, Murray Hamilton; *Pie Eye*, Duke Ellington; *Mr. Lemon*, Russ Brown.

ANGRY HILLS, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Robert Aldrich: *Mike Morrison*, Robert Mitchum; *Lisa*, Elisabeth Mueller; *Konrad Heisler*, Stanley Baker; *Eleftheria*, Gia Scala; *Tassos*, Theodore Bikel; *Chesney*, Sebastian Cabot; *Dr. Stergiou*, Donald Wolfelt; *Comdr. Oberg*, Marius Goring; *Maria*, Jackie Lane; *Andreas*, Kieron Moore.

BIG CIRCUS, THE—A. A. Directed by Joseph M. Newman: *Hank Whirling*, Victor Mature; *Randy Sherman*, Red Buttons; *Helen Harrison*, Rhonda Fleming; *Jeannie Whirling*, Kathryn Grant; *Hans Hagenfeld*, Vincent Price; *Zach Colino*, Gilbert Roland; *Skeeter*, Peter Lorre; *Tommy Gordon*, David Nelson.

BIG FISHERMAN, THE—Buena Vista. Directed by Frank Borzage: *Simon Peter*, Howard Keel; *Voldi*, John Saxon; *Fara*, Susan Kohner; *Antipas*, Herbert Lom; *Herodias*, Martha Hyer; *Deran*, Ray Stricklyn; *Hannah*, Beulah Bondi; *David*, Alexander Scourby; *Arnon*, Marian Seldes; *Zendi*, Mark Dana; *Andrew*, Rhodes Reason; *Rennah*, Charlotte Fletcher; *Mencius*, Henry Brandon; *Ildean*, Leonard Mudie; *John the Baptist*, Jay Barney; *James*, Tom Troupe.

BORN TO BE LOVED—U.-I. Directed by Hugo Haas: *Dorothy*, Carol Morris; *Mrs. Hoffman*, Vera Vague; *Prof. Brauner*, Hugo Haas; *Eddie*, Dick Kallman; *Drunk*, Robert C. Foulk; *Drunk's Wife*, Billie Bird; *Saxophone Player*, Pat Goldin.

CURSE OF THE UNDEAD—U.-I. Directed by Edward Dein: *Preacher Dan*, Eric Fleming; *Dolores*, Kathleen Crowley; *Dr. Carter*, John Hoyt; *Drake*, Michael Pate; *Dora*, Helen Klee; *Sheriff*, Ed Binns; *Tim*, Jimmy Murphy; *Buffer*, Bruce Gordon.

FIVE PENNIES, THE—Paramount. Directed by Melville Shavelson: *Loring "Red" Nichols*, Danny Kaye; *Bobbie Meredith*, Barbara Bel Geddes; *Louis Armstrong*, Himself; *Will Paradise*, Bob Crosby; *Tony Valani*, Harry Guardino; *Dorothy Nichols*, six, Susan Gordan; *Dorothy*, as a teenager, Tuesday Weld; *Tommye Eden*, Valerie Allen; *Jimmy Dorsey*, Ray Anthony; *Dave Tough*, Shelley Manne; *Arthur Schutt*, Bobby Troup; *Glenn Miller*, Ray Daly.

HOLIDAY FOR LOVERS—20th. Directed by Henry Levin: *Robert Dean*, Clifton Webb; *Mary Dean*, Jane Wyman; *Meg Dean*, Jill St. John; *Betsy Dean*, Carol Lynley; *Eduardo Barroso*, Paul Henreid; *Paul Gattling*, Gary Crosby; *Carlos*, Nico Minardos; *Joe*, Wally Brown; *Connie*, Henny Backus.

HORSE SOLDIERS, THE—U.A. Directed by John Ford: *Col. Marlowe*, John Wayne; *Maj. Kendall*, William Holden; *Hannah*, Constance Towers; *Lukey*, Althea Gibson; *Brown*, Hoot Gibson; *Mrs. Bulford*, Anna Lee; *Sheriff*, Russell Simpson; *Gen. U. S. Grant*, Stan Jones; *Col. Miles*, Carleton Young; *Commandant*, Basil Ruysdael.

JOHN PAUL JONES—Warners. Directed by John Farrow: *John Paul Jones*, Robert Stack; *Aimee De Tellison*, Marisa Pavan; *Benjamin Franklin*, Charles Coburn; *Dorothea Danders*, Erin O'Brien; *Patrick Henry*, Macdonald Carey; *Louis XVI*, Jean Pierre Aumont; *Catherine the Great*, Bette Davis; *John Wilkes*, David Farrar; *Capt. Pearson*, Peter Cushing; *Marie Antoinette*, Susana Canales; *Russian Chamberlain*, Jorge Riviere.

NORTH BY NORTHWEST—M-G-M. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock: *Roger Thornhill*, Cary Grant; *Eve Kendall*, Eva Marie Saint; *Philip Vandamm*, James Mason; *Clara Thornhill*, Jessie Royce Landis; *Professor*, Leo G. Carroll; *Lester Townsend*, Philip Ober; *"Mrs. Townsend"*, Josephine Hutchinson; *Auctioneer*, Les Tremayne; *Victor Larrabee*, Edward Platt; *Leonard*, Martin Landau.

PORGY AND BESS—Goldwyn, Columbia. Directed by Otto Preminger: *Porgy*, Sidney Poitier; *Bess*, Dorothy Dandridge; *Sporting Life*, Sammy Davis, Jr.; *Maria*, Pearl Bailey; *Crown*, Brock Peters; *Jake*, Leslie Scott; *Clara*, Diahann Carroll; *Serena*, Ruth Attaway; *Peter*, Clarence Muse; *Annie*, Everdinne Wilson; *Robbins*, Joel Fluellen; *Mingo*, Earl Jackson; *Nelson*, Moses La Marr; *Lily*, Margaret Hairston; *Jim*, Ivan Dixon; *Scipio*, Antoine Droussseau; *Strawberry Woman*, Helen Thigpen; *Elderly Man*, Vince Townsend, Jr.; *Undertaker*, William Walker.

NOW PLAYING

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for months indicated. For fuller reviews this month see contents page.

✓✓✓✓ ASK ANY GIRL—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Shirley MacLaine's at her brightest and sweetest in this demurely sexy frolic, as David Niven teaches her how to get a husband in New York. (A) July

✓✓✓✓ DARBY O'GILL AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Charming, eerie comedy, full of Irish magic. Shiftless Albert Sharpe snares a leprechaun to help his teenaged daughter, Janet Munro. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP—Wallis, Paramount: Loads of laughs for Lewis fans when Navy officer Jerry manages to mislay a whole ship! Diana Spencer's his lonesome bride; Dina Merrill, a Wave. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ HOLE IN THE HEAD, A—U.A., De Luxe Color: Funny, touching film with a solid-gold cast topped by Sinatra. His girls—kookie Carolyn Jones, prim Eleanor Parker. His son—Eddie Hodges. His nosy relatives—Edward G. Robinson, Thelma Ritter. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ IT HAPPENED TO JANE—Columbia, Eastman Color: Friendly movie, bubbling over with fun, shows Doris Day as we love her best. A spunky Maine gal, she has a hilarious feud with Ernie Kovacs and a shy romance with Jack Lemmon. (F) April

✓✓✓✓ LAST TRAIN FROM GUN HILL—Wallis, Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Big, brawling western finds Kirk Douglas, Anthony Quinn in a head-on clash. (A) August

✓✓✓✓ MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT—Columbia: Our Oscar-money's on Fredric March for his wonderful portrayal of a lonely widower in love with Kim Novak, young enough to be his daughter. Warm, realistic story. (A) August

✓✓✓✓ MYSTERIANS, THE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Slick film tricks rouse plenty of excitement as space monsters invade Japan, threaten Earth. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ NUN'S STORY, THE—Warners, Technicolor: Visually and emotionally breathtaking! As a nun who becomes a nursing sister in the Congo, helping doctor Peter Finch, Audrey Hepburn outdoes herself. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ RABBIT TRAP, THE—U.A.: A sensitive, beautifully-made picture gives Ernest Borgnine a role as lovable as Marty. Good husband and father, he gets tired of boss David Brian's bullying. (F) July

✓✓✓✓ SAY ONE FOR ME—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: A winner! It can't miss, with songs, laughs. Bing Crosby as a show-people's priest, Debbie Reynolds and Bob Wagner as his problems. (A) July

✓✓✓✓ SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEVIL—U.A.: Fine adventure movie, shot in Ireland, gets American Don Murray mixed up with rebels led by James Cagney. (F) July

✓✓✓✓ THIS EARTH IS MINE—U-I; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Rich, juicy family drama plunges Rock Hudson and Jean Simmons into a fight over California vineyards during prohibition. Lavish, romantic. (A) August

The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration



Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?

A. It's true! One is "physical," caused by work or exertion; the other is "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement. It's the kind that comes in tender moments with the "opposite sex."



Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?

A. The "emotional" kind. Doctors say it's the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.



Q. How can you overcome this "emotional" perspiration?

A. Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient specifically formulated to overcome this emotional perspiration without irritation. And now it's here... exclusive Perstop*. So effective, yet so gentle.



Q. Why is ARRID CREAM America's most effective deodorant?

A. Because of Perstop*, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed, ARRID CREAM Deodorant safely stops perspiration stains and odor without irritation to normal skin. Saves your pretty dresses from "Dress Rot."

Why be only Half Safe ? use **Arrid** to be sure !

It's more effective than any cream, twice as effective as any roll-on or spray tested! Used daily, new antiseptic ARRID with Perstop* actually stops underarm dress stains, stops "Dress Rot," stops perspiration odor completely for 24 hours. Get ARRID CREAM Deodorant today.



43¢
 plus tax.

*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓ GOOD
 ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓ FAIR

get more out of life—
**go out to a
 movie**

What's on tonight?

**You've got to go out
 to see the best! Look for
 these new pictures
 at your favorite theater**



Anatomy of a Murder

COLUMBIA

✓✓✓✓ People will talk about this startling courtroom drama. There are words in it—all the way from “rape,” familiar to every reader of newspapers, to the Latin “spermatogenesis,” straight out of a medical textbook—that are bound to shock many of you. But we’ll wager that by the time you get back to your own living rooms, you’ll be thoroughly wrapped up in the kind of stimulating talk that always follows a really good movie. Under the scalpel of defense attorney James Stewart, superb as ever, the anatomy of this murder (by Army officer Ben Gazzara, of his wife’s presumed attacker) is dissected—nay, vivisected—before your eyes, to the accompaniment of a score by Duke Ellington that plays havoc with your ears. Yet the total effect is far from tabloid, for producer-director Otto Preminger knows how to make you feel as though you were sitting on the jury yourself, with all the doubts that those who sit in judgment must feel. And you’ll feel them long after the movie’s over. A standout is, oddly enough, an old pro in Boston courts, lawyer Joseph N. Welch, facing movie cameras for the first time. He makes the Judge a completely unique character, combining wit and dignity with a special, sunny humor that relieves the trial’s murky atmosphere. Kathryn Grant and Arthur O’Connell are noteworthy in unusual roles . . . and Lana Turner, who quit the part of the wife in a wardrobe dispute, should turn green when she sees the sexy things Lee Remick does with it—even in the baggy suit (and girdle!) her lawyer makes her wear in court. Mention should certainly go to the imaginative way Saul Bass presents the credits, and the movie’s slogan—“Last year’s No. 1 best-seller . . . this year’s (we hope) No. 1 motion picture”—may well reap the rewards such refreshing modesty merits.

ADULT

Porgy and Bess

GOLDWYN, COLUMBIA; TODD-AO, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ For the first time in history, seven million dollars has been invested to bring an *opera* to the screen. And producer Samuel Goldwyn and director Otto Preminger have assembled it with such artistry and loving care that it almost seems to have been written for the movies. The poignant love story of the crippled beggar (Sidney Poitier) and the repentant gun-moll (Dorothy Dandridge) will touch your heart, as the denizens of a Charleston slum of 1910, called Catfish Row, mill about the pair (top left) in all their goodness, gaiety, misery and evil. As *Sportin’ Life*, Sammy Davis, Jr. is Mr. Evil himself, the city slicker who chants “It Ain’t Necessarily So,” and there is terrifying brutality in Brock Peters, nicely counterbalanced by the innocence of lovely Diahann Carroll and the good-natured gruffness of Pearl Bailey. The fine offscreen vocal assistance of Adele Addison and Robert McFerrin makes the protagonists’ duet, “Bess, You Is My Woman Now,” a thrilling climax. Yes, it’s opera, all right. And we don’t mean “folk” or “light”—just plain opera. To call it anything else would be an injustice to George Gershwin, who once said: “If I am successful, it will resemble a combination of the romance of ‘Carmen’ and the beauty of ‘Die Meistersinger.’” Well, he was—and it does.

FAMILY

The Big Fisherman

BUENA VISTA; PANAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Suddenly, you’re plunged into Biblical days! Among scenes of breathtaking spectacle and settings of colorful splendor, you see the dramatic, stirring beginnings of Christianity unfold before you. The veteran director is Frank Borzage, John Saxon plays a youthfully bearded Arabian prince, and Susan Kohner, matching her “Imitation of Life” success, is his desert princess. In case you’re wondering, their affectingly told love story is fictitious; historical roles are taken by Howard Keel (below left as St. Peter), Herbert Lom and Martha Hyer.

FAMILY

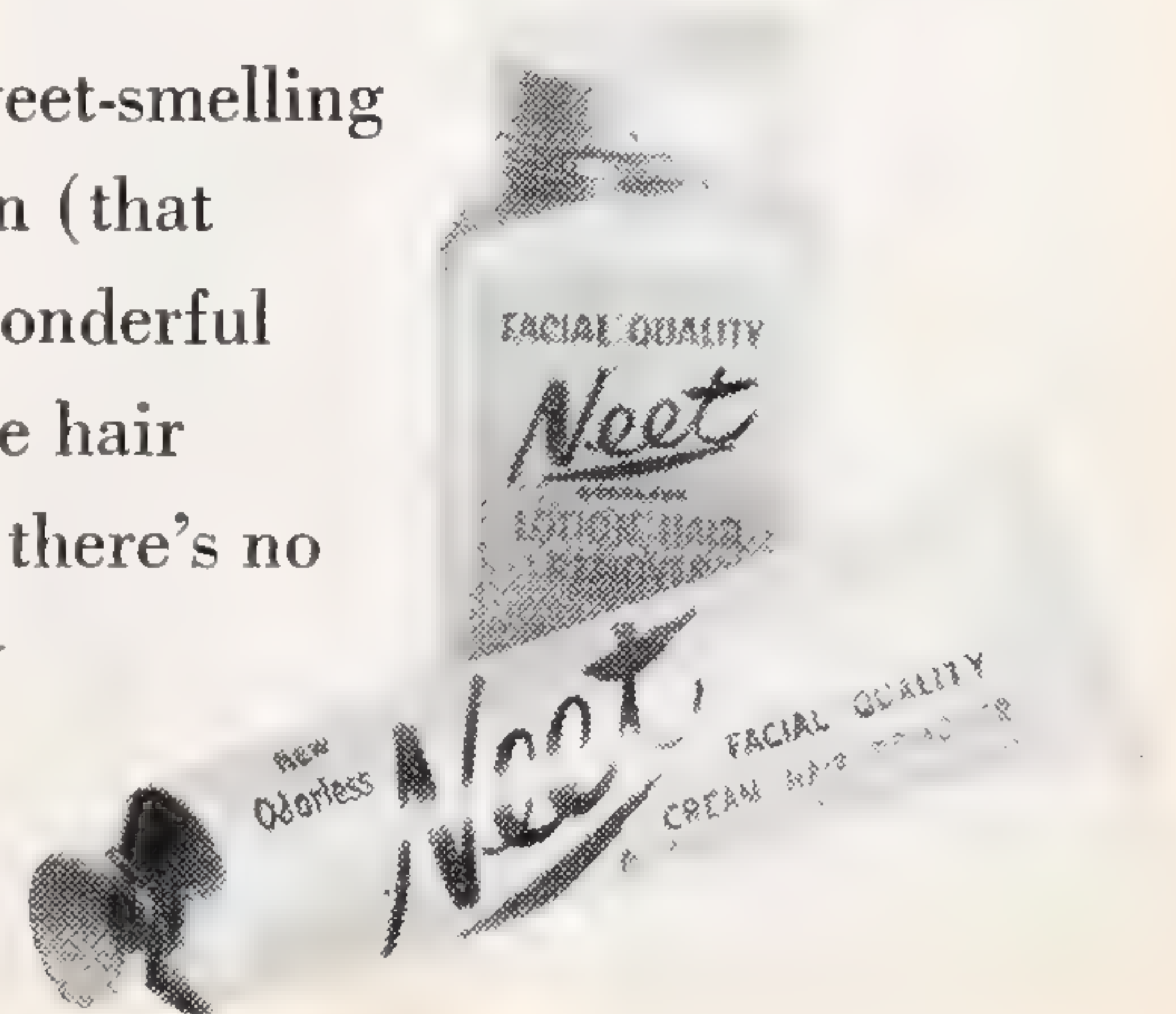
(continued)



shave, lady?...don't do it!

Cream hair away the beautiful way...with new baby-pink, sweet-smelling NEET—you'll never be embarrassed with unsightly "razor shadow" again (that faint stubble of hair left on razor-shaved legs and underarms). Gentle, wonderful NEET goes down deep where no razor can reach—actually *beauty-creams* the hair away. And when the hair *finally* does grow in again, it feels softer; silkier; there's no stubble at all! So next time, for the smoothest, *neatest* legs in town, why not try NEET—you'll never want to shave again!

Neet



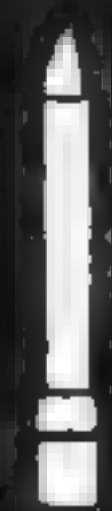
give
your
eyes a
KURLASH
lift!



Glorify your eyes—
every day...it's easy
fun and flattering



KURLASH EYELASH CURLER
with exclusive automatic refill
\$1.00



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just a kiss of iridescent color
\$1.50



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lash comb & mascara applicator in one
\$1.50



KURLENE EYELASH CREAM
for lustrous eyelash loveliness
\$1.00



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scissor-handle tweezers
75¢

Kurlash
FOR BEAUTIFUL EYES

At your favorite drug or cosmetic counter, or write
The Kurlash Co., Rochester, N.Y.

MOVIES *continued*

North by Northwest

M-G-M; CINEMA-
SCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Can a movie be fast, funny and frightening at the same time? Ordinarily, no, but this time there's a Hitch: Hitchcock—who's been at it for over thirty years and getting better all the time. Who else could manage to scare us with the spectacle of a bemused Cary Grant, a New York ad-man pursued all the way to South Dakota, of all places, by a sinister James Mason, a spy-ring leader. Mixed up in the curious proceedings is a "new" Eva Marie Saint, minus her halo and glamorized to the teeth, who lures Cary into one trap (below left) only to save him from another. Who cares if she's for real! She's mysterious—and we *like* her. **FAMILY**

The Horse Soldiers

U.A., DELUXE COLOR

✓✓✓✓ Hurrah, a "men's" movie at last! If you're weary of tear-jerkers, here's a strong Civil War drama for men (and people who're interested in men), starring John Wayne and William Holden (below right), as, respectively, a tough officer who hates doctors and a gentle medic who hates war. In the course of human events, both land up in the Yankee cavalry fighting side by side for the Union. On a mission to cut Confederate supply lines, they're challenged by a brave Dixie belle and her loyal servant (newcomer Constance Towers and Althea Gibson, the tennis champ). The key word here is action, complete with blood and sweat, as director John ("The Quiet Man") Ford once again gets the most out of the cast, his fine instinct giving form to the maturing experiences of a couple of soldiers who, then as now, are obliged to come to terms with a world they never made. **FAMILY**



The Big Circus

A.A.; CINEMA-
SCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Hurry, hurry, hurry! Plenty of intrigue's slithering around under the big top. Who's sabotaging Victor Mature's circus? Couldn't be gorgeous huckster Rhonda Fleming, could it? Or ringmaster Vincent Price, or clown Peter Lorre? Certainly not Red Buttons, who goes to the circus for business and stays for love—with Vic's sister (Kathryn Grant). Gilbert Roland, the man on the flying trapeze? We'd rather not suspect such a charmer, especially since he's the boss of David Nelson, whose fans are in for a big surprise. Not quite *The Greatest Guessing Game on Earth*, but fun. **FAMILY**

The Angry Hills

M-G-M, CINEMASCOPE

✓✓ Sometimes offscreen and *always* on, Robert Mitchum has a flair for getting himself into hot water. Here are his adventures as war correspondent with a tremendous assignment in Nazi-occupied Greece. It's the old but eternally amusing game of telling the goodies from the bad-dies. Like, for instance, Gia Scala. She's a partisan, so that makes her a goodie . . . or does it? And what about lovely Elisabeth Mueller? She seems mighty chummy with the Gestapo, but, on the other hand . . . and so on. Co-starred is majestic Greece herself, and she's pretty as a picture. She deserves a better frame. **FAMILY**

Women Are Weak

NTA, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓ Not to be taken too seriously, we imagine, is this far-fetched tale of an irresistible young Frenchman (Alain Delon) and the hordes of "jolly fillies" who go for him in such a wild way, they almost kill him. "The Trap," in other words, is not so "Tender," and the sex is applied with a junior sledgehammer. But there're Paul

(Continued on page 92)





For the new, softly controlled look of "Melody," Bobbi waves in style-support to keep it trim and tidy.

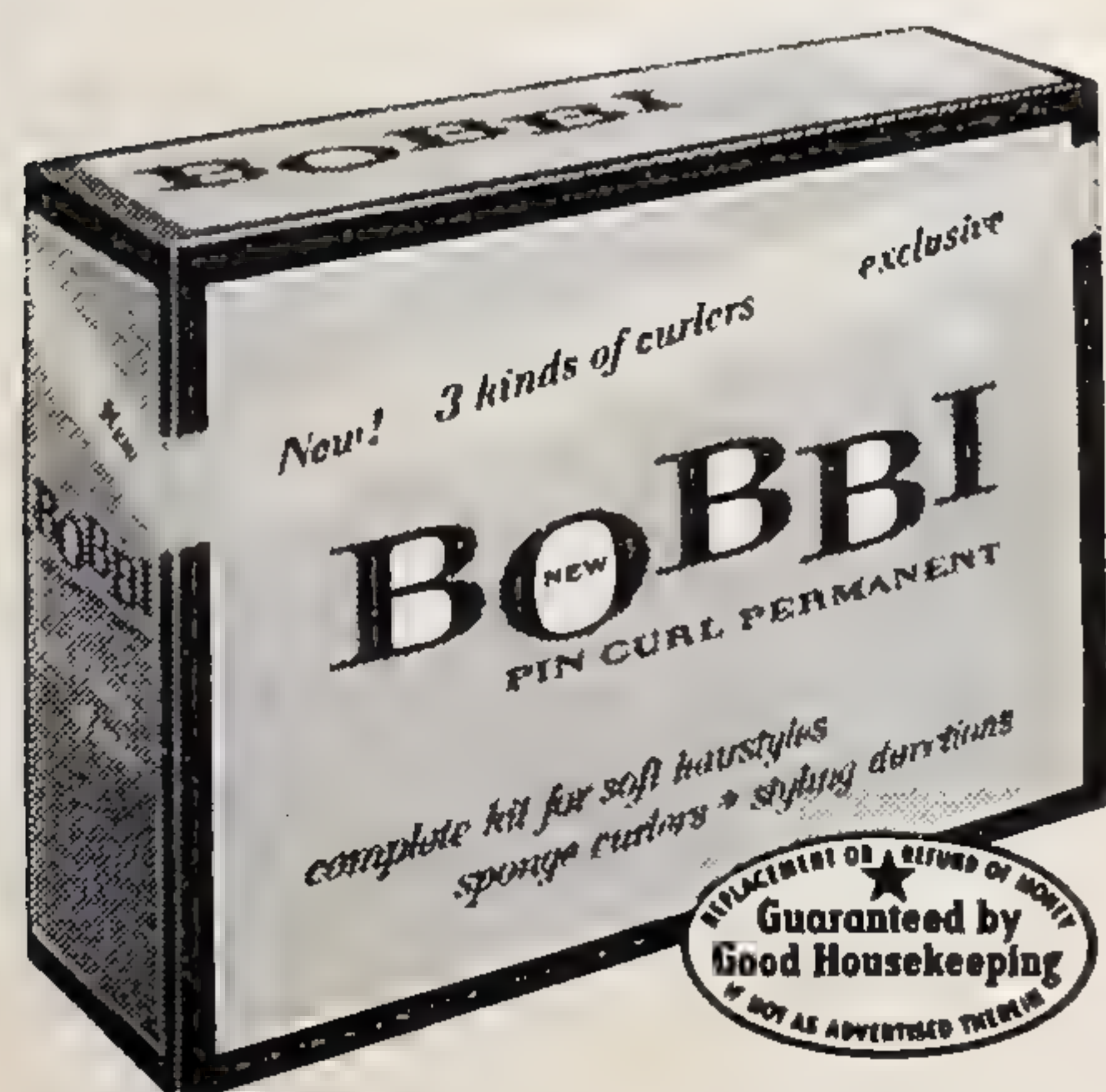


Bobbi's three kinds of curlers give style-support for the flippy casual look of "Social Whirl."



Style-support is the key to the lifted crown cap of "Missy"—soft and young. With improved Bobbi it's simple as setting.

New improved Bobbi waves in **style-support** with the ease and softness of a setting



The easiest permanent to give yourself . . .

The only permanent with 3 kinds of curlers . . . waves in the style you want with the support it needs!

Style-support . . . the new Bobbi Pin Curl Permanent magic that lets you have and hold a soft, modern hairstyle as never before! Bobbi's three kinds of curlers give each waving area the curl strength it needs for modern styling. Bobbi's so easy! It's self-neutralizing and there's no re-setting. Just brush out natural-looking waves right from the start. New *improved* Bobbi—waves in style-support! Complete kit, only \$2.00. Refill without curlers, \$1.50. Look for the bright pink box.

ONLY NEW BOBBI GIVES YOU ALL 3 KINDS OF CURLERS

40 CASUAL PIN-CURLERS for easy, over-all softness in major areas.

6 LARGE SPONGE ROLLERS for areas needing extra body or "lift".

6 MIDGET RODS for curling stubborn neckline stragglers.

The Monthly Record

Weather man says:
Why don't the space
people leave the moon
alone? Why don't they
leave it for love?

By GEORGE

Vol. 1, No. 7

August, 1959

4 Non ¢

FRANKIE'S BELLE OF THE BALL

DO YOU REMEMBER?

It's only a year ago, so how many of last summer's top hits do you still remember? Here's the list: "Patricia" by Perez Prado; "Volare," Domenico Modugno; "Yakety Yak," The Coasters; "Poor Little Fool," Rick Nelson; "Purple People Eater," Sheb Wooley; "Splish Splash," Bobby Darin; "My True Love," Jack Scott; "All I Have To Do Is Dream," Everly Brothers; "Little Star," The Elegants; "Bird Dog," Everly Brothers.



Frankie likes his gal to be on her own toes.

The train got me to Philly, Pa., just in time for a record hop where Frankie Avalon was singing "Bobby Sox to Stockings." Did you know this guy is great on the dance floor? I asked him about it.

First off, I asked what makes a gal a good dancer.

He said, "A girl should *follow*. Sometimes a girl gets an urge to do a certain step, and before you know it she's just about leading the guy."

"But a gal shouldn't be limp or dead weight, either," Frankie continued. "After all, dancing's a partnership, and a guy likes to know he's got a gal in his arms. I don't think fellows like these show-me-or-else Venuses who want the guy to drag them along the floor."

Frankie added that a gal should know a basic step or two if she's planning on going to a dance. He doesn't mind teaching a gal—ever; but if she's at a record hop, she ought to be able to do a simple two-step—or else be a wallflower.

"But you know," Frankie commented, "guys are flattered if a girl admits she can't do a certain step and would like the guy to teach her. Makes him feel kind of special. It means she likes his style."

One thing gripes Frankie: girls who go to a dance and complain about how tight their shoes are. "Why wear them if they're not comfortable? When you're dancing, your feet have to be free to follow the rhythms. Loose shoes are just as bad. Once I was dancing on a boardwalk with a gal in sloppy loafers, and she kept having to stop, reach down, shove them back on."

Above all, Frankie says, don't show off on the dance floor. Most guys feel funny if their girl-partner attracts too much attention.

Gals, how do you rate? Anyone ready to be Frankie's belle of the ball?

turntable vox pox



ALBUM OF THE MONTH:

THE KINGSTON TRIO AT LARGE. These guys, Dave, Bob and Nick, are hard to beat. "We like to make each song live," says Dave—and in their latest Capitol album, they do just that! There's "M.T.A." about a man riding a Boston train without the price of a transfer. He may be riding still! "Good News" is the first spiritual the trio's recorded, and "I Bawled" tells of the zany adventures a suitor has with his gal's mom.

continued

LISTEN TO THE KIDS
IN THE MOTION PICTURE

"blue denim"



*the lost
Innocence...
the rude
awakening
to what
they had done...*

JANET (AGE 15):

**"Maybe
I could go
to my Aunt
Clara's. She's
over two
hundred miles
away. Maybe I could
just disappear some-
where or—just kill myself.."**



ARTHUR (AGE 16):

**"You're not
going to go
anywhere
— or do
anything.
I'm
responsible and I know
a way out.. I'll take care
of everything..."**

CAROL LYNLEY · BRANDON de WILDE · MACDONALD CAREY · MARSHA HUNT

Produced by CHARLES BRACKETT Directed by PHILIP DUNNE Screenplay by EDITH SOMMER and PHILIP DUNNE

CINEMASCOPE 20th Century-Fox STEREOPHONIC SOUND

MEET
THE
FIVE
PENNIES

...in five albums!

MEET
THE
FIVE
PENNIES
RED NICHOLS

In Stereo! All the great, rousing Dixieland tunes (and more!) that Red and the boys play in their just-released film biography, "The Five Pennies," with Danny Kaye and Louis Armstrong. ST 1228*



Two-beat madness in one whale of a live session at a famed aquatic playground by the Pacific. In Stereo. ST 1163*

The Pennies really shine with eleven arrangements from the old days of Red's rollicking Dixieland music. T 1051

PARADE
OF THE
PENNIES



in love with Red
RED NICHOLS
AND THE AUGMENTED PENNIES



Red adds strings and reeds to his usual jaunty jazz. A brand-new mood that's a listening and dancing dream. T 999

Red's blazing horn and the Pennies don't quit for over six minutes in two of these 10 tunes they're famous for. T 775



all
from



*also available monophonically

turntable vox pox

continued



DEBBIE. In this Dot long-play of lilting love songs, Debbie Reynolds reminds you of why you bought a million copies of "Tammy." Debbie sings "You Couldn't Be Cuter," "I Like the Likes of You," "Time After Time."

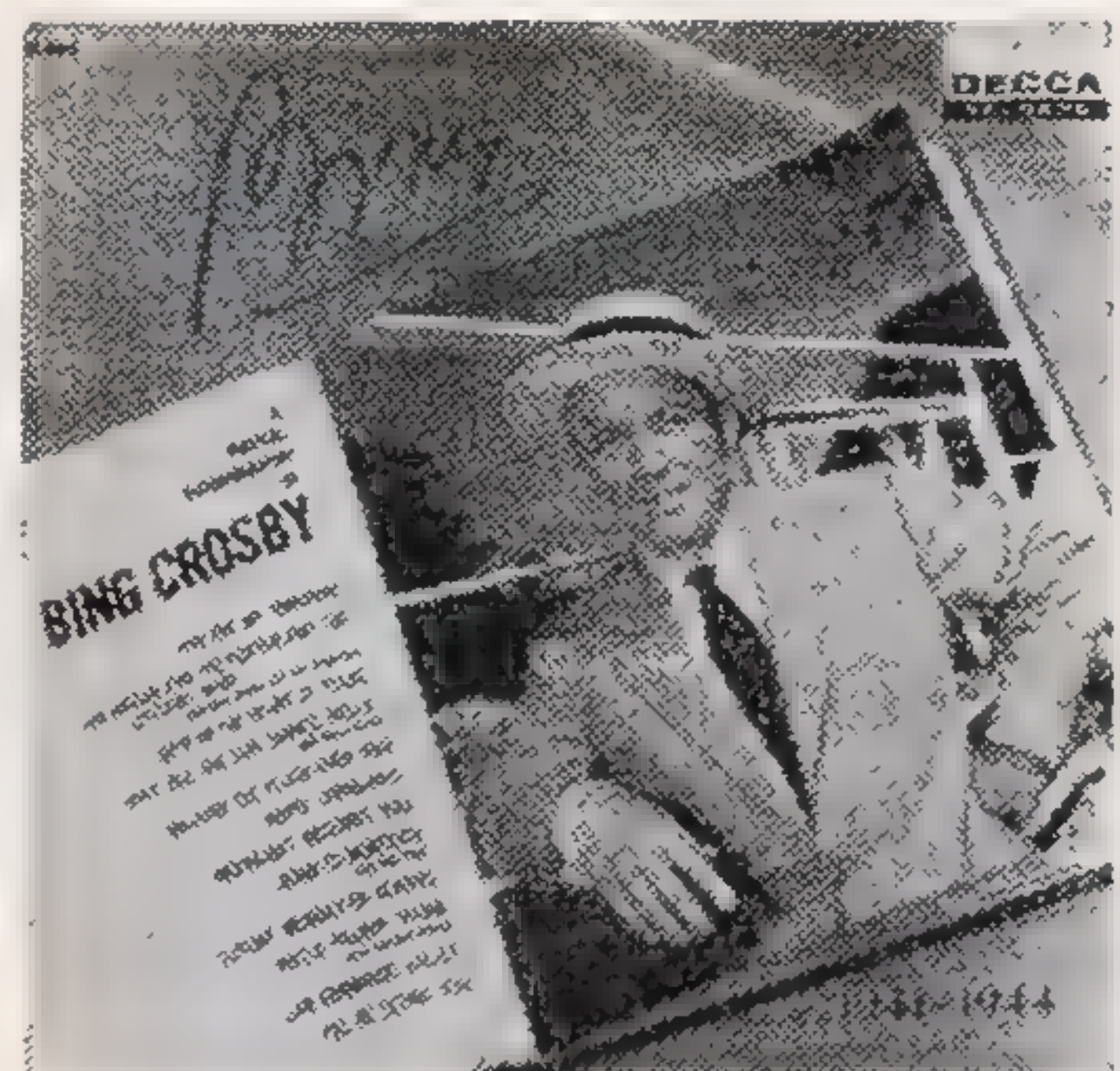
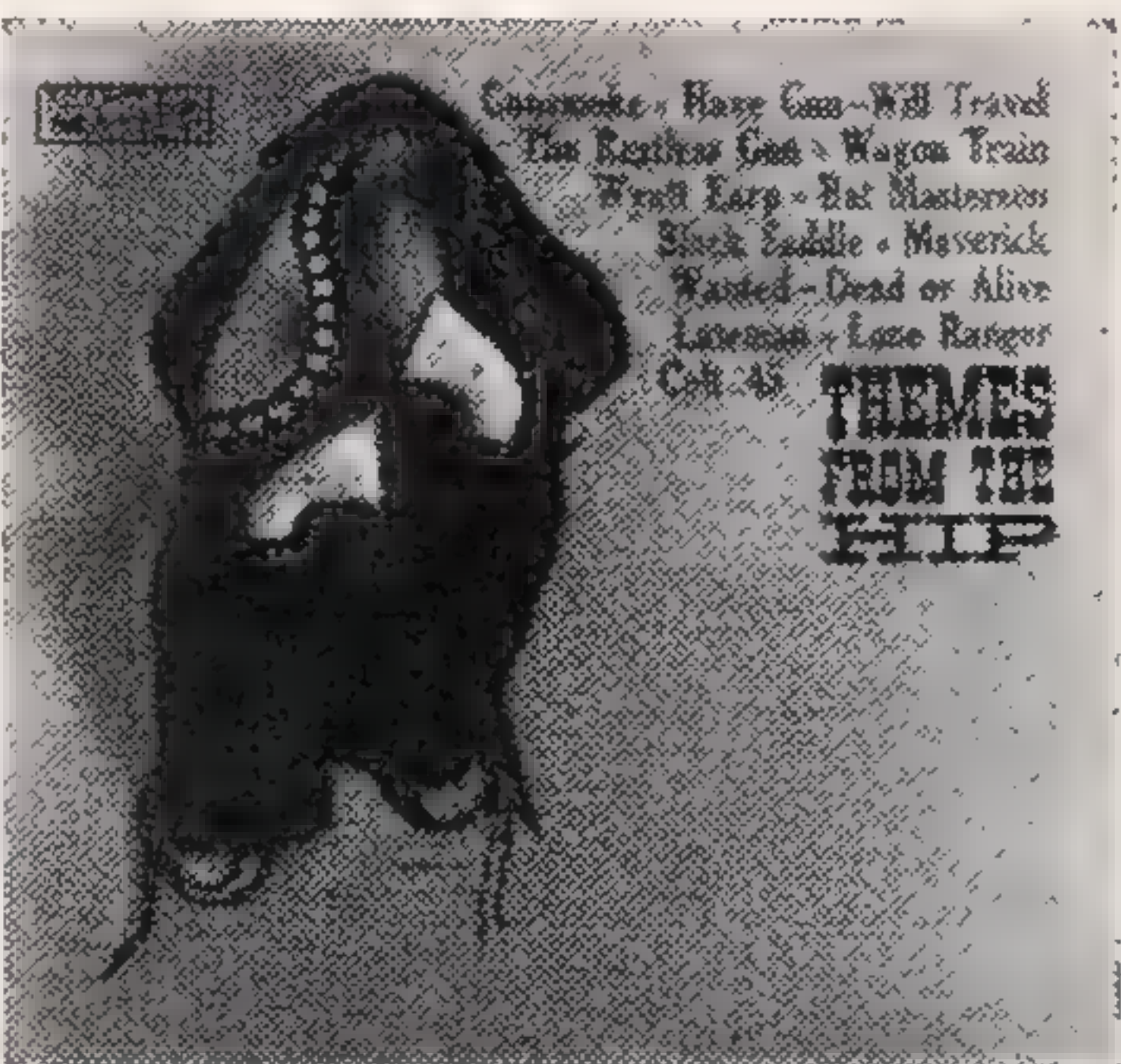
TAB HUNTER: WHEN I FALL IN LOVE. Tab collects songs "all stashed away in a notebook—special songs I've liked since my high-school days." Listen to this round-up of love favorites and see if you aren't impressed with Tab's delicate handling of the vocals, his extra-sensory perception of the heart's moods. Warner Bros. **SLIMNASTICS.** If you're looking for a helping hand in the weight-losing department, you'll dig this wild Decca release. Exercise to the instructions with their musical background, and you'll have a ball!

THEMES FROM THE HIP. If you have a favorite TV Western with a jivey theme song, it's bound to be here. Bud Wattles and orch hang up their spurs and ride herd on brass and drums. Roulette.

THE FIVE PENNIES. Danny Kaye/Louis Armstrong. This is the original sound track, a hip cavalcade of jazz woven around the triumphant story of trumpeter Red Nichols. Everything from New Orleans blues to rag-time lullabies. Dot.

PAT BOONE: TENDERLY. On his fourth anniversary album, Pat sings twelve of his most popular songs under the direction of maestro Billy Vaughn. Listen to "Maybe You'll Be There," "True Love" and "More Than You Know." Dot.

BING. A Musical Autobiography. 1941-1944. Three of the songs here are in the gold record category: "Sunday, Monday or Always" (a dreamy ditty); "Pistol Packin' Mama" (and this packs a wallop); "White Christmas" (sold over nine million records, the hands-down Yule favorite 'round the world). Decca.



HOCUS POCUS

Did you know most actresses consider blue an unlucky costume color? But a bow or a belt or a buckle of silver, they say, will help get rid of the hex.

Movie and TV stars, like most folks, have special superstitions. Rock Hudson hates wearing any kind of men's jewelry (cuff links, watch chains, rings) while on a movie set. Dancers Marge and Gower Champion won't start a dance routine before exchanging kisses on the forehead for good luck. Joanne Woodward shuns the number eleven like the plague.

Singer Tommy Sands stays in bed all day if it's Friday the 13th; doesn't want to flirt with fate. Carol Lynley, born February 13th, considers 13 a lucky number, but she shudders over wearing black, an unlucky color for her.

Kim Novak thinks wearing a hat in a dressing room is taboo. So is opening an umbrella backstage. Or rehearsing in brand new shoes!



"Break a leg," says Rock. (i.e. "good luck.")

NEW LIQUID LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE!

Now you can shampoo...
Set with plain water...and have
lively, natural looking curls!

Susan Hayward

starring in
"WOMAN OBSESSED"

A 20th Century-Fox
CinemaScope Picture
Color by DeLuxe



New Rich,
Rich Liquid!
Lanolin-
Blessed!

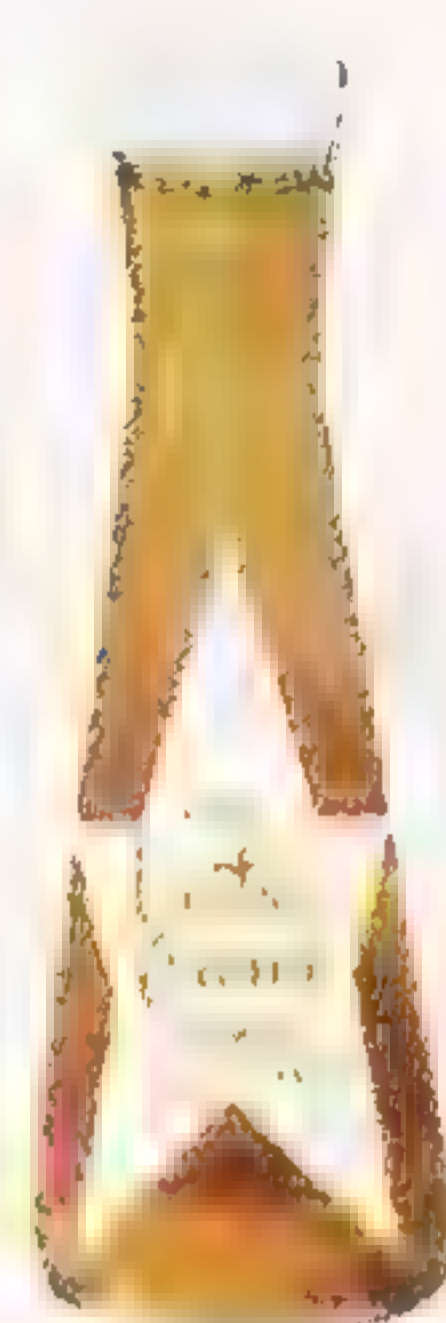
Beautiful SUSAN HAYWARD, winner of the Academy Award for the Best Actress of the year, always makes sure her hairdresser gives her a Lustre-Creme Shampoo—to keep her lovely, auburn hair soft, shining and easy-to-manage.

FOR CURLS THAT COME EASY—HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

Shampoo with new Liquid Lustre-Creme.
Special cleansing action right in the rich, fast-rising lather gets hair clean as you've ever had it yet leaves it blissfully manageable. Contains Lanolin, akin to the natural oils of the hair; keeps hair soft, easy to set without special rinses.

Set—with just plain water!
An exclusive new formula—unlike any other shampoo—leaves hair so manageable any hair-style is easier to set with just plain water. Curls are left soft and silky—spring right back after combing. Waves behave, flick smoothly into place.

Lustre-Creme —
never dries —
it beautifies —
now in liquid,
lotion or cream!



4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO!



Guitar POINTERS FROM THE GREATEST

Probably the greatest guitar player in the world is Spanish-born Andres Segovia. I paid Mr. Segovia a visit after one of his solo performances in Town Hall, where the root-tooting fans hung from the rafters and applauded him to the tune of *nine* encores.

"When I began playing the guitar," kind-faced Mr. Segovia said, smiling, "it had a bad reputation in Spain, and I struggled against my family and friends. To me the guitar had a beautiful tone, even in the rough hands of the peasant people. It was melancholy and sweet. But learning to play the guitar is ninety-nine percent perspiration and *one* percent inspiration. Even if you're born for music, you have to practice and work at it. Otherwise you'll have nothing but a few show-off tricks.

"The guitar has a soft voice," he adds, "and it talks to your heart." If you're interested in learning to play the guitar, *don't* buy the best instrument in your local music shop, he warns. Expensive imported guitars are often damaged by the change of climate. Also, Mr. Segovia says the Society of the Classic Guitar at 409 East 50th Street in New York has a listing of top-notch teachers across country.

Mr. Segovia records for Decca. Listen to one of his LPs, and see if you don't agree with me that for a few bucks you'll have invested in pure gold!

BACHELOR CORNER: *man talk*

All you gals who've asked about Dion's last name: it's DeMucci. . . . Troy Donahue, Sandra Dee's blond heartthrob in "A Summer Place," says Sandy is a real doll to work with, and Troy adds with a wink, "I *loved* our love scenes!" . . . Phil Everly has fallen for a dark-haired fan from Bennington, Vt. . . . Shari Sheely, who wrote "Poor Little Fool" for Rick Nelson, tells about a Saturday-night party in movieville: "Sal Mineo went up to the bandstand and took the drummer's place, and he sat in on a couple of numbers, and, boy, did he do a great job! He sure looked handsome in his navy-blue suit!" If you ask me, Shari's got goo-goo eyes for Tommy Sands. Says Shari, *what a dreamboat!* . . . KWKH Radio in Shreveport, Louisiana, seems to be the training ground for famous country music stars (Elvis, Johnny Cash, Hank Williams). Latest hit: Johnny Horton! . . . Elvis writes he misses peanut-butter cookies. . . . David Nelson's new thrill kick: midget car racing—plus flying through the air on a circus trapeze. Dave became quite an acrobat during the filming of "The Big Circus." . . . Mark Damon says the opposite of beatnik in bop talk is chicnik. And folknik is what the bops call the folk song fans. . . . Cary Grant likes the new slinky look in fashion for fall. . . . Tab Hunter's postcard from his recent Australian tour reads, "Dear George—Over 26,000 teenagers turned out for the rock 'n' roll show in Sydney, and, man, did we have a ball! They're great r & r fans, these Aussie gals." . . . Edd "Kookie" Byrnes is looking high and wide for a girl "who doesn't make a big thing of a date, but just wants to be with a guy for the fun of it!" I'll bet dollars to doughnuts that's the gal who'll hook Edd.

BOOK NOOK

In the mood for a good long story? Read "The Light Infantry Ball" by Hamilton Basso—all about love and life during the Gone-With-the-Wind days of the South. . . . What happens to a fifteen-year-old who falls madly in love with a thirty-one-year-old fellow? Venetia Murray tells us in a charming novella, "Waiting for Love." . . . Best suspense story of the summer: "The Chinese Box" by Katherine Eyre. It's as breathtaking as a Hitchcock movie. . . . "Ingrid Bergman: An Intimate Portrait" by Joseph Steele traces Ingrid's life with great sympathy.



With Lars, happy ending for Ingrid.

THE MONTHLY RECORD CHECKLIST

RING-A-LING-A-LARIO. *Jimmie Rodgers* (Roulette)Swingin'
'TWIXT TWELVE AND TWENTY. *Pat Boone*. (Dot)Neat
PORTZEBIE. *Alfred E. Neuman* (ABC-Paramount)Pow!
OH, WHAT A FOOL. *The Impalas* (Cub)Uh-huh
SINNER MAN. *Tommy Sands* (Capitol)Bluezy
TIC TOC POLLY WOC. *Perez Prado* (RCA)Spicy
WHAT A DIFF'RENCE A DAY MAKES. *Dinah Washington* (Mercury) Man!
I'M READY. *Fats Domino* (Imperial)Yes
TALLAHASSEE LASSIE. *Freddy Cannon* (Swan)Sassy
ONLY SIXTEEN. *Sam Cooke* (Keen)Dig it
ON AN EVENING IN ROMA. *Dean Martin* (Capitol)Hum-catchy
BONGO ROCK. *Preston Epps* (Original)A live-it-upper
I DON'T KNOW WHY. *Keely Smith/Louis Prima* (Dot)Crazy
AND THE ANGELS SING. *Johnny Nash* (ABC-Paramount)Heavenville
MY MELANCHOLY BABY. *Tommy Edwards* (M-G-M)Ummm



ARE YOU THE ADVENTUROUS TYPE?

If you're the adventurous type you're up-to-date and sophisticated—you like to go places and do things. Made to order for the life you lead is new Kotex with the Kimlon center. This remarkable new inner fabric helps keep Kotex softer by far. And it protects longer, better—gives you perfect confidence when you need it most.

New Kotex—

the napkin most girls prefer



Special tips for you on grooming

Where others hesitate, you dare to be different. Take the simplest of fads like the Italian gondolier sunhat. Add your own flourishing touch with a pretty scarf tied around the band, accented with a cluster of flowers.

- To express your flair for color, be bold with this year's fashions. Mix or match the pretty pastels . . . accent one vibrant color with another. Or give a whirl to the elegant one-color look.
- Jewelry, too, can express your individualism. Satisfy your expensive taste with one good decorative piece . . . a pin, a neck pendant, a pair of earrings. Let it be your fashion trademark.

KOTEX and KIMLON are trademarks of Kimberly-Clark Corp.

vive la différence!

since even sisters
have different needs, there must be two dramatically
different types of hair control...

only Helene Curtis Spray Net gives you a choice of sister sprays!

one for firm control...

If you want
your set held with
windproof obstinacy...

the beauty of
no dulling stickiness,
no flaking...

if you want the only
never-droop hair spray
in the world...
magnifique choose...

REGULAR SPRAY NET



one for soft control...

If you want
the feel of
silky-soft curls...

the confidence of
no sticky film,
no flaking...

if you want
the ease of restyling
with just a quick comb...
très jolie! choose...

SUPER SOFT SPRAY NET



gowns and accessories
by Saks Fifth Avenue

VOTE TODAY!

Photoplay's First Annual Gold Medal Record Awards

help Disc-cover the

Tops-in-Pops
1959

RCA VICTOR PORTABLE
STEREOPHONIC "VICTROLA"

of course you're
old enough
to vote

NEWCOMER MALE

Fabian
Johnny Horton
Wilbert Harrison
Edd (Kookie) Byrnes
Brook Benton
Freddie Cannon
Carl Dobkins Jr.
Billy Storm
Ray Peterson
Jackie Wilson
Other _____

NEWCOMER FEMALE

Dodie Stevens
Annette
Anita Bryant
Connie Stevens
Baby Washington
Patty Saturday
Other _____

BEST INSTRUMENTAL GROUP

The Trumpeteers
The Virtues
Bill Doggett
Martin Denny
Johnny & Hurricanes
Micky Mozart
Mitch Miller
Duane Eddy
Jacky Noguez
Frank Pourcel
Other _____

BEST NEW VOCAL GROUP

The Crests
The Skyliners
Dion & Belmonts
The Impalas
The Fleetwoods
The Bell Notes
The Mystics
Travis & Bob
Kingston Trio
The Tassels
Other _____

**Photoplay's
First Annual
Gold Medal
Record Awards**

HELP YOUR FAVORITES WIN

BEST MALE

Pat Boone
Perry Como
Frankie Avalon
Frank Sinatra
Elvis Presley
Johnny Mathis
Jimmie Rodgers
Rick Nelson
Andy Williams
Tony Bennett
Other _____

BEST FEMALE

Connie Francis
Patti Page
Debbie Reynolds
Joni James
Teresa Brewer
Eydie Gorme
Doris Day
Peggy Lee
Jane Morgan
Kathy Linden
Other _____

BEST VOCAL GROUP

Everly Brothers
Ames Brothers
Four Lads
McGuire Sisters
The Platters
The Diamonds
Four Preps
The Chordettes
Four Aces
The Coasters
Other _____

If you've been around for thirty-eight years, then you know that's how long Photoplay readers have been voting Gold Medal Awards to their movie favorites. Now, because of your interest in records and because the record industry has grown to such importance, we think, too, there should be a Gold Medal Award for the tops in pops. Fill out your ballot below, paste it on a postcard, and mail to:

GOLD MEDAL

RECORD AWARDS

BOX 1937

**GRAND CENTRAL STATION
NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK**

My votes for the

GOLD MEDAL RECORD AWARDS

Best Male _____

Best Female _____

Best Vocal Group _____

Best Newcomer _____
(male)

Best Newcomer _____
(female)

Best Newcomer _____
(vocal group)

Best Instrumental Group _____

Name _____ Age _____



by JANE ARDMORE



Margaret O'Brien:

**When a girl's getting
married, there are certain things
that she can only ask one person . . .**

*I miss my mother
most of all now*

She was wearing a straight-cut yellow silk Hawaiian dress. Her hair was pulled back into a French knot, but, across her forehead, the uneven black bangs made her face pixie-like. The light California breeze ruffled her hair, and, as she looked up at her fiance, she seemed about sixteen.

"You'd better leave me off at the door of (Continued on page 85)

Liz
and
Eddie



love
in a hurry

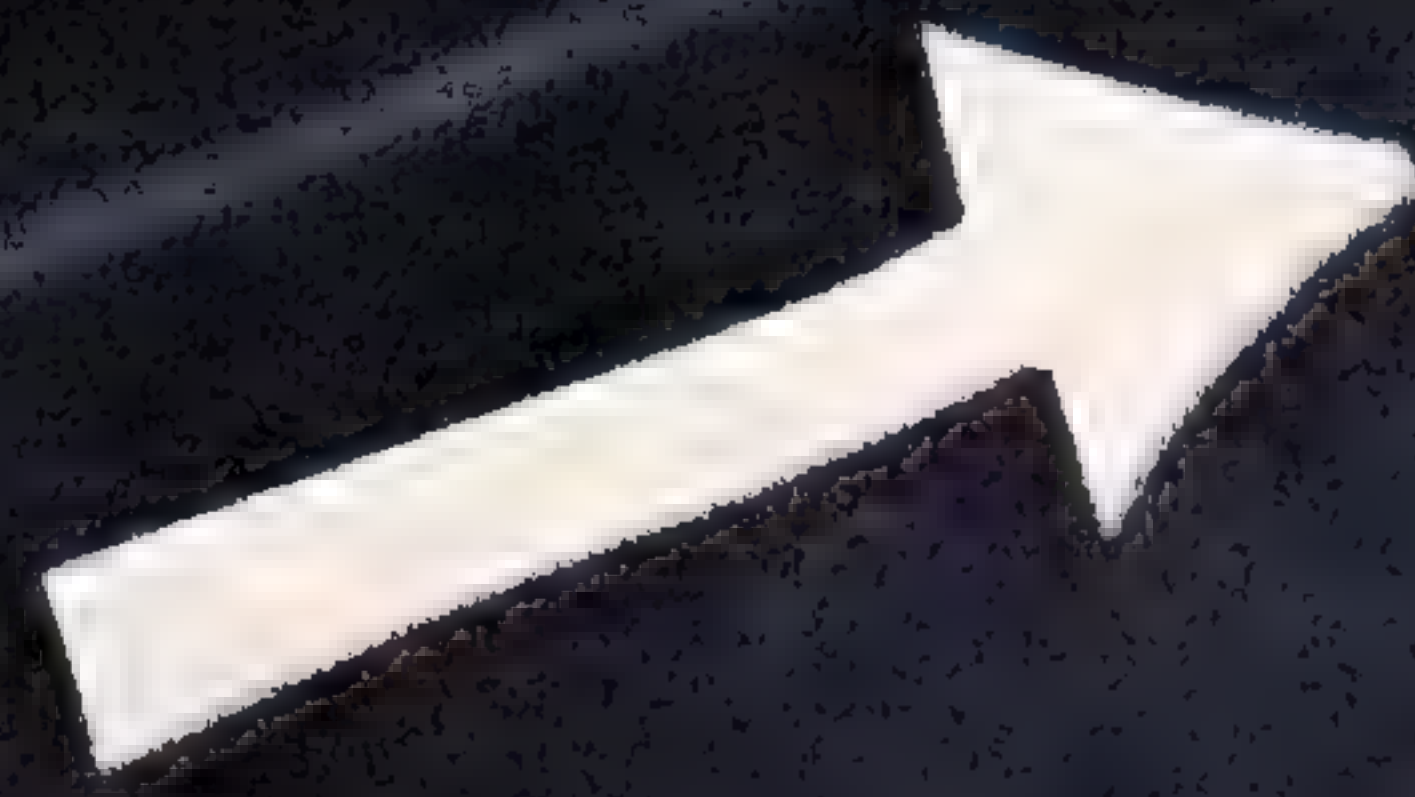


love
on the run





Three months later, they laugh at the skeptics:



our
honeymoon
will last
30 years

Big Eddie



WEATHER REPORT

fair and sunny on honeymoon yacht...
storm clouds ahead?

The sound of a cabin door suddenly opening behind him made Eddie start in surprise and, turning his head sharply, he looked over his shoulder across the deck. For the past half-hour, he'd been leaning against the railing of the yacht, watching the sailors on the Barcelona quay (*Continued on page 68*)





"What about the weather?" Eddie called out. They checked the forecasts every day and, to Liz, the friendly Mediterranean sun was reassuring, a good omen.



In Nice, milk for Chris, Mike and Liza was delivered at the gangplank.

On board, it seemed nothing could go wrong—until London. "We'll be happy," they vowed.



IS SANDRA REALLY GOING KOOKIE?



What a perfectly *beautiful* day, I thought as I ran down to the water, without even stopping to take off my sweater. The sun was hot—but not *too* hot—and the sand felt good and scrunchy under my feet. I dipped one toe in the water . . . Brr! It was still too cold for me, and then I heard a voice behind me.

"It can't be *that* cold," it said.

I jumped. "Edd Byrnes!" I said. "Don't creep up on people like that."

Laughing, he tousled my hair, the hair I'd just spent *hours* fixing just right. "Sorry I'm late," he said. "Or can it be that you're early?" (Continued on page 73)

by SANDRA DEE
as told to MARCIA BORIE





***Judi Meredith and
Barry Coe:***

it should
have been a
perfect day
but
something went wrong...
as we watched the sun go down,
both of us knew-

***WE'LL NEVER
SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN***➤



All that day, as we tried to
be happy, I wanted to cry
out, "I love you, Barry.
Why isn't that enough?"





I listened to the
sound of the
waves breaking
on the shore.
And then I heard
his gentle sigh—
filled with a sad-
ness I had never
noticed before.

(Continued on page 83)

by JUDI MEREDITH

as told to MARCIA BORIE

If you've ever wondered
what would happen to your loved ones if you died today,
you must read Efrem Zimbalist's story

"LIFE DOES NOT



END WITH DEATH”

Efrem Zimbalist sat back, reached into a brown tobacco pouch for a match, and lit his pipe. He puffed a few times, until blue-white wisps of smoke came curling up, and then, leaning forward, he reached down and fondly ruffled his wife Steffi's brown shaggy-cropped hair. She glanced up, smiling shyly, and announced in a soft voice, "I guess it's time to put little Steffi to bed."

"Can I help?" asked her fifteen-year-old stepdaughter Nancy, looking up from a book she'd been quietly reading in a corner of the room.

"Sure," Steffi answered. "Come along."

As they left, Efrem relaxed deep into his tan leather armchair. "I'm one of the luckiest guys around," he said, almost as though to himself, "What would I ever do without Steffi?" Then, as though the

(Continued on page 79)



PIER ANGELI:

One night I heard him

crying in his crib . . .

"Where's my daddy?

Where's my daddy?"

I knew I had to do something.

I couldn't go on

letting Perry be

A

LITTLE BOY

LOST

In the living room of a small apartment, high above the bustle and noise of London's Baker Street, three-year-old Perry Damone sat twiddling knobs on the dashboard of his new, large model car.

"Zoom . . . we're off!" he announced, placing his feet on the pedals and moving off slowly around the room. "We're off to see Daddy in America."

"No, darling," said his mother, Pier Angeli, who had just come into the room carrying a glass of milk. "Please don't say that any more . . . just try to be patient and maybe, (Continued on page 76)

by ANDREE AELION

.....
PHOTOPLAY PINUP
OF THE MONTH
.....



can you identify the

COPS, CROOKS, and the CUTIES?



what went on 5 minutes before the pinup was snapped

Sixteen stars—count 'em. Imagine what happens when you get them all together. “I feel like a channel swimmer,” Debbie shrieked, in her bathing-beauty costume. “Maybe,” Rock suggested, “your suit’s on backwards.” “Can’t get a tan,” Kim giggled. Believe it or not, Mack Sennett directed the pinup—ask Mom about his Keystone Cop movies.



“Is my suit on wrong?” Debbie asks.



Rock gets “moving” pinups of his own.



Joan Collins and Shirl MacLaine hide behind the cars. But the boys found and dunked 'em.



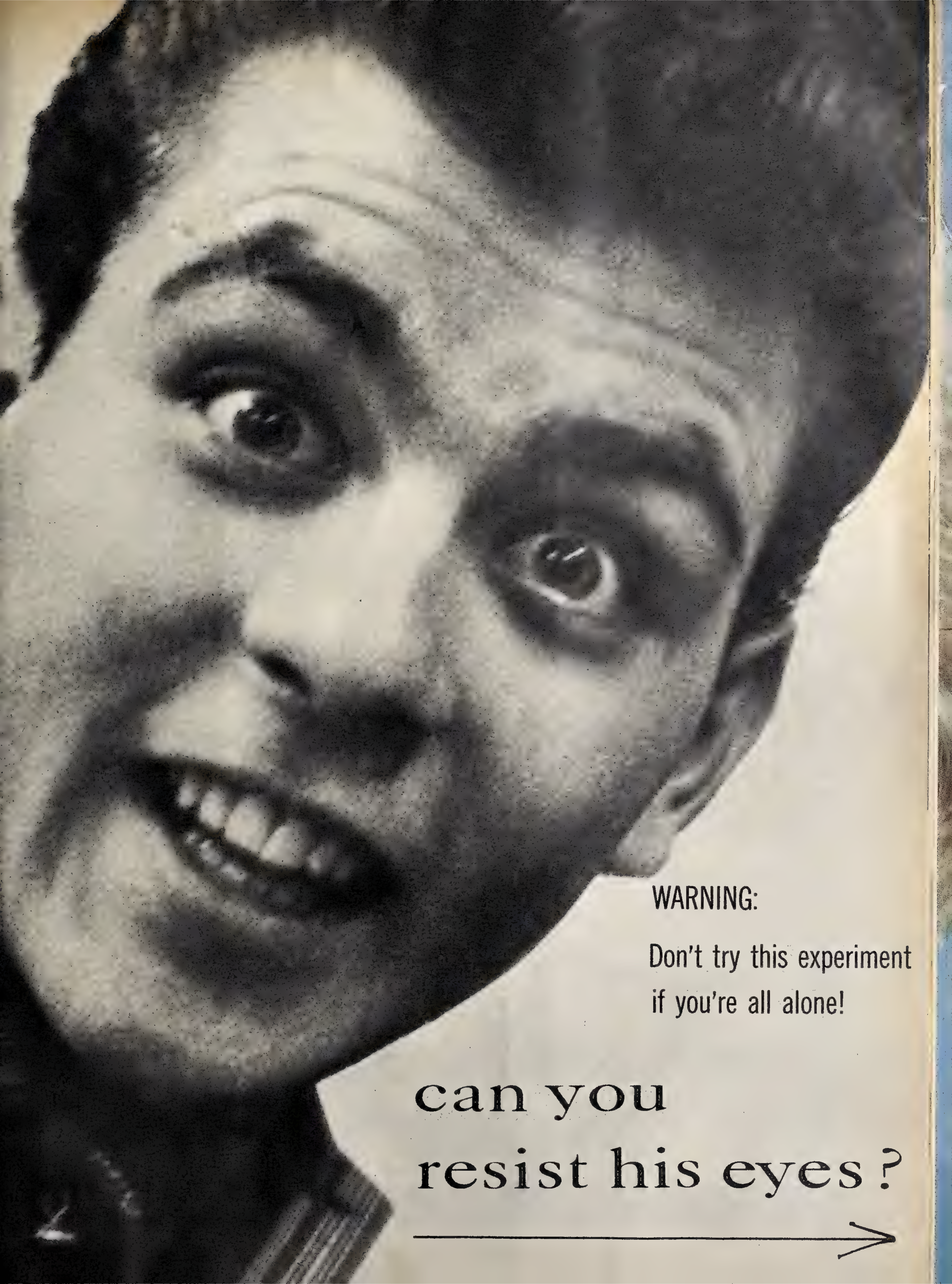
“Whatcha doing?” a fan asks. “Playing cops and robbers,” Paul explains. “I’m a robber.”

HOW MANY DID YOU KNOW?

In the pinup on preceding pages (taken by Judd Bernard), the cops are, left to right, Don Murray, Tommy Sands, Fess Parker, Gower Champion, Buddy Ebsen. The crooks are Paul Newman and James Garner (in top hat). The cuties surrounding Rock Hudson are Debbie Reynolds, Shirley MacLaine, Marge Champion, Sheree North, Kim Novak, Lee Remick, Dana Wynter, Joan Collins.

“Ready in a second,” Kim calls out. “Do I look all right?”





WARNING:

Don't try this experiment
if you're all alone!

can you
resist his eyes?



If you're like 99³/₄% of the gals . . .

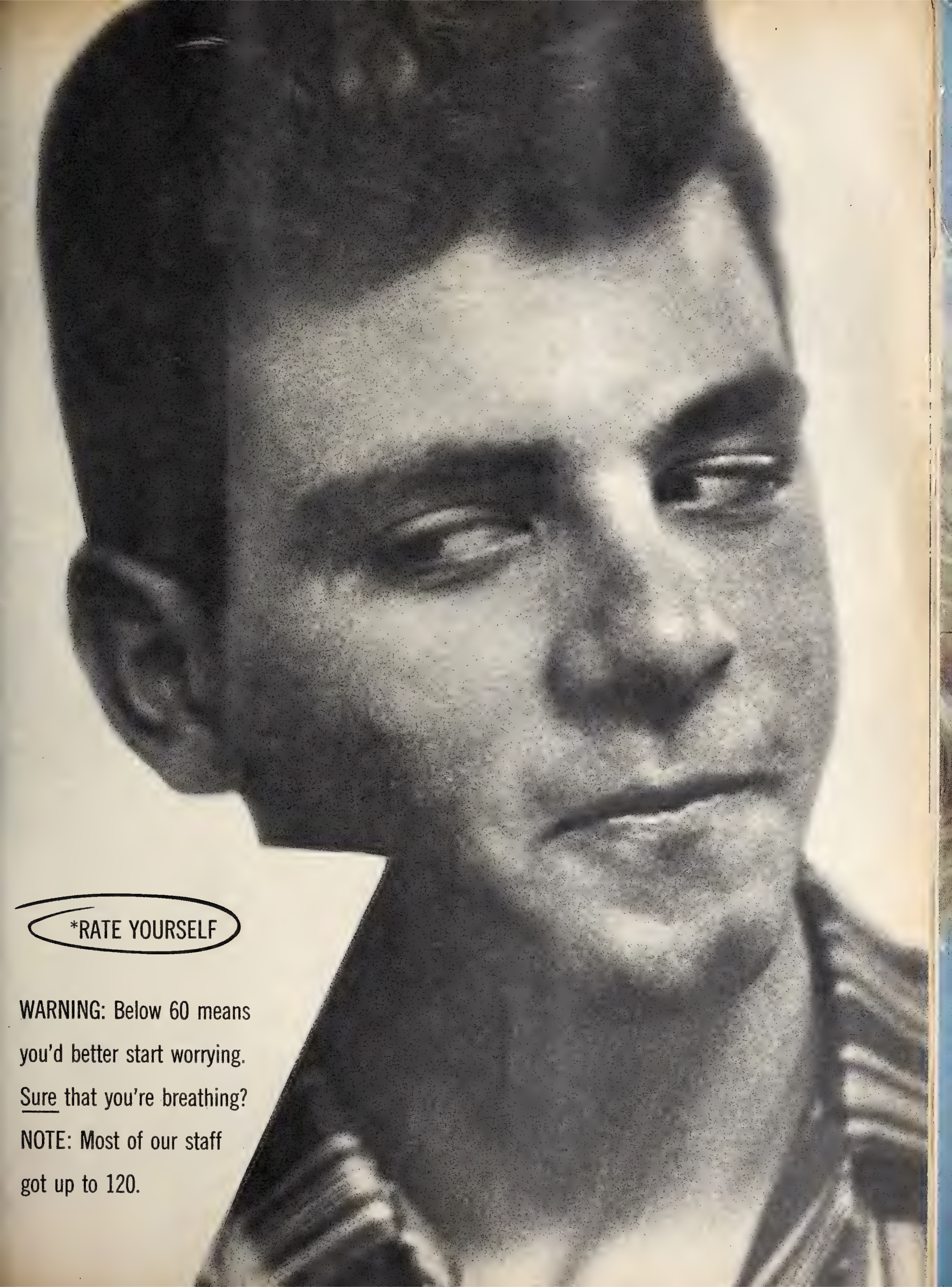
Fabian will hypnot-EYES you too!

DIRECTIONS FOR THE EXPERIMENT

1. Hold up this page six inches from your face.
2. Gaze deep into *his* eyes for one full minute.
3. Close the magazine; now shut your own eyes, too.
4. How do you feel? What's happening to you now?
5. Re-open your eyes.
6. Check your reactions by turning to the next page.

I was just about to put the folder of Doris Day photos back in the steel drawer—just a routine part of my job as secretary to the editor of Photoplay—when I realized there was somebody standing on the other side of the filing cabinets. I got up on tip-toes and peeked over the top—and there he was. Fabian! At first, all I really saw were two eyes looking back at me. There were more than eyes, of course—the bridge of a nose, eyebrows, forehead and hair (lots of hair, dark wavy hair)—but all this I only became aware of later. For the minute or two that I was looking into those eyes (all right, I must be honest: I think it (Continued on page 81)





***RATE YOURSELF**

WARNING: Below 60 means
you'd better start worrying.

Sure that you're breathing?

NOTE: Most of our staff
got up to 120.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

you can spend **30,400**

A rooster crowed. Elvis opened one eye, wrinkled up his nose, and smiled. Yeah, that was bacon frying, all right. Must be time to get up. Stretching, he reached out across the bed and tuned the radio on to the Armed Forces Network. Sometimes they gave some news about what was going on back home.

"El," his dad's voice, calling from downstairs, broke into his thoughts. "Six-fifteen. Time to get up."

Slowly, reluctantly, he slid out of bed, put on his robe and padded over to the French window and out onto the balcony. Across the street was a park, with its shady walks, its flowers and its man-made embankments, down which Bad Nauheim's famous health waters dripped constantly.

The house on his left was being renovated. They'd started the work while he was in the hospital having his tonsils taken care of, and he was surprised to see how much they'd gotten done in just a *(continued)*

by BETTY ETTER



Being made corporal didn't mean there was any less "hurry-up-and-wait" time.

seconds with ELVIS in Germany



Chow . . . a training film . . . inspection, whatever it was, you had to stand in line for it. It gave you time to think . . . though that wasn't so good sometimes, like thinking that pretty soon it'd be a year—almost a year—since Mom died.



He had some real friends among the guys at the camp. There were no more dead silences and curious stares.



"Coming!" he yelled in answer to Dad's breakfast call. He sure was grateful for the way they'd grown so close this past year.

A last-minute lick at his crew-cut and then he was off, climbing into his Caddy and driving—carefully these days—to camp.





Ten seconds out for sack time. He was glad it was Saturday, a half-day.



"Let's skip that Army chow," he told his pals. "Come on home with me. Grandma's fixing lunch."

it started out like any other day...

few days. Today they'd be working there again, he knew, even though it was Saturday. The German people didn't go in for long weekends. Why, even the kids went to school Saturday mornings. He'd often seen them trudging home with their books after he'd gotten back from camp at noon.

Camp! He'd better hurry. He double-timed it into the bathroom, showered, shaved and then pulled on his uniform. If he ate breakfast fast and drove quickly. . . . No, ever since his father's accident on the Autobahn, he'd promised himself he was never going to speed. . . . The accident—he wouldn't think (*continued*)

we snapped this photo in Germany of

about the accident now . . .

"Breakfast," his dad called. He headed for the stairs, taking them two at a time, and then stopped short on the landing. There on the piano—the first thing he noticed—was a vase of white roses, the kind his mother had loved. Next month Mom would be dead a year. . . .

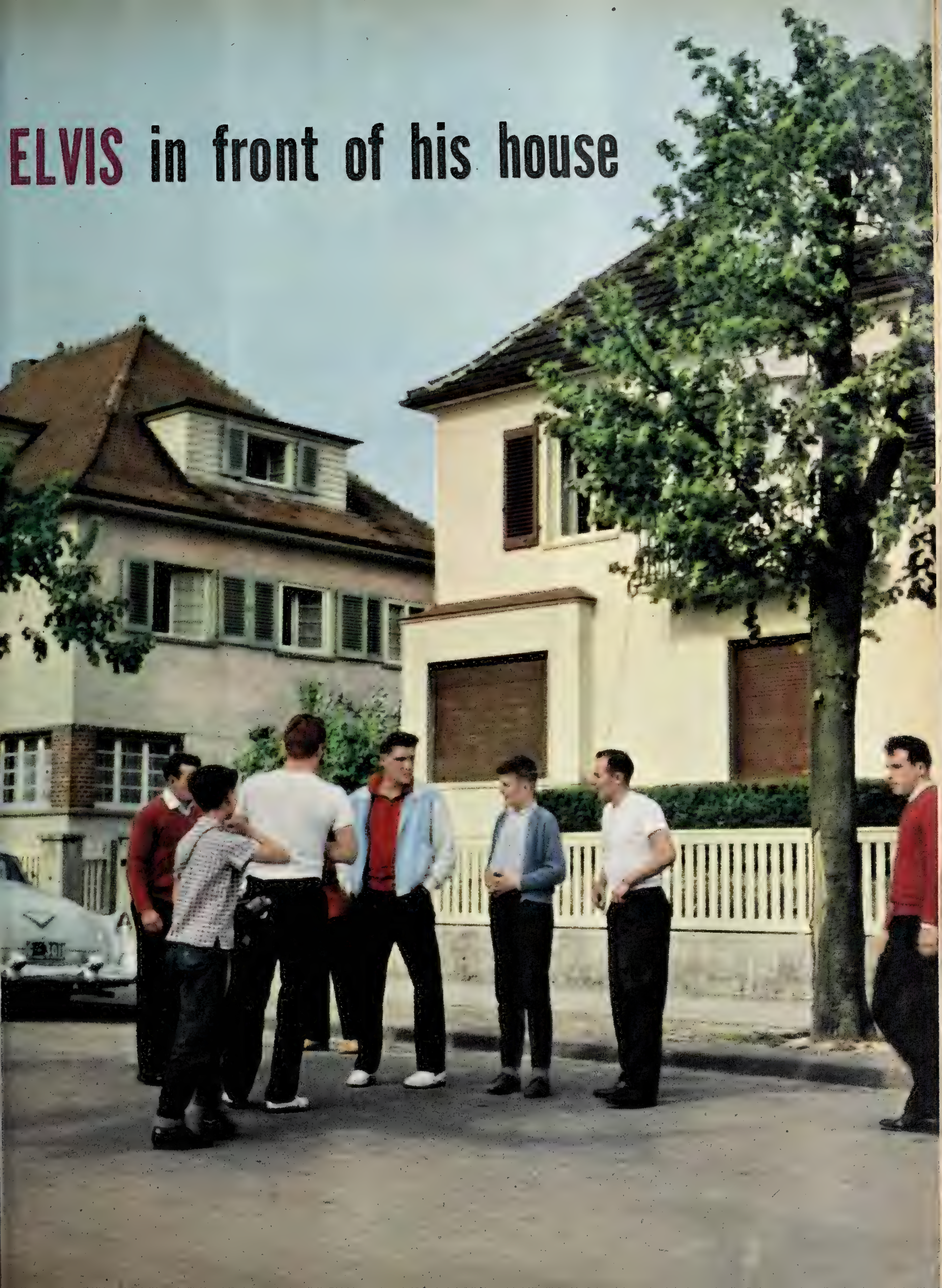
"Elvis—your coffee's getting cold."

"Okay, Dad, okay. I'm coming." He made himself look out the win- (Continued on page 87)

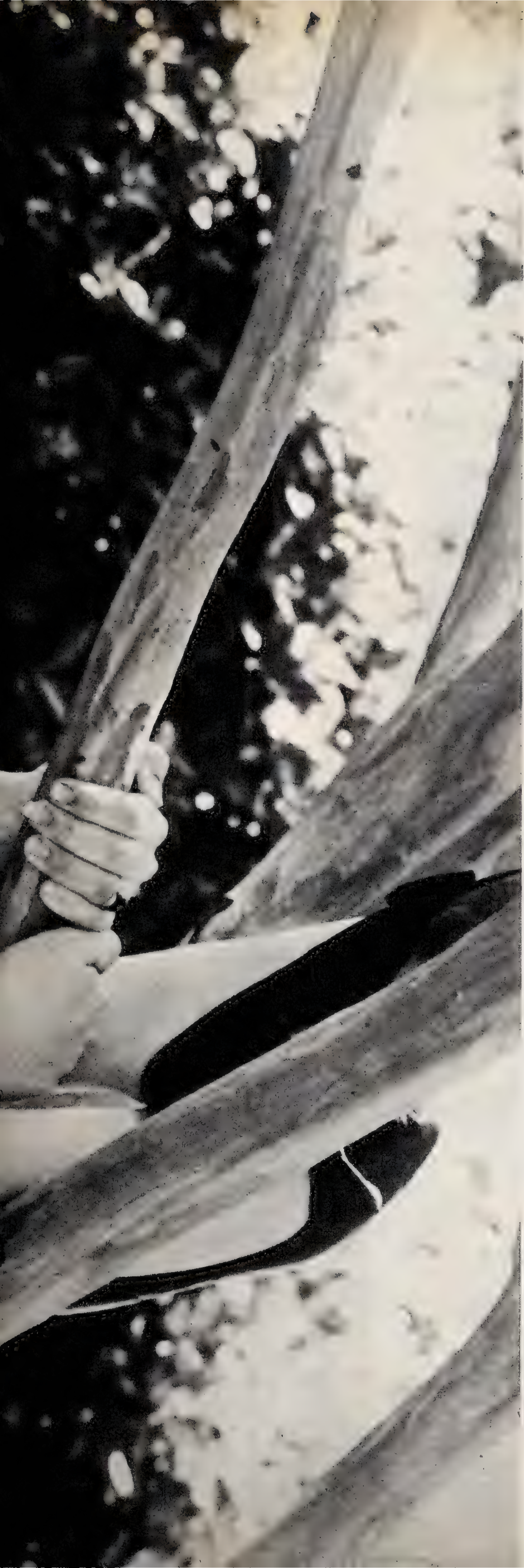


They didn't like to talk about the accident, but when Dad headed for the car, he called after him, "Drive slow, huh."

ELVIS in front of his house







what
is an
Annette?
who is she?
how
did she get
that way?

What is an Annette? What is any girl sixteen years old?

She's the voice on one end of a telephone conversation, giggling, whispering, talking with her very best beau. She's the eyes that peer intently into the dressing-table mirror, cautiously inspecting her face, wishing that she'd grow up to be an Ava Gardner. She's dreams, ambitions, blushes.

She's the daughter of Joseph Edward Funicello, who owns his own garage and is proud (*continued*)

by NANCY ANDERSON



how did Annette get that way?

Continued



Born in Utica, Annette grew up in Hollywood. She began dancing at five, to get over her shyness. Disney discovered her in an amateur show. She's five-feet-two, going on seventeen.

but sometimes puzzled by his daughter. She has two brothers, Joe, 13, and Michael, 7, who don't understand how a girl can take so long to get dressed. She looks a little like her mother, Virginia, who does understand—most of the time.

She likes: hot fudge sundaes, football games, her T-bird (which she got for her birthday and which she can drive only within a few blocks of home), dancing, the way Fabian sings "Turn Me Loose," beach parties, eye makeup (which her mother lets her wear only on very special occasions), the new house the Funicellos are getting (*Continued on page 71*)



the way
to get a
second look
from him
this fall

Diane Jergens' costume gets a nod from husband Peter Brown. "Sacks are out," she says, "the young American classic look is in." Hand-sewn separates: Simplicity 3080, 3117. (*continued*)





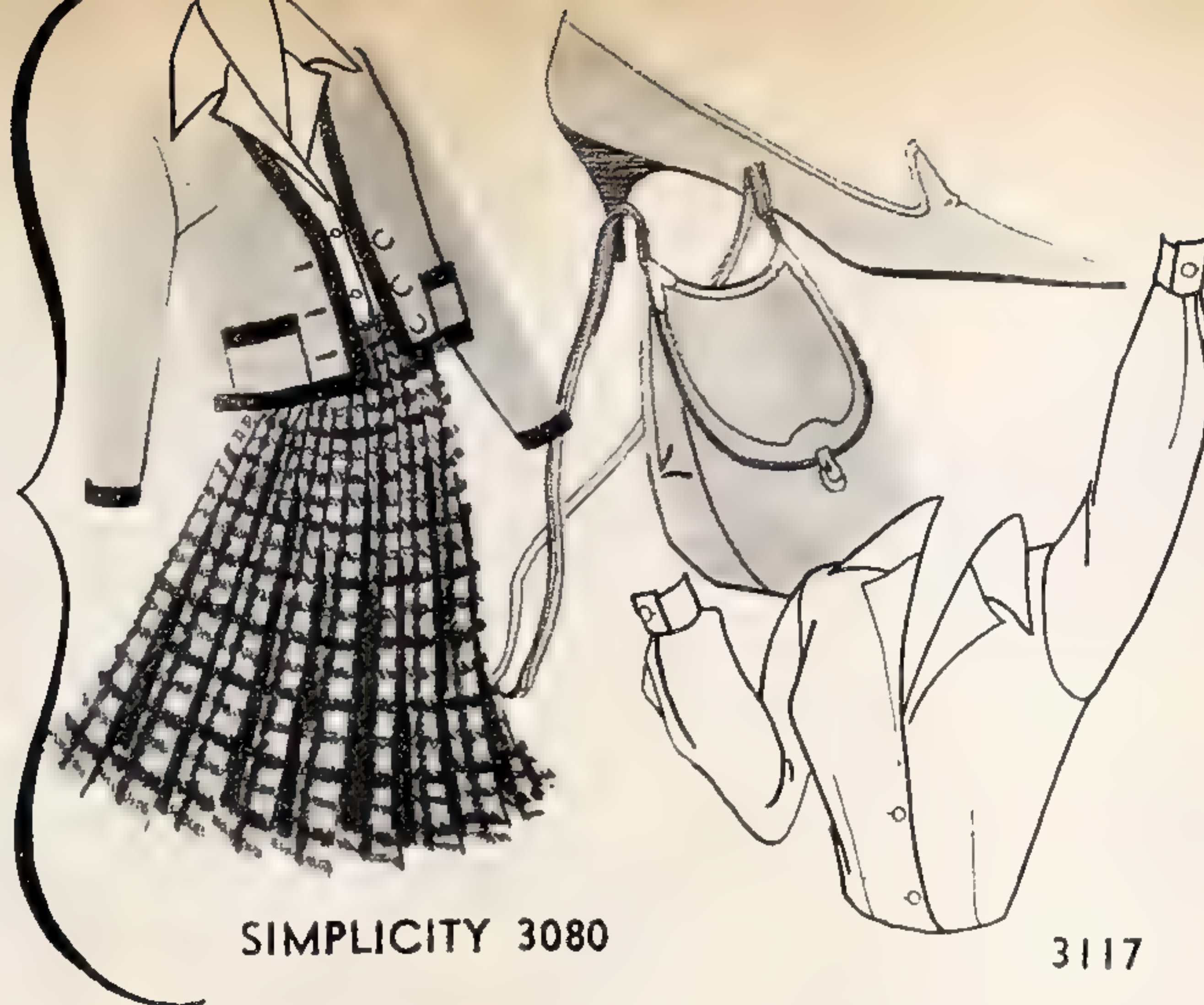
"You're wanted on the phone," says Ty Hardin. If you don't hear these words as often as you'd like, it's not your phone that needs repairing—but it could be your wardrobe. You can fix it and still not put your budget out-of-order by simply sewing your own clothes. This fall, fashions are on your side—they're man-pleasing. What's new? The knees show, especially in Arlene's trim length of sheath jumper. The waist shows off, too, in Jackie's bolero suit. Full skirts, like Connie's, are definitely back. The season's hottest trend is Diane's American-classic look, a pleated skirt topped by a braid-trimmed blazer. Once you've picked a favorite Simplicity Pattern, there are bold stripes, magnified checks, muted plaids to lose your own pretty head over at the same time that you're turning his.

MORE ABOUT OUR MODELS AND THEIR PATTERNS ON PAGE 84

4 patterns to make to make him look

Getting the twice-over from Ty Hardin and Peter Brown: left to right, Connie Stevens, Jacqueline Beer, Arlene Howell.

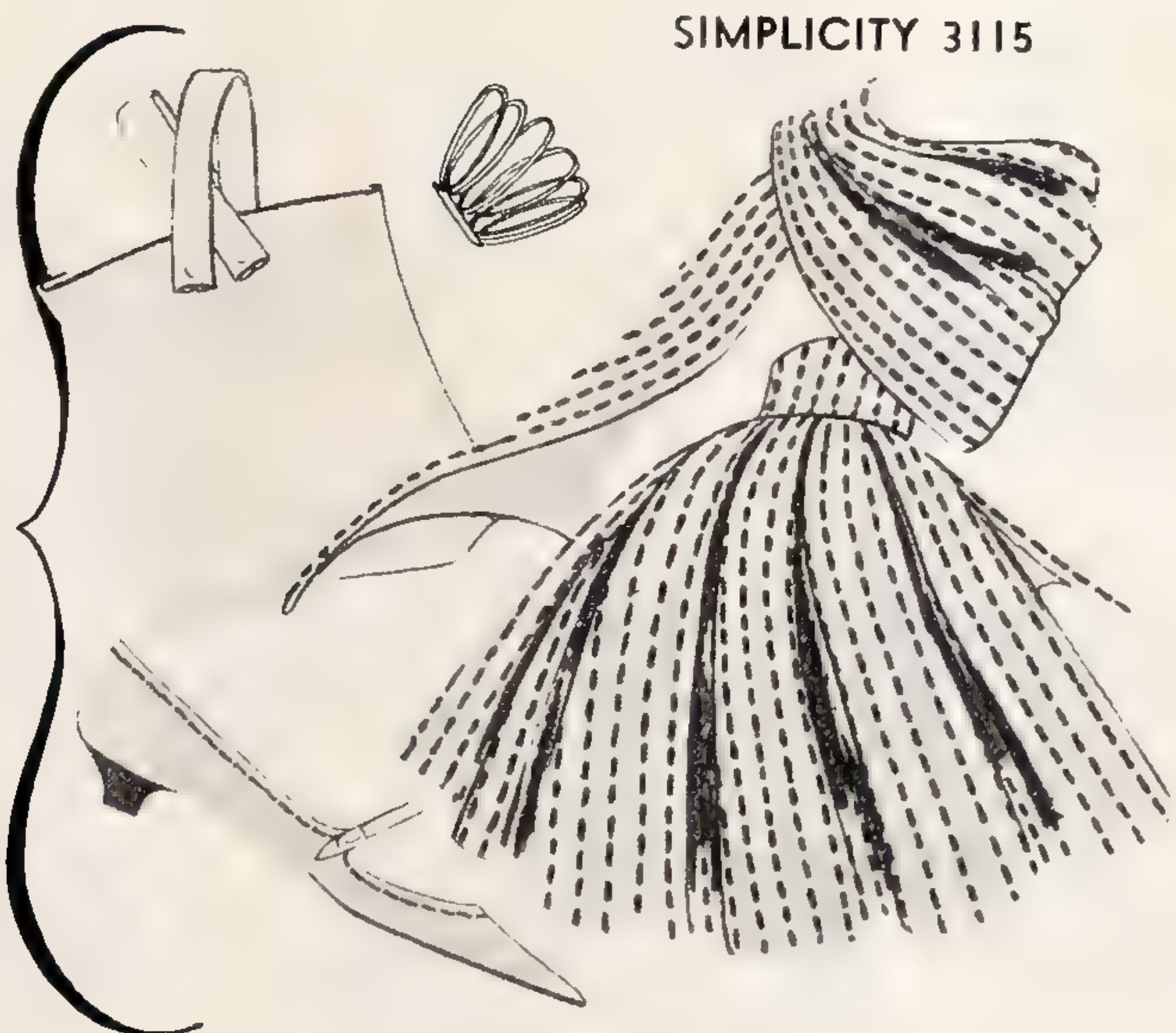




SIMPLICITY 3080

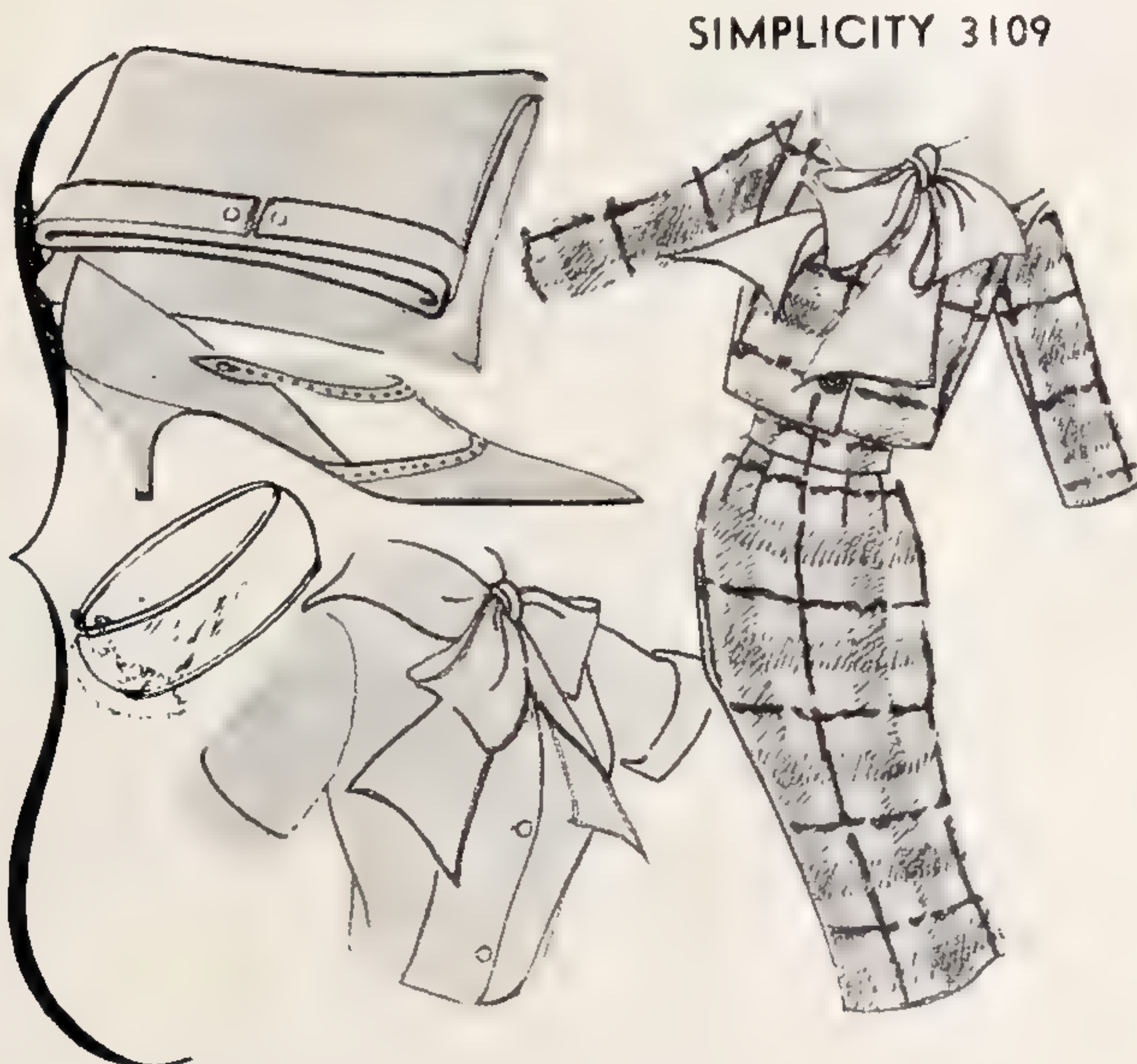
3117

Smile at him in a blazer that borrows its braid 'n' buttons from a cadet. Diane's is brass wool tweed. her pleated skirt is a harmonizing plaid by Anglo. Shoulder strap bag goes feminine in soft leathers, slim shapes; high-throated pump has wooden heels. All shoes by Chandler.



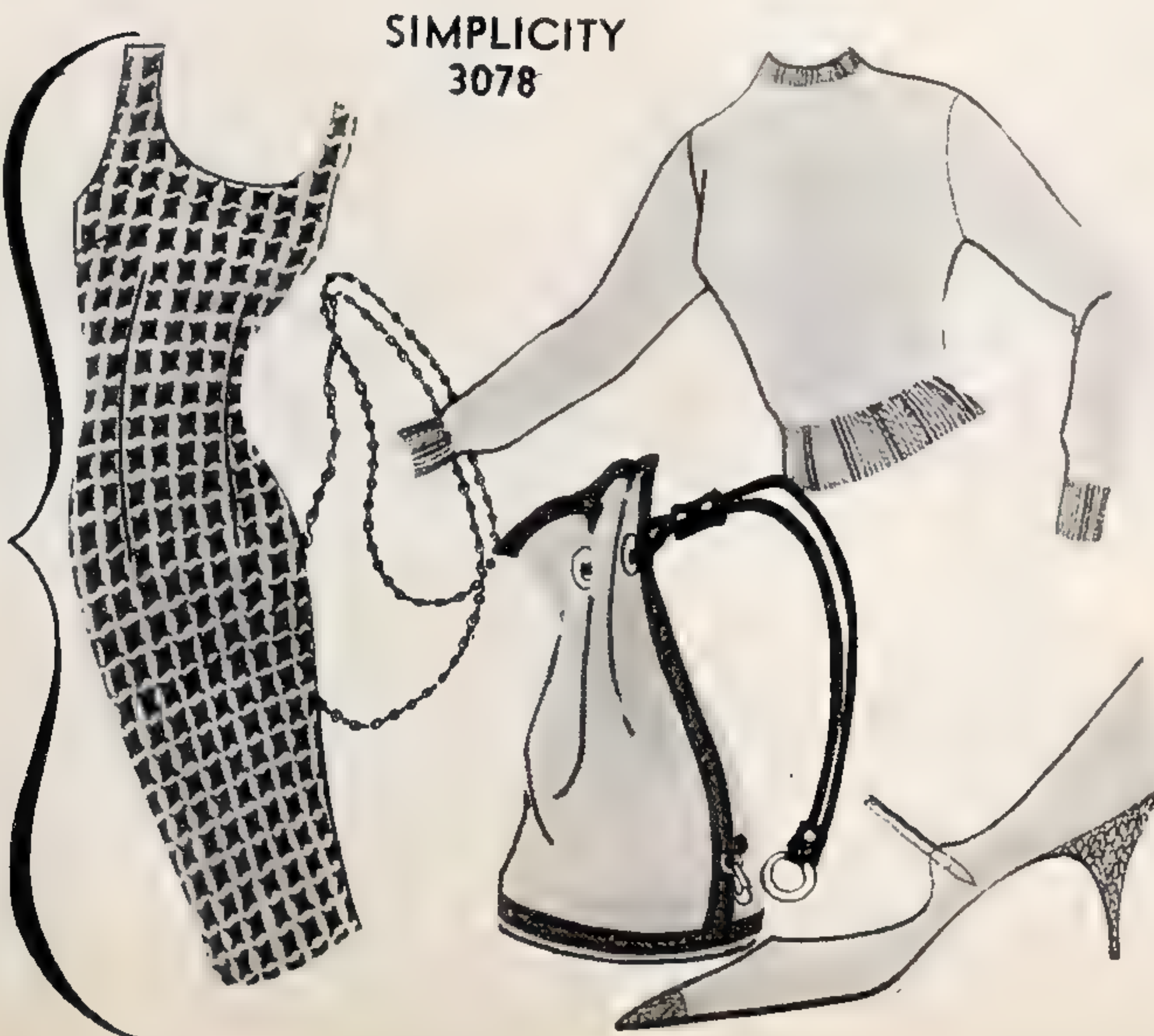
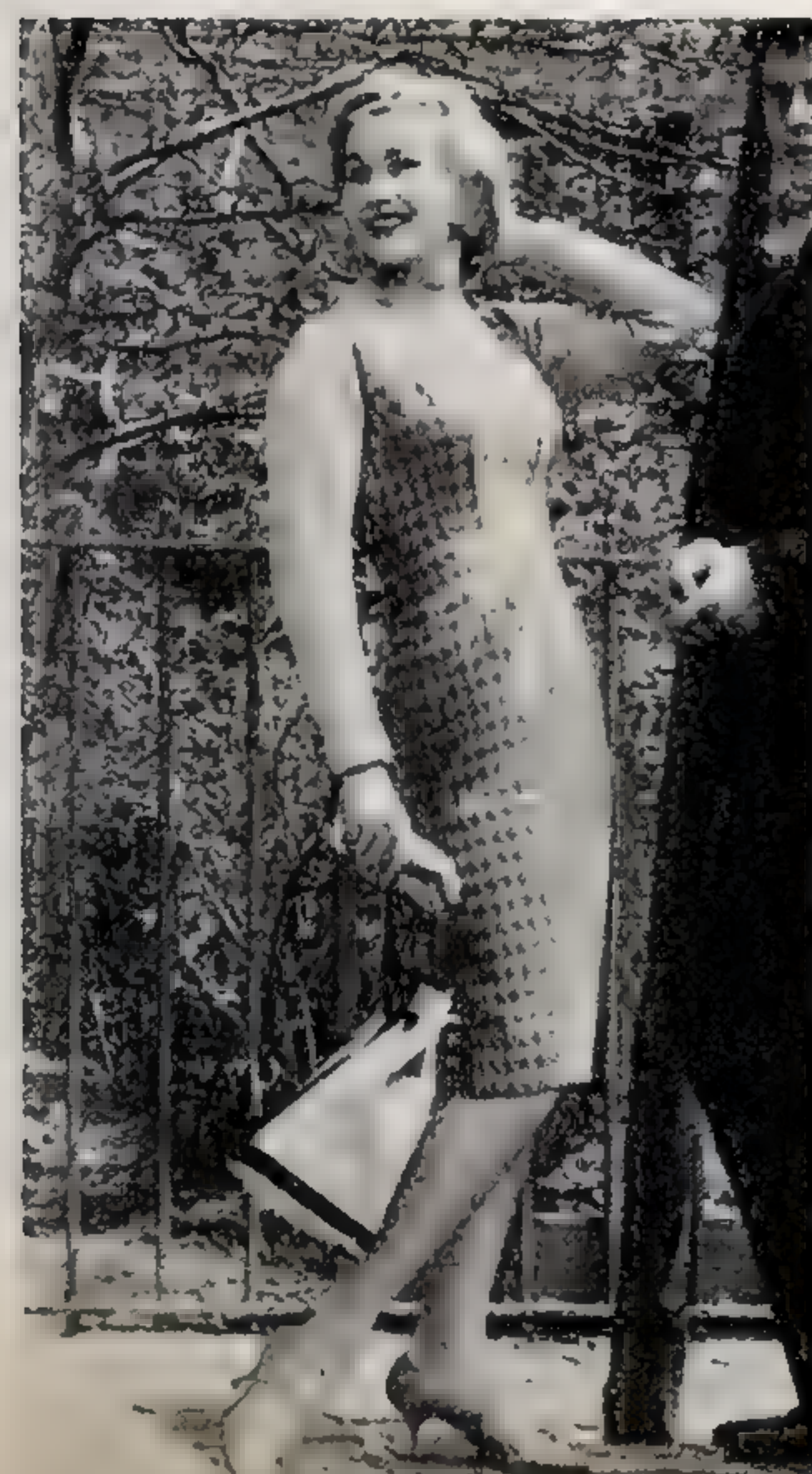
SIMPLICITY 3115

Steal him with a stole that makes a costume out of fashion's first full skirt for daytime in years. Connie likes it in red-and-black wool by Crestwood. The little heel's big news, especially with a strap. Changeabout bag is tote or clutch (folded view below.) All jewelry by Coro.



SIMPLICITY 3109

Beau-bait him with a bow on a big-collared jersey blouse under this waist-whittling suit of misty green 'n' black wool plaid. Both are Lebanon fabrics. Jackie's T-strap pumps dip low at sides. Tote (above) becomes a clutch to show off her Coro bracelet. All handbags by Park Lane.



SIMPLICITY 3078

Wink at him in a jumper whose molded lines would make even a dormouse wake up and stare. Arlene dons it in jumbo-checked blue-and-gold Fabrex wool over a make-it-yourself sweater of Coats and Clark yarn. Strapped spectators sport fake lizard touches, duffelbag is barley-cloth.

**Princess Grace leaned her head
on her husband's shoulder so that
he couldn't see her face, and thought—**

***If only
I could tell him
what I'm
really afraid of***

Leaning wearily against the draperies, Princess Grace paused as though to gather strength before speaking, and then, finally, turned to her husband. "It's been a difficult day, hasn't it?"

Prince Rainier sank back on the window-seat, let his arms drop to his sides and nodded.

Though the late afternoon sun was no longer in her eyes, the Princess kept a hand over them—so that he can't see my face, she thought—as she (*Continued on page 65*)

by JIM HOFFMAN



A PHOTOPLAY EXCLUSIVE



HOW TO DRESS AS IF MONEY WERE NO OBJECT

"Now we look the way I've always wanted us to look! And do you realize I made all three of their suits and my own for less than I would have paid just for mine? The fabrics are just what I wanted, too—right down to the exact shade of red for my little blondes. Am I glad I finally got my sewing machine out of the closet!

"It's been a long time since I've made anything, yet sewing seems easier than ever with those wonderful Simplicity Printed Patterns. I'm going right back to that Simplicity Catalog and find something really elegant to make for next Saturday night."

"My Chanel-look suit complete with blouse is Simplicity style #3081. My oldest wears suit and blouse style #3136 and the little ones wear jumpers and jackets, style #3134."

Sew WITH
Simplicity

SIMPLICITY PATTERN CO. INC.

PRINCESS GRACE

Continued from page 62

looked up at him with a weak smile. Finally, no longer capable of pretense, she let her head fall loosely on his shoulder, closed her eyes and relaxed for the first time since early that morning, when the pains had begun again.

If only I could tell him, she thought, if only I could explain what I'm really afraid of. . . . Not now, she decided, not when he has so many worries already. Besides, I'm sure it's not anything really serious. I'm just being oversensitive.

She opened her eyes, leaning her head sideways a little so she could study her husband's profile. She never tired of looking at him, though she knew every inch of his face so well: the wavy black hair that somehow stayed in place even when he drove through the countryside in one of his sports cars; the thin mustache outlining his fine mouth; the patrician nose; the soft, deep eyes that could reflect concern one moment and gaiety the next.

But now, as she watched, she saw neither of these things. He seemed not to feel she was looking at him, and she noted an expression there she'd never seen before: it was a tiredness, but it was not of the body. It was a tiredness of the spirit. Here, in this unguarded moment, was clearly the face of a leader who, in trying to do his best for his people, was finding his actions misunderstood, his decisions misinterpreted, by almost everyone.

I cannot add to his worries now, she told herself. He has too much on his mind already. But when she felt his hand tighten around hers, she was grateful for his nearness. After the events of this afternoon, she, too, needed to be reassured, comforted. . . .

It was supposed to be just another routine visit to the doctor. She'd gone to see him about a cold—the cold that had plagued her since childhood, that always settled in her nose and gave her voice its peculiar nasal quality. But while he was examining her, she remembered the little pain she'd had in her side recently, and she told him about it.

"Hmm," he'd said, "we'd better have a look."

Then, afterwards, when she was dressed again, she sat across the big mahogany desk from the doctor, waiting for him to finish making notations on her card. He looks so worried, she thought, squinting against the sunlight to see him more clearly. I wonder why he looks so worried.

He glanced up then, caught her eye and looked away, as if he didn't quite know what to say.

"Doctor," she said, "what is it?" She half rose from her chair.

"Oh, it's nothing," he said. "Nothing serious, anyway." But still he wouldn't meet her eyes. "It'll be a few days before we'll know for sure just what it is," he added.

"Now don't worry," he said, and came around the side of his desk to take her hand. His voice seemed too hearty.

Twisting her white gloves into a ball, she wanted to shout, "Tell me the truth! Tell me!"

Suddenly she shivered.

"Take these pills," the doctor said. "I think you've got a little chill with this cold." He pressed a box of tablets into her hand.

"No, I—" She wanted to ask again: What is it? But her throat was too dry. She couldn't speak.

As if she had no will of her own any more, she allowed him to help her on with

her wrap, to open the door for her, to say goodbye. . . .

That night she slept fitfully and in the morning she was still tired, but she would not miss breakfasting with her husband or going in to see little Princess Caroline and Prince Albert. This was the magic hour of her day, the time when all problems seemed to fade away, and she was just a mother alone with her children.

At three o'clock, feeling a little better, she went to a hospital to inspect the new operating room. As she walked toward the swinging doors that led into the new, room, white and antiseptic, she suddenly stopped and clutched her side. The head of the hospital, who'd been showing her around, gave her his arm for support. She tried to take another step, but the floor was far away and the walls were spinning.

She woke up in her own bed in the palace. Her husband was leaning over her. She had never seen tears in Rainier's eyes before, and she reached up to wipe them away. But he caught her fingers and pressed his lips to them.

"How did I get here?" she asked. "What's the matter with me?"

Rainier looked at her a moment before answering. "Nothing to worry about," he told her. "But you must get lots of sleep. Doctor's orders." His tone seemed too cheerful—just like the doctor's.

A doctor—the same doctor who'd been showing her around the hospital—came in then and gave her an injection. Sleep swirled about her, drawing her down into darkness. She tried to say something to the doctor, to her husband, but the questions froze on her lips as the blackness closed over her.

Once, in the middle of the night, she woke up for a second. Rainier was sitting at her bedside, his head buried in his hands. She tried to speak to him, started to reach out for him, but, again, darkness pulled her back into its center. Now, she was haunted by dreams she could never quite recall upon awakening. The dreams flew together and suddenly she found herself back in her childhood, with Harper Davis. . . .

She had met Harper when she was fifteen. It was Christmas Eve, and, as usual, the Kellys were holding open house in their Philadelphia home. People started dropping in early in the afternoon, to see her father and mother, to see her brother Kell, and to see her. And then she saw him. It was as if she had never really seen a boy before.

"Be cool," she told herself. "Be nonchalant." But all she could do was stand there and gawk at him, till Kell came to her rescue. Grabbing her elbow firmly and guiding her across to where he was standing, her brother said, "This is my sister Grace." Thank goodness, he hadn't introduced her as he usually did, as his kid sister. "And this," Kell had continued, "is my friend Harper—Harper Davis."

She had known Harper such a brief time. But that time had been full of happiness, full of sharing. . . . Skating in the park, hot chocolate and doughnuts, basketball games, hamburgers-with-onions (fried onions), movies. . . .

Then, suddenly, there were no more dates with Harper. His mother had been the one to tell her why: "Harper is ill—dreadfully, incurably ill—with multiple sclerosis," she'd said.

Every day after that, Grace went to his house, and every night she came home, and all she could do was cry. Soon after this Harper was moved to a hospital, and she and some of his friends saved up and bought him a television set, hoping it would make the pain more bearable, and help pass the time away. But he had so little time. Seven days a week she went

to him in the hospital. She talked and smiled. She tried everything to make him just a little happier. Sometimes, for a fleeting second or two, he responded. But most of the time his brown eyes were clouded with pain, and with the knowledge of how and when that pain would end. And watching him waste away, she felt as if she, too, had lost some of her youth.

When Harper died, she felt death a little, too. It seemed that if death could come that suddenly to someone she knew and cared for, if it could strike him down out of nowhere, then it could come to her as suddenly. She grew older but still the presence of death stayed with her. . . . She had felt its nearness today, and her fear had grown to immense proportions since the doctor had told her—yet not told her—what was wrong with her, what had caused the awful pains in her side. She found herself gripping her side tightly now. The pain had returned.

In the morning she saw the doctor and a nurse and her husband standing by her bed. Their backs were to her, but she heard what they were saying. "Immediate operation. . . . Lausanne. . . . heavy sedation. . . ." She tried to interrupt: "Why Lausanne?" The words formed in her head but somehow they didn't pass her lips. Another word flickered feebly, "cancer," and then it, too, was snuffed out.

When she opened her eyes again, she saw her husband smile. "Hello," she said softly and he smiled again, but she felt he had to force himself to look cheerful.

"How am I?" she asked then.

"Fine," he replied. "But you have appendicitis. They're going to take you to a hospital in Lausanne today and operate. They say it's best."

She wanted to say, "Why Lausanne?" She wanted to say, "Are they sure?" But the anxiety and fear in his face made her save her questions.

Then the nurse and the doctor came back and gave her another injection, and she knew nothing until the next morning.

At exactly 8 a.m. on the morning of March 4th, 1959, she was wheeled into the main operating room of Lausanne's Cecil Clinic. She recognized Dr. Lehman behind his white surgical mask. He smiled at her and introduced her to Dr. James David Buffat, the physician who was to assist him in the operation.

Then she was looking up into the powerful reflector lamp and Dr. Charles Bovay, a Swiss specialist, was giving her a total anesthetic. She started to say, "Are you sure. . ." but then the anesthesia took effect, and she knew nothing, until she looked up into her husband's face.

Why, he's growing a beard again, she thought, looking at the stubble all over his face, and then: What a funny thing to think of now.

When he saw her open her eyes, he bent down and kissed her lightly on the cheek. "It's all over, darling," he said.

"How long was I away?" she asked.

"It seemed like days," he told her, "but actually it was only a little over an hour."

"Was it. . ." she started to ask, but her husband broke in.

"You're fine," he said. "The operation was simply appendicitis and nothing else. That's what the doctor told me."

"Then there was a question?"

Rainier said nothing; he didn't have to. The way he couldn't meet her eyes was answer enough.

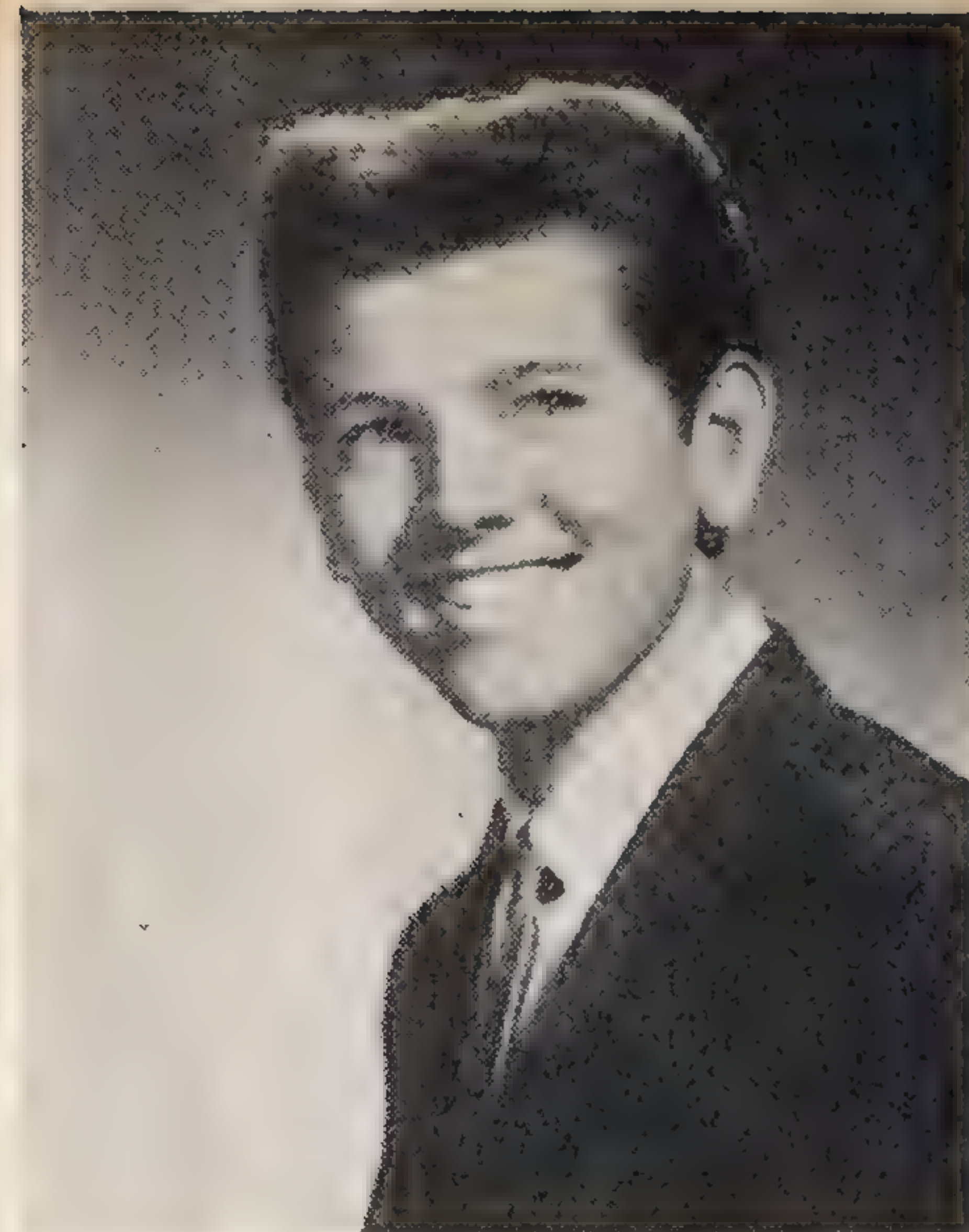
Suddenly she laughed and broke the silence. "You know what?" she announced. "I feel wonderful!" And she reached up and kissed him as if she had never expected to be able to kiss him again. THE END



Dion



James Darren



Jimmy Clanton

6 guys tell you:

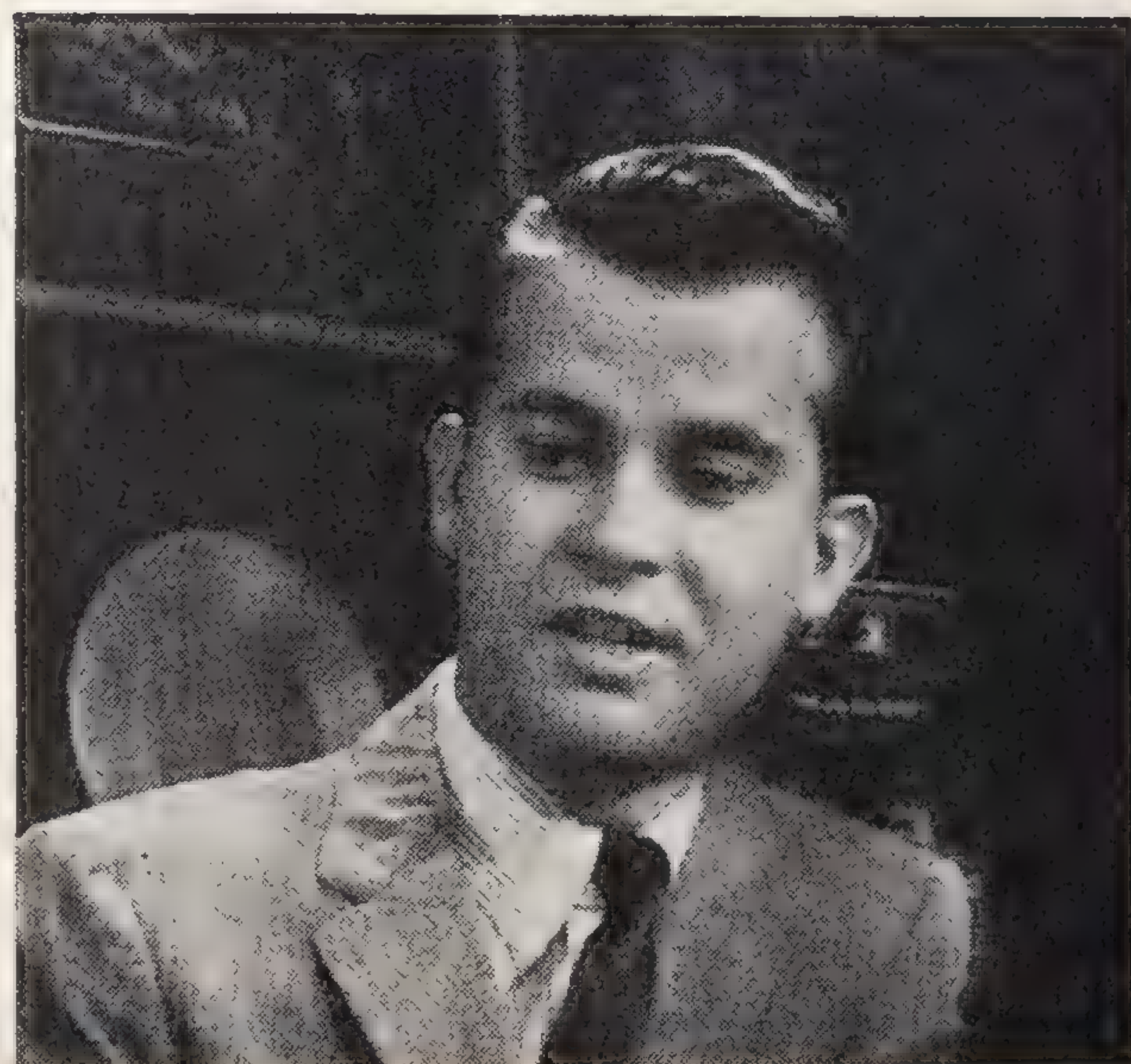
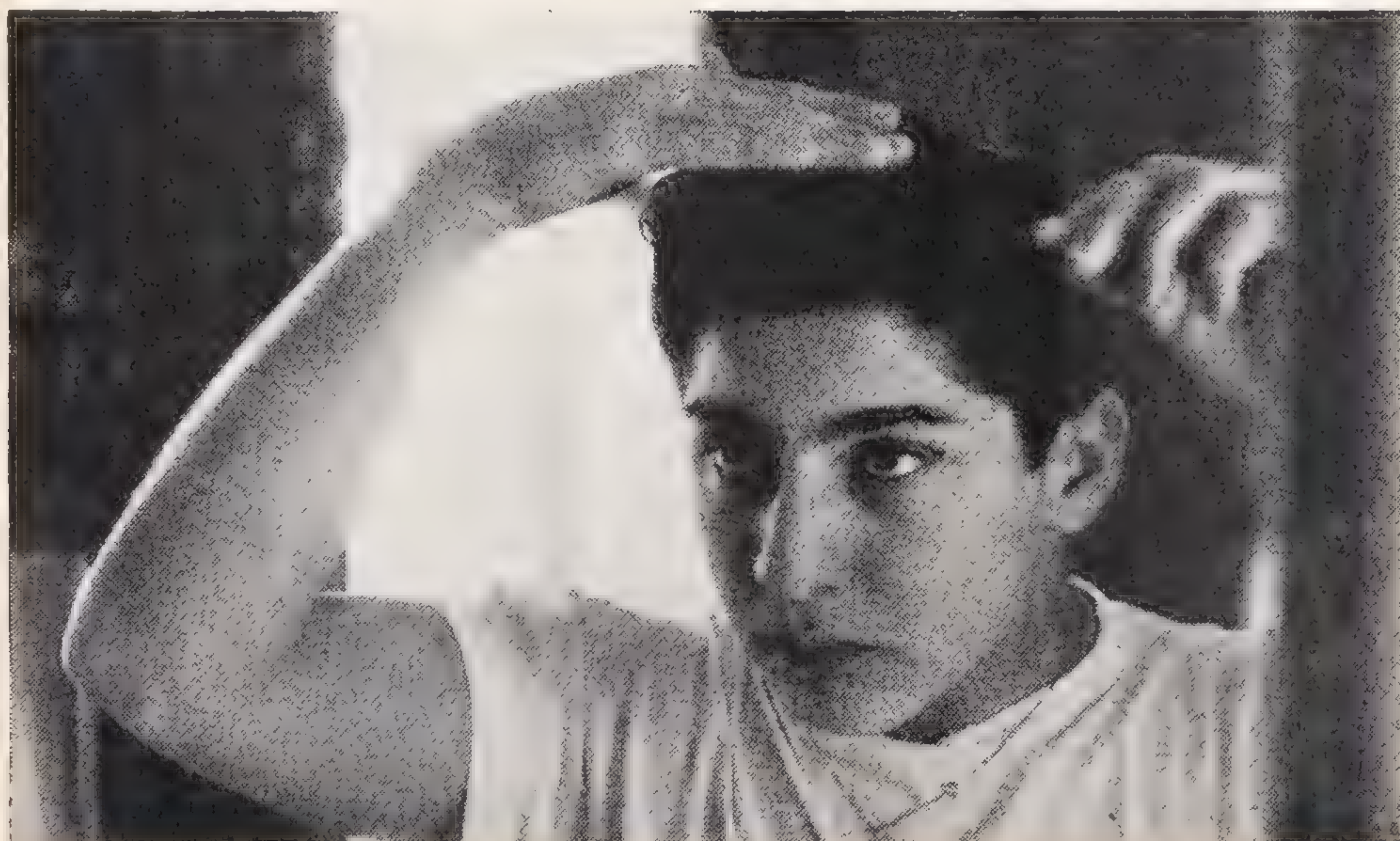
**THE FIRST TIME
I ASKED A GIRL
FOR A DATE...**



Duane Eddy

Paul Anka

Dick Clark



Ever get the feeling you'd like nothing better than to spend one whole afternoon doing nothing but recalling the funny things that've happened to you? Well, ever since we decided to move to a new house, Bobbie has been after me to dig out that old cardboard box and go through the Clark Collection of Valuable Souvenirs. That's what I call it. Bobbie has another word—I believe it is spelled J-u-n-k.

So, one Sunday afternoon, I decided to sit down on the living-room floor and sort out what I wanted to take with me, tearfully discarding the rest. My intentions were honest, but I'm afraid I just couldn't find anything that shouldn't go with me. One issue of the A. B. Davis High School paper, for instance, had a story about a dance that meant a lot to me. Another issue of Syracuse University's "Daily Orange" told about a dance I'd rather forget. (That's the time I knocked a bottle of soda off the table and into the lap of a young lady I was trying to impress. I sure impressed her—right out of my life.)

Then I came across a certain card that ended whatever good intentions for working I'd had. It was about two inches deep and about four wide, and all the printing it had was "Admit Two." But after so many years, it still held an awful lot of meaning for me. The two admitted were me and my first date, and a high-school play was the occasion.

You know, sometimes that first date business is a tough one to narrow down. For instance, I can dimly remember the day when a little neighbor girl and I played tag for two blocks on our way to a party, when we were about seven. That might have been a date of sorts, but it wasn't the "asking" kind. You know what I mean—the time when a fellow really comes right out and says, "Will you go to such-and-such with me?" Wow! What a feeling. Girls, don't tell me it's anything like the way you feel when you're the one who's being invited. It can't be. You have to know what a guy goes through

in order to understand it. For days—even weeks—he'll walk around doing anything to postpone coming out in the open with that one little question he's dying to pop.

For me, it was even tougher, I think, and Mom was in on it. We all were being urged to support school activities, and when the play came up, Mom thought it would be a good idea to get tickets. Me too. I figured we could all go together. Boy, was I in the dark! When I came home with the tickets in my pocket, all set for a swell time at the show, I found I was the only one in the family who wasn't tied up that night, so what was I to do with the extra seats? "Oh, no trouble there," Mom smiled. "Why not ask one of the girls in your class to go with you? She might like to see the show."

It was my first year in high school, and the few girls I knew didn't seem too interested in anybody but the football captain. Well, it was worth a try and I'd see what I could do about it . . . tomorrow. And then another tomorrow . . . and another . . .

"Dickie, did you get a date yet for the show?" Mom asked.

"I'm working on it," I told her. "I should have an answer tomorrow."

That's right, I should—and in order to get that answer, I'd better ask tonight. Well, I studied history, math, the telephone book, the old magazines in the rack, anything to keep from going near the phone. Every time it rang, I'd hope it was some aunt or uncle inviting me over on the date-night. But no soap. Finally, about eighty-thirty, when the folks were busy in other rooms, I managed to get up enough will-power to start dialing. Half-way through, Dad came in looking for a magazine, and I hung up rather clumsily. I must've looked guilty, because he grinned at me knowingly and went back into the kitchen.

At last, I decided they could parade the entire high-school band straight (*Continued on page 89*)

by DICK CLARK

LIZ AND EDDIE

Continued from page 32

load bags onto the ship. His face had been thoughtful, almost worried. But now, as he saw Liz coming through the doorway, he smiled.

"Hi," he said, looking approvingly at the comfortable turtle-necked sweater, denims and sneakers that had replaced the more formal dress she'd worn on the plane from Paris.

She walked over toward him, slipped her hand through his arm and said, "Oh, Eddie—it's going to be a dream trip . . . I just know it."

He patted her hand and for a moment they were silent, both watching the men loading supplies. Then the sight of two small, deeply-tanned Spanish boys, chattering and tugging at the sailors each time they came down from the ship, made Liz laugh.

"Wonder what they're saying," she said, turning toward Eddie again. "You know, kids are the same the world over . . . full of fun and questions. I bet they want to know where we're going. Gosh, they look alive and happy . . . Eddie—we're going to be happy, too. We won't let anything hurt us, will we?"

"No," he said, "no. I was just thinking—but no. We'll be very happy, darling. If we can just keep believing that, it'll be true." After all, he told himself, we've believed it all this time, through all these months of name-calling, of loss. . . . He looked again at the little Spanish boys and winced.

At that moment, one of the sailors on the quay called out to them. "We're almost through loading," he said. "Should be casting off any minute."

Glancing up at the sky and then out toward the sea, Eddie shouted, "What about the weather? Any news?"

"Skipper had a report just a few minutes ago," the sailor called back. "Should be fair and sunny—the outlook's very promising."

"Good," said Liz, pushing back a stray curl that had blown loose in the breeze. "Let's hope it stays just this way . . . no storms . . . no troubles . . . and clear sailing ahead."

Eddie nodded, but he looked thoughtful again for a moment. "It will stay this way," he reassured her, and he thought, *It must*. This happiness had been bought with too much sacrifice not to last forever.

"Oh, look!" He pointed to the sailors untying the ropes binding the yacht to the shore. "We're casting off already."

"Off and away to France."

Putting one arm around her, he turned her toward the stern of the ship, the *Olnico*, as it began sailing slowly out of Barcelona Bay. "Are you happy, Liz?" he asked. "Really happy?"

"More than I can tell you," she said.

He bent and kissed his bride.

The day that their yacht sailed into the harbor at Cannes was beautiful. In the early morning sunshine, Liz and Eddie relaxed in deep canvas chairs up on deck, watching the Mediterranean fade away behind them and the harbor draw nearer and nearer.

"It's been wonderful," Liz said softly. "Somehow, Eddie, each day of our honeymoon is more like a beautiful dream . . . the yacht, the sun, you . . . oh, just everything has been perfect."

Eddie smiled. "But it isn't a dream. It's real, and that's the most wonderful part of it." He looked toward the harbor then. "Look," he said, "we're almost in. Liz—what about spending the whole day here?"

Would you like a stroll on the Riviera?" "I'd love it," she said. "There's plenty to see, and the weather's magnificent. Oh, Eddie . . . I do love you so much, do you know that?"

A short while later, they clambered down the ladder and then both took a flying leap onto the quay. Then, before walking off into Cannes, they turned and waved to the sailors on board. "See you later," Liz called.

"Much later," Eddie laughed.

"Come on," said Liz, dragging Eddie excitedly along. "Let's look at the shops. Ooooh—there're so many of them!"

"And we'll go through every one, if you want to," he promised, thinking how like a child she was in many ways—yet in others. . . . He closed his eyes for a moment and left the thought unfinished.

They spent the day shopping and, after dinner in a little port-side restaurant, returned to the boat late that night. But the next day high winds swept into that part of the Mediterranean, making the sea treacherous. Eddie stared out of the porthole gloomily, thinking: Can this be an omen? Can this be a sign of trouble ahead for us? And then he shook his head, as if trying to clear away any doubts, any fears he had, so that when Liz joined him at the porthole he was smiling.

"How can you smile?" she asked, plucking at his sleeve. "The weather's miserable."

"But we're not," he told her.

"No." She laughed. "That is certainly true. Oh, Eddie, I'm so glad you're not a moody sort!"

Not moody, he thought, and then: No, I won't be moody. I won't worry until there's a reason to.

"What are we going to do?" Liz asked. "Do you think it will clear?"

He shook his head. "It's hard to know," he said. "But I think we'd better put in to port." Looking at a map tacked up on the wall, he slowly traced his finger down it. "We're outside Portofino now," he told her, "an Italian fishing village, and heading toward—" his finger moved a fraction of an inch—"the port of Imperia. I think we'd better put in there."

"Oh, Eddie—"

How disappointed she looks that it is over, thought Eddie. Of course, it is a shame, but. . . . "I tell you what," he said, making his voice cheerful. "We'll dock at Imperia, then take a taxi back to Cannes, pick up the children and then head straight for London."

Liz brightened. She would get to see her three children sooner than she'd expected this way. "All right," she said, "let's do that. My, won't Chris and Mike and little Liza be surprised to see us so soon! Oh, Eddie, it'll be fun!"

But it was not fun.

When they passed through French customs on their way to London, they ran into the first part of a different kind of storm.

The blue-uniformed officer handed Eddie back his passport. "Thank you," he said and turned to Liz. "And now, Mrs. Fisher, please."

Liz reached into her shoulder-strap bag, withdrew the green passport and handed it across the customs desk. The officer made a routine check and then, puzzled, looked up at her.

"But this passport says 'Mrs. Michael Todd,'" he said. "I thought you and this gentleman . . ."

"Yes, yes," Eddie interrupted. "That's her old passport. There wasn't time . . ." They'd been in such a hurry. We've always been in such a hurry, Eddie thought.

"I'm sorry," the customs official said, "but you'll have to wait while we check this through. It's highly irregular, you

know." He smiled at them apologetically. And so they had waited. For several hours they'd waited, and then, finally, they'd been cleared. But, somehow, some of the fun had gone out of the trip.

Then, when they reached London Airport late that night, they had no sooner walked down the ramp from the plane than they were hustled into a small reception room where newsmen and photographers were waiting.

Holding tightly onto Eddie's hand, Liz forced herself to smile. She tried not to seem nervous when they entered the room, but almost immediately the reporters began firing questions at her.

"What about your career—now?" asked one.

"I'm committed to four more films, then I'm ready to give it all up and be a good wife and mother," she answered slowly, as if weighing each word individually, before speaking the next.

"Haven't we heard you say that before?" the reporter shot back sarcastically.

"Yes, haven't we just, though!" said another reporter to his photographer friend.

Liz looked helplessly at Eddie. "But . . . certain things have changed since I—"

Eddie interrupted. "If Liz is happy with her film career, so am I."

A flashbulb exploded close to his face, making him jump. Moving back a step or two, he went on, "The most important thing is that we both know that to make a marriage successful the two people have to stay together. And that's what we plan to do."

The newsmen looked at them in disbelief. "Can't you answer questions yourself, Miss Taylor?" shouted one.

"Yes, I can," she said angrily.

"When do you start shooting the picture, Miss Taylor?" someone called out.

"Almost immediately," she answered. "We—"

"Is it true that the picture will have to be held up until you lose enough weight?" the same man asked.

"No," she protested, "that is . . . I . . ."

"Maybe the part calls for her to be this heavy," a man in the back of the room sniggered.

A publicity man, seeing the frown on Liz's face, stepped forward and announced, "Please, fellows, that's all for now."

"Look this way, Liz," a photographer called, ignoring the announcement. "Say, Liz, are those gray hairs I see?"

"That's enough, boys," the publicity man repeated. "The conference is over."

"So you can't answer questions, Miss Taylor?" insisted another reporter.

"Yes . . . yes," she repeated. She looked confused and hurt as she replied, "But I object to that one," adding, almost in a whisper, "Won't you give us a chance?"

Eddie took her by the arm and tried to hurry her out as a photographer screamed, "Look this way, Miss Taylor."

This was too much for Eddie. Angrily he shouted back, "Mrs. Fisher, you mean." There was a look of fury on his face as he lunged forward, trying to locate the photographer behind the blinding glare of the arc lights. But it was no use. Finally, feeling defeated, he followed Liz out of the room to a waiting car.

Liz was looking back over her shoulder for him as he came out of the room and she caught hold of his hand. "Eddie," she whispered. "Maybe . . . maybe one day it'll all be all right."

"Maybe," said Eddie, and, sighing a little, guided her to the car.

"What's the matter, Mummy?" said Liz's eldest son, Mike, who was waiting for them in the back seat, bobbing up and down.

"Yes, you look so funny," repeated his brother, Chris.

"I'm all right," she told them quietly. "Then tell us about the house we're going to?" began Mike.

"Well," she said slowly, grateful that children can be so quickly satisfied with just a few reassuring words, "it's a big farmhouse in the country by a huge old castle, where the kings and queens of England sometimes stay. And you'll have very large grounds to play in . . . and . . ." Liz stopped for a moment, noticing the way their heads were beginning to droop sleepily. "And," she finished softly, "maybe you'll even see Prince Charles and Princess Anne when they come to stay at the castle. . . ."

In the front seat, next to the chauffeur, her smallest child, Liza, was already asleep in the nurse's arms. And so Liz herself leaned her head back against Eddie's shoulder.

"Take it easy, darling," he told her. "Everything will be all right."

Would it? he wondered. He'd worry about that tomorrow, he decided . . . Tomorrow he'd worry about the comments he and Liz would still have to live with—We've overcome them in the past, he thought, we will go on doing it . . . He forced himself to think of brighter things. Tomorrow he was going to take the whole family out walking and bicycling in the parks near the house . . . A little thing, perhaps—but important because they had planned it . . . As they'd planned a thousand tomorrows, so that whatever people said couldn't hurt them. And wasn't tomorrow the day he'd told Liz he'd try to get tickets for the concert his friend Van Cliburn was giving at the new concert hall in London? He'd even played at Eddie's house in Hollywood, and Liz had heard Van there. He had said, too, that maybe tomorrow night he'd take Liz to a real English pub . . . And tomorrow Liz would be beginning a new film. Sam Spiegel should be calling her about the first arrangements . . . But wasn't tomorrow also the day when Michael Wilding, the boys' father, would be planning to come to see them? But tomorrow they would have to open a morning paper and read about tonight at the airport . . . tomorrow . . . tomorrow. . .

He looked across at Liz and he patted her arm gently, trying to reassure her about anything she might be fearing.

"Don't worry," he said softly. "Everything will be all right. I've made arrangements so that no one will disturb us at the house. You'll see. In no time we'll be settled. And as for troubles—we'll just continue to stare right back at them." He hoped he sounded more cheerful than he felt.

"Yes," said Liz, but she looked thoughtful as she stared ahead through the window of the car and out at the road ahead.

Awaking the next day, Eddie could hear the children, up early on their first morning in England, anxious to see their new home and the countryside around them. The night before, it had been dark when they arrived at the house and also very late. So they had been sent straight off to bed without even having a chance to explore.


"Look!" he could hear Mike shouting, and Eddie could just picture the three of them kneeling on a wide window seat in one of the downstairs rooms, peering out at the grounds. In front lay acres and acres of wide green lawns, greener than they'd ever seen, he knew. And, over the top of the high hedges at the end of lawns, they would glimpse the quaint slanted cottage roofs of the village of Englefield Green.

"Let's go outside and play," he heard Chris say, and then he heard all three of them run outside, shouting and laughing


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66. Gordon MacRae
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78. Audie Murphy
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86. Farley Granger
92. Guy Madison
105. Vic Damone
109. Dean Martin
110. Jerry Lewis
121. Tony Curtis
128. Debbie Reynolds
135. Jeff Chandler
136. Rock Hudson
139. Debra Paget
140. Dale Robertson
141. Marilyn Monroe
145. Marlon Brando
147. Tab Hunter
148. Robert Wagner
149. Russ Tamblyn
150. Jeff Hunter
175. Charlton Heston
179. Julius La Rosa
180. Lucille Ball
182. Jack Webb
185. Richard Egan
187. Jeff Richards
192. Jean Simmons
194. Audrey Hepburn
198. Gale Storm
202. George Nader
205. Ann Southern
207. Eddie Fisher
212. Grace Kelly
213. James Dean

214. Sheree North
215. Kim Novak
219. Natalie Wood
220. Dewey Martin
221. Joan Collins
222. Jayne Mansfield
223. Sal Mineo
224. Shirley Jones
225. Elvis Presley
227. Tony Perkins
228. Clint Walker
229. Pat Boone
230. Paul Newman
231. Don Murray
233. Pat Wayne
235. Anita Ekberg
236. Corey Allen
240. Patti Page
241. Lawrence Welk
243. Larry Dean
244. Buddy Merrill
245. Hugh O'Brian
246. Jim Arness
247. Sanford Clark
249. John Saxon
250. Dean Stockwell
252. Warren Berlinger
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255. John Kerr
256. Harry Belafonte
258. Luana Patten
259. Dennis Hopper
260. Tom Tryon
261. Tommy Sands
262. Will Hutchins
263. James Darren
264. Ricky Nelson
265. Faron Young
266. Jerry Lee Lewis
267. Ferlin Husky
268. Dolores Hart
269. James Garner
270. Everly Brothers
271. Erin O'Brien
272. Sandra Dee
273. Lili Gentle
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275. Michael Ansara
276. Jack Kelly
277. Darlene Gillespie
278. Annette Funicello
279. David Stollery
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281. Nick Todd
282. Johnny Mathis
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289. Dick Clark
290. Yvonne Craig
291. Carol Lynley
292. Jimmie Rodgers
293. Guy Williams
294. Frankie Avalon
295. John Gavin
296. Lee Remick
297. Diane Varsi
298. Joanne Woodward
299. Teddy Randazzo
300. Paul Anka
301. Peter Brown

302. Edd Byrnes
303. Joni James
304. Jock Mahoney
305. Jim Franciscus
306. Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.
307. John Smith
308. Lloyd Bridges
309. John Russell
310. Gene Barry
311. Chuck Connors
312. Geo. Montgomery
313. Craig Stevens
314. Steve McQueen
315. Conway Twitty
316. Ty Hardin
317. Charles Bronson
318. Fabian
319. Roger Smith
320. Tuesday Weld
321. Dion
322. Bobby Darin
323. Steve Rowland
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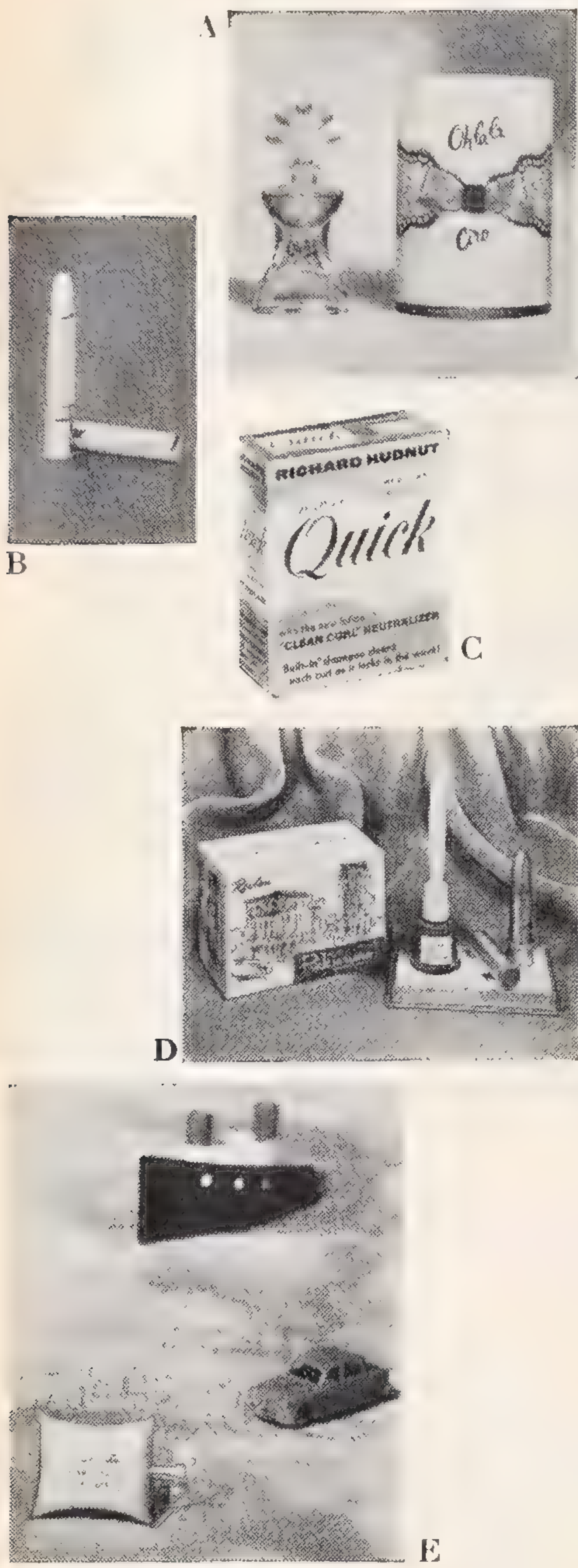
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as they went. Smiling, he turned over and went to sleep again.

It was more than an hour later before Liz—dressed simply in an attractive white housecoat—came downstairs with Eddie. They had breakfast alone together before calling the children back inside.

While they sat waiting for them, the children's nurse knocked on the door and came into the room. "Mrs. Fisher," she said, looking worried, "I thought I should tell you that there's no suitable crib for Liza, or a high chair for her, either."

Before Liz could answer, Mrs. Gratton-Storey, the owner of the house, who had been in the room arranging flowers by the window, turned around and said, "Don't worry, Mrs. Fisher. I'll go down to the village and buy them. There's a baby store."

"That's very kind of you," answered Liz quietly.

At that moment, all three children came bursting through the door.

Gosh, they seem happy, Eddie thought, and then he looked at Liz. Did she look a little tired?

"Come on, let's see the house," he suggested then, and all five of them began exploring the fifteen-room country home that was to be theirs for at least three months.

When they finally came out of a picturesque attic room, the last one there was to see in the house, Liz sighed. "That was some tour," she said. "Let me change and then I'll join you in the garden."

"Fine," said Eddie, and then he stopped short by one of the windows. A large crowd had gathered by the main gate leading into the grounds, a crowd that seemed to be growing by the minute. With a heavy sigh, he walked quickly back to his study. "Could you ask one of the policemen to take a message for me?" he called to one of the servants.

Then, after fumbling through a desk in the far corner of the room and finding a sheet of paper, he sat down and wrote out a note. "Mr. and Mrs. do not want to see anyone today. Absolutely no one," it read.

The policeman knocked at the study door and Eddie handed him the message. "Would you post this on the gate for me?" he asked. "Because I understand from one of the maids that some people are even asking to come in."

It was only after the policeman had gone to the gate and told the people what Eddie had said, and posted his notice for them all to see, that they were able to spend a day quietly together—just the family. Sometimes I wish nobody knew about us—or cared, Eddie found himself thinking. Not until later that day did they decide to go out. Then, to make sure they wouldn't be noticed by anyone who still might be by the gate, they used a back exit, driving off through narrow winding country lanes. The children "oohed" and "aahhed" at almost everything—even if it wasn't very novel. Finally, reaching the secluded green stretches of Windsor Great Park, they all tumbled out and spent an hour there picnicking before coming home.

Two days later, Eddie kept his promise about showing Liz a real old English pub. They'd been up in town talking over the details of the film, when suddenly, on the way home, Eddie slowed the car—apparently in the middle of nowhere—and pulled into a driveway.

"We're here," he announced.

"Where . . . what . . . ?" asked Liz in surprise.

"Your pub." He pointed to an Elizabethan-style building in front of them.

She was all wide-eyed when they went inside, for, even though she had been born in England, she had gone to the States at a very young age—long before

she was old enough for a pub. And she hadn't had a chance to visit one on her other stays in England. Eddie was glad he was able to show things to her, to delight her with new sights, new scenes, new feelings.

It was quite dark inside and the walls were covered with deep mahogany-colored wood paneling. At one end was a long bar, fitted out with high levers. They were faucets for pouring beer, which was kept in barrels beneath the bar, Eddie explained. Small round tables filled up most of the room, although there were booths around the edge.

But Eddie was as pleasantly surprised as Liz at how calm and almost uninterested the "regulars" seemed to be in them. It made Eddie and Liz feel almost like they belonged. "That fellow right next to us doesn't even seem to know who we are, or if he does—he certainly doesn't care," Eddie whispered playfully to Liz. He'd been referring to a very proper, business gentleman in a dark striped suit, who was sipping sherry.

Ten days later it was time to go to the Van Cliburn concert. Liz dressed in a black and white polka-dotted dress, with a matching hat, and with Eddie wearing a light lounge suit, the two of them drove into the heart of London to the impressive new concert auditorium called Festival Hall. Here they heard their friend play. As always, Van put all he had into it.

And from a box high above the platform they listened intently as he performed works by Mozart, Chopin, Beethoven and then a rather jazzy piece by Prokofiev.

And later they went down to Van's dressing room.

"Wonderful to see you!" Van cried as they went in. But the room was already so crowded that Eddie and Liz had to sit on the side for more than twenty minutes while crowds surged around the pianist.

"It was a wonderful concert," Eddie told Van when he finally returned. "Every time I hear you play I seem to get something more out of it."

"Yes, we enjoyed it tremendously," Liz said, "though I must admit I liked it even more when you played for us at Eddie's—the seats were more comfortable." She laughed and Van laughed with her.

Eddie managed to smile a little, but the thought of that house that was no longer his home, and that had been his home for so long, hurt him. But he wouldn't show it. He'd have to control himself.

"You look wonderful," Van told Liz.

"I've managed to take off eighteen pounds," she said. "And it wasn't easy!"

Remembering how she'd eyed his plate piled up with meat and gravy and potatoes, and then how grimly she'd looked at her salad, Eddie chuckled. Life with Liz is never dull, he thought, and slipped his arm around her. Then he looked at his watch. "Hey," he said, "time to go. Ready, darling?"

No, life with Liz was never dull. A few weeks later, just on the spur of the moment, they'd flown to Paris for the weekend and seen everything together.

When they returned to England, Liz pulled his face down to hers and kissed him. "That was lovely!" she said. "Just like a second honeymoon!"

Eddie held her tightly to him. "No second honeymoons for us, darling," he said. "Just one. Our honeymoon will last thirty years." He kissed her again. "Just you wait and see," he said. "Just you wait and see. . . ."

—ELAINE BLAKE

NEXT FOR LIZ: COLUMBIA'S "SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER," THEN "TWO FOR THE SEESAW," SOON TO BE RELEASED BY UNITED ARTISTS. EDDIE'S LATEST RECORD IS THE RCA-VICTOR ALBUM CALLED "AS LONG AS THERE IS MUSIC."

ANNETTE

Continued from page 58

so she and her brothers can have more room, the old bedroom she's leaving decorated in pink and usually strewn with her clothes, books and souvenirs, the girls she met as a Mouseketeer, slumber parties. Like the slumber party she had just the other week.

Ten girls, some of them from the neighborhood, some from the Mouseketeers, were spending the night with Annette. They tried on each other's lipsticks and then they gathered around the record player in the Funicellos' modest living room. So used to girl-talk that he didn't even hear it, Mr. Funicello watched television in the adjoining sun room.

Her brother Joey watched fascinated as Annette, in pink and white candy-striped pajamas, pushed her hair to one side and then swooped a big wave down over one eye.

"Gee, Annette," he said, "you sure look funny."

In the mirror, Annette spotted Darlene Gillespie's blue shortie pajamas and called out, "Darlene, what do you think?"

Looking up from a stack of records, Darlene thought a moment. "Uh-uh," she said.

Annette brushed her hair back into the curly bob she normally wears. "Here comes Mom," she told Joey. "Guess it's time for you to get off to bed."

"Can't I wait till . . ."

"No." Mrs. Funicello, hearing his plea, put her hands on Joey's shoulders and pushed him gently toward the door. "And take Mike upstairs with you," she called out after him. "There are more sandwiches in the refrigerator," she told An-

nette, "if you have some unexpected guests. I'll be next door in the sun room with Daddy, watching TV."

"Thanks, Mom," Annette said gratefully. Then, as she reached for another piece of fudge, her mother turned. "Better not have any more of that," she advised. "You know what it does to your skin."

"Annette," called out Darlene, "if you're really not going to eat any more of that fudge, how about passing it to me?"

Just then, Mary, another ex-Mouseketeer, emerged from the kitchen, her terry-cloth scuffs slap-slapping on the carpet as she walked. In one hand, she carried a glass of milk, and in the other, a long-playing record album.

"Gollee," she said, "will somebody please tell me what this simply fantastic Frankie Avalon record was doing in the kitchen? I found it on the sink!"

A minute later, the bell at the front door rang.

"Boys!" Mary announced.

Jumping up, Annette ran to the front door to let them in. "I bet they think they're surprising us," she laughed to herself. The other girls quickly forgot about Frankie Avalon and Fabian. They paired off and started to dance. Only Annette still thought of a boy who wasn't there.

What is an Annette? She's thrilled ("simply thrilled") by: the color violet, John Saxon (whom she's never met), long-distance phone-calls, practically anything to eat, a brown rabbit with an orange stomach and ears named Paul, and an eighteen-year-old vocalist, also named Paul.

"Annette," Paul's agent had said, "I'd like to present Paul Anka. Paul . . . Annette."

Annette extended a trembling hand and hoped the nice-looking boy didn't see her

gulp. Here he was, the very same Paul Anka whose records she adored. Who would ever have expected a business agent to play cupid! But that's how it had come about.

Paul's agent had called on her about a business matter. She'd told him she liked Paul's records, and the agent suggested an introduction. And now here they were . . . she and Paul . . . and, of course, the business agent, too.

Southern California is cool at night, and a breeze from the canyons of Hollywood Hills whipped her skirt as she walked across the yard to Paul's car. Courteously, he opened the door. Analytically, she considered him.

"I believe he's a little bit shy," she concluded. "He's hardly said a word so far."

Luckily the agent was expansive.

"Well, kids," he said, "I thought maybe we'd go over to some place on La Cienega for dinner. Unless there's somewhere else you'd rather go?"

She had no preference. With most of the boys she knew, she ate dinner at hamburger stands.

"That sounds good," said Paul, expertly cutting the car in and out of traffic. "Just anywhere will be fine with me."

And so the evening had begun, a chaperoned dinner. When they were having dessert, the agent stood up. "Excuse me," he said, "I have to make a telephone call." Then Paul had an idea and he leaned across the table.

"Annette," he said coaxingly, "let's go somewhere together, just us. Could you go to the Palladium for dancing? I'd love to take you."

"I'd love to go," she said. "I really would."

The agent wasn't slow to take a hint. They dropped him at his apartment, so they could go on to the Palladium alone.

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Colored lights flecked the mammoth dance floor on which dancers moved to the music of Harry James, and moving with them were herself and Paul.

"Having fun?" Paul wanted to know.

"Mmm," she nodded. It had been a wonderful evening.

Dancing at the Palladium was the beginning of something pretty important to Annette, the way she feels about Paul Anka. There've been crushes before . . . the big thing with Lonnie, the really mad crush when she first joined the Mouseketeers . . . a much-publicized crush on Guy Williams that was simply a case of hero-worship—he didn't even know about it . . . a few brief "passions" for Studio City and North Hollywood High School boys . . . but, for the past few weeks, the crush on Paul Anka has been the biggest thing of all.

After the first date at the Palladium, Paul visited her home several times, had dinner with the family. And since he'd been in New York and England, he'd written and telephoned.

Flopped across the bed, reading and rereading his letters, she remembers dancing at the Palladium, circling lights, the music of Harry James . . . Paul.

He'd given her a necklace ("with a real cultured pearl") and a zoo of stuffed animals. Her favorite was the brown and orange rabbit named Paul, and although she knows it won't go very well with her bedroom in the new house, that's where it will stay.

"My new room," she says, "is going to be done in eight shades . . . all violet. I'm just mad about violet. But I'm going to keep my rabbit there anyway."

When friends tease her about Paul, she's not embarrassed. She freely admits he's the boy she likes best of all. . . .

Annette dislikes: the color maroon ("It's such a dull color," she says. "We used to have a car that color and it never ran right"); an overdose of classical music ("Though a little is all right"); shoes that are too tight; washing dishes; people who are loud and impolite; people who hurt others . . .

When she thinks of impolite people, she remembers the boy who almost made her cry at school.

She had just made her television debut as a Mouseketeer, and was still attending North Hollywood Junior High School. At twelve, she was still timid, but not as painfully so as when her parents, to help her get over her shyness, had first en-

rolled her in dancing classes. Still, it took all the self-confidence she could muster to see her through those first weeks in the Mickey Mouse Club.

The morning after she appeared on television for the first time, she wanted to skip and run along the street—she was so excited. It had been fun, she admitted, seeing herself on the monitor. The other Mouseketeers were so nice, and the director was so pleasant. He'd even confided to her that he, too, was timid, and this had helped her through some bad moments.

"I wonder if the kids saw me," she thought.

She noticed that two boys were already at the flagpole, ready to hoist the flag. The bugler, whose quavery notes always made some of the kids snicker, was carefully removing the shining bugle from its case. Almost time for the home-room bell, she thought, walking a little faster.

Groups of kids were still lingering in the playground, but she hardly noticed them. She was too intent upon reaching her room before the bell, on hearing what the kids had to say.

Suddenly, though, she became aware that some of them were pointing toward her. They definitely were.

What could be the matter? Surely her shoes matched. Had she put her skirt on backward or something, she wondered. No, everything was all right.

She was nearly abreast a knot of boys when she caught the word "Mouseketeer." A red-headed boy laughed raucously.

"Annette," he bawled. "Annette."

And then he put his hands to his head and made mouse ears. It was contagious. Other kids imitated him. Someone started singing the Mouseketeer song, and others, whooping with merriment, pointed toward her.

Everywhere there were mouse ears and pointing fingers. The red-headed boy ran along beside her yelling, "We are the merry Mouseketeers." She fought back her tears as she began running for the sanctuary of the school building.

"They're mean," she sniffled, fumbling in her shoulderstrap bag for a tissue. "Maybe," she tried to tell herself, "maybe they don't really mean to hurt me . . ."

But she could never really convince herself of that, and from then on, till she started going to school at the Disney studio, she avoided crossing the school yard when there were lots of kids there. She was frightened when anyone began to look her way and whisper.

She's embarrassed by: People who stare.

Usually when people stare at Annette, it's because she's pretty and she's an actress. But there are other reasons. There was the night of the Mouseketeer party, for instance. Lonnie was staring.

Just a few minutes earlier, Annette had been radiantly happy. Dancing with Lonnie was a dream come true. Annette, at twelve, was in love. Luckily she was in love with Lonnie, a fellow Mouseketeer, so she got to see him practically every day. And tonight they were at a party together.

Red, blue and orange balloons bobbed on strings across the ceiling. Girls, in dresses as bright as the balloons, bobbed about the dance floor, their escorts looking very serious in dark suits and ties, as they tried to follow the music.

On the refreshment table, in a cut-glass bowl, slices of lemon and dots of cloves made islands in the pink punch. What matter if there was no orchestra? A record player blared "Dance With Me, Henry," and the Mouseketeers and their friends danced untiringly.

"Gee, Annette," Lonnie whispered, "you dance better than any girl I know."

"Do you really think so?" she asked, glowing.

"For a long time," he pursued, "I've wanted to tell you how much I like you, but I've never had a chance before."

"I like you, too, Lonnie," she said softly.

The music grew faster. Annette, her lithe figure swaying, kept pace . . . cheeks pink, eyes sparkling. She'd never had more fun.

Then . . . suddenly . . . rip.

Her dress had split from sleeve to waist. Her slip was showing in the worst possible place. Frantically she glimpsed an expanse of pink nylon and lace exposed through the gaping bodice.

The pink in Annette's cheeks turned to crimson. Wildly muttering excuses, she began to edge off the dance floor.

"Annette," Lonnie called after her, completely baffled, "what in the world is wrong? Where are you going?"

Annette backed away, shaking her head.

"I can't dance anymore," she said firmly. "I'll just stand here."

Scarlet-faced, she prayed he wouldn't guess what had happened.

Standing by the wall, she pressed her elbows against her side to hold her dress together.

"It's kind of cool, isn't it," she said finally.

"Cool!" Lonnie exclaimed. "I've never been so warm . . ."

"Maybe," she suggested, "maybe you could get my coat . . ."

What is Annette? A girl sixteen . . . a girl with a crush . . . a girl whose parents insist upon being introduced to her friends . . . a girl who's allowed to date only on Friday and Saturday nights.

She hates doing dishes . . . she sometimes forgets to pick up her clothes . . . she's wild about chocolate but knows what it does to her complexion . . . she answers the phone the minute it rings (it might be Paul) . . . and on Sundays she's usually in church.

She doesn't mind lessons, but doesn't especially like them either. She's not a good swimmer but adores the beach. ("I can dive, though," she says.) She goes swooney over records (Fabian, Avalon—and especially Anka).

She's a bundle of dreams, blushes, and enthusiasms. Could she be defined in a word? Oh, easily. She's an *Annette*!

THE END

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I blushed. I was early. Long before my alarm had rung that morning, I was up, pulling on dresses and throwing them off again. Nothing seemed right for the way I wanted to look. Finally, Mom came in and looked over the havoc I'd created. "Where do you think you're going, Sandra?" she asked. "To an Academy Award event?"

To an Academy Award event. . . . I used to dream about things like that back in New York, when I was just going to school. I'd dream about sailing into a party in white mink and diamonds and saying: "Hello, Cary. Hi, there, Clark . . . Oh, Greg—how are you?" And, believe it or not, I've never met any of them, even to call them mister, since coming to Hollywood. But I have met Edd Byrnes.

"No," I told my mother, "I've got to meet Edd at the beach and I haven't a thing to wear . . ."

"You have a million things to wear, and you'd better hang them all up again, before you leave, too," she answered. "Why don't you wear those new white shorts and your shaggy, striped sweater?"

"Mom! You're an angel!"

And that's what I'd put on. But even after trying on everything else first, I'd still arrived at the beach early.

"Come on," Edd said, "stick your whole foot in the water. Look, it doesn't hurt a bit."

"No," I protested, but when he took my hand and led me nearer the water, I did. I plunged my whole foot in and nearly fell in all the way.

He saved me. "Hey!" he said. "We can't have you sopping wet, now, can we?" But next he looked into my face intently. Then, with his eyes very close to mine, he said, "No, I think you'd be pretty that way, too."

Too . . . I could have hugged him for saying that.

"Now, let's be dancing shadows," I suggested, taking both his hands and pulling him away from the water.

"Dancing shadows?" he started to say, and then Edd looked where I pointed.

There were two foreshortened shadows in the sand, holding hands, looking as though they were waiting—poised—to whirl off in a fandango. "What a kookie idea!" Edd laughed.

Then, all courtly gentleman, he circled one arm around my neck, and smiled his biggest smile. "Miss Dee," he said, "will you conga with me?"

"I will," I said, and right away we fell into a short conga-line, with me behind. "Oh, look!" I cried, pointing down to the sand. "We look like a couple of Koala bears—a mommy with a baby on her back!"

And we *did*! My shaggy sweater looked all furry in the sandy shadow. We did a fast conga all over the beach, till my heart got out of rhythm. It began doing the cha-cha-cha, and I guess Edd's did, too, because he said, "Let's flop down on the beach-mattress a while, and I'll tell you what the stars have in store for you."

Even the mattress was toasty-warm when we plumped down on it. It felt good just to lie there and relax, with Edd's arm across my back, and with the surf lapping gently against the shore. Edd began my fortune with: "Miss Dee, I see a tall dark man in your future—no, wait—he's in your present!"

Then Rog Marshutz said, "Okay, kids, I got it," and he put down the camera. He'd been taking fun-pictures of us all the while, for Photoplay.



what fellows and girls
secretly think!



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WE'RE HOOKED ON THE PROM LOOK
GIRLS TALK BACK
I'M SICK OF BEING FED A LINE!
I'M SICK OF WALKING ON EGGS
GREAT PARTIES ARE DARN RARE!
I DREAMED I WAS A BOY

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Sitting up, I shaded my eyes with one hand and looked over at Edd. In one bound, he was standing up. "Wait," he said, "we haven't even played ball."

He picked up a huge, multi-colored beach ball and began batting it around. "Come on, Sandra," he called.

I jumped up and ran over to him, and, for a while, we raced all around the beach, tossing the beach ball back and forth. Then it was time to go. But, just before I was ready to take off in my T-Bird, he said: "By the way, Sandra, don't be surprised if you see a story I did for a magazine, listing you as one of the ten most fascinating women in Hollywood."

"Me!" I shrieked. Then, having recovered my poise, I said, "I won't," and hoped I sounded nonchalant. But, when I got the car around the corner, I practically went off the road . . . One of the ten most fascinating women . . . Then he had noticed me before!

The first time I saw Edd—in person—was last February. Friday the thirteenth, to be exact. I remember thinking, maybe today will be lucky for me, or maybe something awful will happen.

It turned out to be lucky. Marcia Borie was giving a party for Evelyn Pain, the editor of Photoplay, and she asked me to come.

"Don't bother dressing up," she said. "We'll all be in slacks and pedal pushers. Just run a comb through your hair and come on over after you get off from the studio."

She also said it was stag or date, whatever I wanted, and, since I hadn't any plans for that night, I decided to go alone. But at lunch that day I was talking to Susie Kohner, and she asked if I were going to the party. I said yes, and she said she was, too. Then we said at the same time, "Are you going alone?" When we discovered that neither of us had made dates, we decided to go together.

We piled into my T-Bird right after work. Susie wore black slacks and I had on olive-green ones, with a pink turtle-necked sweater and a rather cool-looking black leather jacket I'd talked my mother into buying for me, after I saw someone wear one in a movie. At the party, everybody was dressed the same way. Even Evelyn Pain, who looked more like she'd just come from a college campus than a magazine office, was dressed in powder blue slacks and a matching sweater.

Everybody—but just everybody—was there. Susie and I sat down on the floor with Molly Bee and Nick Adams and Mark Damon. Then Tuesday Weld and Diane Baker came over to say hello, and then Will Hutchins almost stepped on me when he walked across the room, and—oh!—it was fun.

Marcia's dog, Mr. Chips, came over then and wanted to be friends, so I pulled him into my lap and petted him. That's what I was doing when Edd walked in—in a blue suit, tie, everything.

If he was embarrassed to be dressed differently from the rest of us, he sure didn't let it show.

"That's Edd Byrnes," Marcia whispered to me, "he's Kookie!"

I stared at her. Then I said, "He is not. He's not a bit weird. He's—well, he looks very nice!"

I thought she raised her eyebrows a little, but there were so many people around that she just went on serving shrimp to everyone. It was Susie who had to tell me that Edd is Kookie, on screen, anyway, and that these days, when you call someone Kookie, it's a compliment . . . I thought I'd wither away.

Pretty soon the kids began to mix and

have fun. One girl started to play the piano, and we started singing. But when I looked up, I saw that Edd was all alone. He was sitting up straight in an overstuffed chair. Just sitting there, right across the room from me, not saying a word.

I do wish he'd come over and say hello to me, I thought. Then he suddenly looked up at me, and I felt myself begin to blush. He doesn't have to stare, I thought. But he *could* come over and talk. It wouldn't hurt him any. I mean, would it?

I buried my face in Mr. Chips' fur, and then Marcia's voice cut into my thoughts. "Edd," she was saying, "I'd like you to say hello to someone awfully nice—Sandra Dee. Sandra, this is Edd Byrnes."

Looking up, way up, I tried to smile at him. His smile was certainly warm enough—and it didn't end with his lips either. He smiled with his eyes, too.

"Hello," he said.

"Hello," I said.

And then the party was over. Edd and I had said hello to each other and that was all, that was the end of it. Or so I thought.

Only, it wasn't

Two days later I saw Edd again. He'd won the Photoplay Gold Medal award for being the most outstanding newcomer and so had I . . . I mean, he won for the boys and I won for the girls.

"What are you doing here?" I blurted out, before I knew what I was saying. "I mean, hello."

"Hello to you, too," Edd said, smiling. "And congratulations on your award!"

"I don't really believe it yet," I managed finally.

Looking around me at the enormous amount of activity in the NBC studios, at the people kind of milling around,



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and at all the lights, I began to feel worse and worse.

"You know, I'm scared," I said.

Then the director, Nick Vanoff, pointed to Edd and me standing behind the curtains, and said, "Okay, you're on!"

"Oh, no . . ." I whispered, and I could feel my knees beginning to shake. "Oh, no. . . ."

Edd looked at me. "What's the matter?" he asked, looking puzzled.

"My knees," I said, "they feel so weak—suddenly. I—" and blushing to the roots of my hair I said, "Please hold my hand, or I won't be able to take one step."

He took my hand in his big, strong one, and held it tight, and then we were on, and everything was all right. It was more than all right, because he held my hand.

When the program was over, Photoplay gave a party for everyone, but there were lots of people and cameras, and Edd and I only got to say a few words to each other. Then Mother and I left, and Edd went home by himself.

A few days later, I saw Edd at the beach that one time, and that was all, except he *had* said he'd told a magazine I was fascinating, a fascinating *woman*, so maybe, maybe . . . Just in case, I decided to keep my fingers crossed.

It worked! Two days later Edd called. I was concentrating on my textbook, so I was sort of half-hearted when I said hello. Then he said, "Hey, this is me, Edd Byrnes."

The book fell to the floor and I sat up straight.

"Would you like to go to a party Wednesday?" he asked. "Unchaperoned by Photoplay this time." He laughed.

"A party?" I felt kind of stunned. I had never *really* believed crossed fingers could work.

"Yes. Frank Sinatra's giving a dinner at Puccini's restaurant; then we're all going on to a special showing of his new picture, 'A Hole in the Head.' Would you like to go with me?"

"You mean," I began rather stupidly, "without Photoplay?"

Bursting out laughing, he said, "Yes, just with me."

"I'd love to," I told him, and flew down the stairs to tell Mom.

On the afternoon of the party, I didn't have to go to the studio, but Mom said I spent more time "working" at home. Again, my room looked as if a cyclone had hit it. Mom just stood in the doorway, shaking her head.

"Well, I can't think of anything else to suggest," she said finally. "I just hope you think of something to wear before Edd gets here."

At last, I did. I settled on a champagne satin dress with an empire waist. With that problem solved, I hopped into a luxurious bubble bath and tried to relax. Of course, it was useless. There were more bubbles inside of me than out.

Edd arrived promptly at seven-thirty and I thought I would be able to go right down, but then I smeared two nails and had to do them over again. Why is it something like that always happens? While I was waiting for my nails to dry, I could hear him talking with my mother. My, he has a nice voice!

When my nails were dry, I was almost afraid to go downstairs. I had waited so long, it seemed, that the bubbles started all over again.

And then it wasn't bad at all. As soon as I saw him, looked up into his nice, warm eyes, everything was all right. I didn't feel shy any more.

When we got to Puccini's, I felt as if I were back in the middle of my dreams in New York—only now they were in

technicolor. Everybody I'd ever dreamed of was there. I could hardly breathe, much less eat, just for looking around me at all the glamorous stars. Then I saw Frank Sinatra, and he was headed for our table. I practically choked.

"Hi, Edd," Frank said, "how are you?"

"Fine," Edd said easily. "Sandra, I'd like you to meet Frank Sinatra. Frank, this is Sandra Dee."

Just like that!

Dinner was soon over—much too soon, I thought—and we went to see Frank Sinatra's new movie. Then we just drove around a while. It was a beautiful night. Each star seemed to be trying to outshine the others. And there was a crescent moon.

Neither of us said anything for some time, and then we both started talking at once.

"That party—the first one—" I began.

"The first time I saw you—" he began.

Then we both laughed. "You start," I said.

"No, you."

We laughed again.

"Wouldn't you ever have talked to me, if Marcia hadn't introduced us?" Edd asked.

"Wouldn't I—" I stopped, and began to laugh again. "Why, that's exactly what I wanted to ask you. I don't think you even saw me until she dragged you over to me."

"I most certainly did!" he protested.

"The first person I saw when I came into the room was a little blonde doll in a pink sweater with a white dog in her lap."

"But that was me!"

"I know. And you just sat there on the floor, as if you wouldn't give the time of day to anyone—much less me."

"I did! What about you sitting up in that

chair in that blue suit and tie, simply staring into space—so stuck-up that—"

"Me! But I wanted to talk to you, only—you didn't look very friendly."

"Oh, Edd," I said, not looking at him. "It's just that—I'm a little shy, you see."

He patted my hand. "That makes two of us, Sandra," he told me.

Edd, shy? I didn't have time to take this in fully, because he stopped in front of a record store in Beverly Hills.

We didn't play any records in the store. The jackets were so beautiful that we spent all our time just *looking* at them. And then I spotted the album from "77 Sunset Strip."

"Look, Edd," I cried, "there's one with your picture right on it!"

"I know," he said. "Heard it yet?"

"No. I don't know where I've been, but I didn't even know it *existed*."

He looked at his watch. "It's getting late," he said. "Guess we'd better go." But he picked up that album and had the man wrap it up. Then when we got in the car, he gave it to me.

He drove me home slowly, as if he were as reluctant as I was for it all to end. The stars seemed brighter than ever, the moonlight was beautiful, and the radio was playing softly. Then, suddenly, I sat up straight.

That was Edd's voice I heard on the radio: "Kookie, Kookie, Lend Me Your Comb. . . ."

He tried to switch it off, but I wouldn't let him. "No, let me hear it," I said. So he began to sing louder than the radio, trying to drown it out.

Then, just before we got home, the announcer said: "And now a word for. . . ." and he mentioned a suntan preparation for which I'd done a commercial. The next thing I knew he was saying: "And here is Sandra Dee, the excitingly beau-

tiful Universal-International star. . . ." and it was my turn to be embarrassed, to try to switch the station.

But Edd pushed my hand away. "You really are," he said, "do you know that?"

I blushed and said nothing.

We were home by now. Edd led me up the steps and into the house. "It's hard," he said, "to realize you're a glamorous star to millions of people, when you know you've only just graduated from school, and you're still getting up in the morning with the same face, the same voice you've always had. I know," he added, "because sometimes I find it hard to remember I'm Kookie."

"Yes," I said and smiled, remembering the girl at that first party, "you *certainly* are!"

THE END

"I know it's polite to let the lady have the last word but I'd like to add a postscript. Sandra is one of the loveliest girls I've ever met. She's refreshing in a town where too many girls are blase. She's a big star, but I'd have liked her and asked her out if she worked as a secretary or a schoolteacher. She's fun to be with, an easy conversationalist, looks great in whatever she's wearing, is a good sport, has a sense of humor and such enthusiasm for living that it's catching. Wow, this is the longest speech I've made in quite some time . . . I think my on-screen TV personality would have summed up the whole thing in one concise phrase: Sandra—man, she's the ginchiest!"—EDD

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LITTLE BOY LOST

Continued from page 43

maybe one day soon he will be here with you."

"But I want to see him now," insisted Perry, his large deep brown eyes opening wide. "Why isn't he here with us like he always was?"

"He will be . . . he will be," said Pier softly, placing the milk on a low coffee table and going over to the window to look out on a cloudy, grey afternoon. She shivered slightly, thinking how much more like late autumn it seemed than like a June afternoon. Turning around again, she glanced over at Perry and sighed. It was so hard to explain to him that she'd separated from his father and that they'd even had preliminary divorce proceedings and that from now on he would only be seeing his father on certain particular days and occasions. Because Perry depended on his father so, and at every opportunity would speak about him and about the things they had done together.

As she looked at him, it occurred to her again how long his hair had grown. He hadn't let anyone cut it since Vic had left home almost eight months ago, and now it almost reached to his shoulders.

"Perry," she began, kneeling down near where he sat in his car. "Why don't you let Mommy cut your hair? It may be a long time until Daddy can do it again. He's very busy now—working hard."

"No! Daddy do it!" answered Perry, with anger in his little voice. "Daddy always do it!" And this certainly was true. For, ever since Perry had been old enough to have his hair cut, his father had taken him regularly into the pale blue bathroom of their Los Angeles home, sat him on a high table, and made him laugh as he snipped at the wavy dark locks until they were short again. Now Vic wasn't about to do it any more.

"Please darling—just for me," insisted Pier. "You can't go around with long hair like that. Everyone will look at you."

"No, please, no," pleaded Perry, putting one hand up to his head as though to save his hair.

Pier sighed and sat down in an armchair. What was there to do? She'd tried everything. She'd never forget that awful day when she'd even attempted to take him to a special children's barber . . .

It had been a beautiful, warm sunny day in March, that day in Los Angeles when they'd gone to the barber. As soon as they neared town, Perry had begun to jump up and down on the car seat, excited that he was being taken out "like a big boy." She hadn't told him yet that they might be stopping in somewhere for him to have his hair cut. Because earlier that morning, over the telephone, the barber had insisted it would be better if Perry knew nothing about it until he got there.

"Perry get new toy?" the child asked, as they slowed and turned into a parking lot.

She laughed. "Yes, darling," she said. And, bringing the car to a halt, she got out and walked around to let him out as well, thinking how smart he looked in his new navy-and-white suit. If only that hair . . .

Holding onto her hand, he hopped and skipped by her side as they walked along the street, pulling back at every opportunity to peer into shop windows. Then, suddenly, he stopped quite still. "Look!" he said, pointing to a little grey elephant

that sat in the front of one window. "Oh . . . Mommy!" he gasped, turning to look up at her. "For Perry?"

They bought the elephant and then, quietly, trying not to let him see she was worried, she said, "Perry, I want you to be a very good boy when we go into the next shop. There are going to be a lot of other children in there, and I want to be proud of you. I want you to be the best boy of them all."

"Yes, Mommy," he said, but he really didn't understand.

They turned the corner and then went through a doorway, past a sign which read "Children's Beauty Parlor," and into a large room crowded with boys and girls of all ages.

"Look over there, Perry, at those horses!" she said, pointing to a long line of picturesque high-chairs, carved and painted like wooden horses on a carousel. In each sat a small child, with a white towel about his neck, and behind each chair stood a white-coated barber with a pair of scissors.

On Perry's face was a look of bewilderment.

As they stood in the doorway, a tall, grey-haired man came over towards them. "Mrs. Damone?" he said. And she nodded. Then he pointed to one of the high chairs at the far end of the room, which had just been left empty, and beckoned for her to bring Perry over there. But, as she picked him up, she felt uneasy. He was unusually quiet.

He didn't make a move when the man wrapped a towel around his shoulders, but, when the barber came back holding a pair of scissors in his hand, Perry suddenly screwed up his face and started to scream. With his fists clenched, he lunged out with both arms, trying to push the man away.

"Stop it! Stop it!" he cried. "Daddy do it!"

"Please, Perry," said Pier, putting a hand gently on his shoulder, "he won't hurt you."

"No!" screamed Perry. "No!"

Pier looked around. The noise Perry had been making had attracted the other children's attention and now they were all staring at him.

"I don't know what to do, Mrs. Damone," the barber was saying. "Usually, once we get them in these chairs, they think it's so much fun that they forget all about us and the haircut."

She didn't know what to say.

"Mommy . . . Mommy, don't let him," Perry cried, clutching her arm. "I wait for Daddy."

"Okay . . . okay," she said softly. Then she turned to the barber, and said, "I think we'd better leave . . ."

Picking Perry up from the chair, she kissed his cheek, trying to calm him. But he was still whimpering when they drove off.

"It's all right, darling," she said, leaning across the seat and putting one arm around him. "No one is going to touch you. We'll wait until Daddy can cut your hair."

But it wasn't till much later in the day that Perry seemed to forget.

Mommy! Mommy!" The sound of Perry's voice brought Pier sharply out of her thoughts. She looked up and saw that he'd gotten out of his toy car and was standing over in the corner by the door to his bedroom. He wanted her to open it.

She got up and opened the door, smiling as she saw him scamper in and climb onto the bed. Reaching up to a shelf on the wall, he took hold of two picture books and brought them down. They were both stories about his favorite characters—Ba Ba the Elephant and Zephire

the Monkey. He held them out to her. "Read to me . . . read to me, Mommy?"

He asked, looking hopefully up at her. "Yes, all right." She sat down on the bed, and he curled up next to her, eager for her to begin. But, as she opened the book, a tiny pair of bathing trunks, tossed in a corner of Perry's room, caught her eye. They made her remember something she'd been trying not to think of . . . made her remember the day in Las Palmas, in the Canary Islands, not so many weeks ago (she'd been on location for "SOS Pacific") when Perry had shown her just how much he missed his father.

That day Pier hadn't been filming and so she'd told the nurse, Abbie, to take the whole day off—she would look after Perry.

"What about the two of us going to the beach for the day?" she suggested to Perry as soon as the nurse had left.

"Mmm," he answered, his eyes lighting up. And he began kicking the legs of his chair with excitement.

Humming softly to herself, Pier went through into the bathroom. She slipped quickly into a bathing suit, pulling a loose cotton wrapover over it. Then she took Perry by the hand and they walked along the corridor to the room he shared with his nurse. There, she found his bathing trunks and put them on him, collecting his large rubber toy duck before they left the room.

Once down on the beach, she looked around for a secluded corner, where Perry could build sandcastles and be quite safe, and then stretched out next to him on a towel. But it wasn't many minutes before he began pulling at her. "Can I go in the water?" he asked, sounding so coy that she had to smile.

"Yes, of course, darling. I can't come in with you, though, because I can't swim. But I'll take you down to the water and you can splash about on the edge." She got up, took him by the hand and they went running down across the sands towards the sea. When they reached a shallow bank where gentle waves lapped over and over and then ran back again to the deeper ocean, Perry waded in happily.

But he had only played in the water a few moments before he said, "No fun without Daddy. I want Daddy."

"He's away in America—working and singing for Perry," she answered, as she always did when he asked. Someday, she thought, he would have to know the truth but now he was definitely still too young to understand. There was such a lost look on Perry's face that Pier herself felt lost. . . . His father had always taken him swimming.

Then, before she knew what he was doing, he threw back his little head and started running down the beach. "Perry!" she called. "Perry . . . come back!"

He didn't answer. He just shouted, "Daddy . . . Daddy!"

She hurried after him and then her footsteps slowed. She had seen what had made him run off. For he had stopped by a man who, from the back, looked exactly like Vic. "Daddy . . . my Daddy is here," she heard him say as he threw his arms around the man's legs.

But when the man turned around, and Perry saw that it wasn't his father, he flushed a deep red and put a finger up to his mouth. Then he began to cry softly, brokenly.

Pier reached him at that moment, and she bent down to pick Perry up. Holding him very close to her, she said, "No, darling . . . it's not Daddy." Then, turning to the man, she explained, "My son thought you were his father. I hope you will excuse us."

"That's quite all right," he answered. "Is there anything I can do? Your boy seems terribly upset."

"No . . . no thank you," said Pier. And she took Perry away, speaking softly to him, trying to comfort him. "Daddy's only away because he's singing for Perry. He'll be back soon," she said gently. But the look of complete hopelessness on Perry's face made her want to cry.

She carried Perry all the way back to the hotel, put him quietly to bed, and then read to him from his favorite Ba Ba book until he had calmed down and fallen asleep. Sleep did not come to her so easily that night, and, when it did finally, it did not last long. Waking suddenly, she heard him crying in his crib. "Where's my daddy? Where's my daddy?" he was saying over and over again.

Running into his bedroom, she picked him up and tried to comfort him. But it was a long time before he fell asleep again. She knew she *had* to do something. She couldn't go on letting Perry feel so lost. But what? What could she do?

Mommy . . . Mommy, why don't you start reading?" Perry interrupted her thoughts again.

"I'm sorry," she said softly.

And he snuggled closer to her. "It's all right, Mommy," he said, "but please—don't look so sad." Then, in one of those amazing spurts of understanding children sometimes have, he added, "I miss Daddy too."

Pier smiled weakly and, looking back down at the book, finished the story. But she couldn't help thinking about how much Perry talked about his father. He seemed to talk of nothing else these days, and it worried her.

Finishing the story, she tucked him in, and kissed him good-night. Poor little fellow, she thought. For weeks now, he'd been refusing to eat—except to have "eggs over easy" like his father always had, and spinach—"because Daddy likes spinach." She'd taken him to doctors in Los Angeles, doctors in London and doctors in Las Palmas, but they hadn't been able to help. She'd talked with friends who had boys of Perry's age, but they didn't know what to tell her.

He seemed to be pining so much—always asking why his father never played to him any more on the guitar; never sang to him or read to him when he went to bed; never took him to "that big park" (the golf course) to sit him in a caddy's basket and wheel him around the course while he played. And whenever Vic's voice came to them over the radio, singing one of his latest songs, Perry would always run to her and shout, "It's my daddy!" He knew his father's voice so well.

Lately, he'd begun to draw pictures, and he'd tell her, "This is my daddy." She'd been surprised at the way he'd drawn the faces with curly hair—just like his father's—and shaped the eyes exactly in the unusual shape of his father's eyes. . . .

She heard the doorbell ring and so she left Perry's pale blue bedroom and walked back through the living room to answer it, wondering as she went who it might be . . . she couldn't remember having invited anyone to come over that afternoon . . .

When she opened the door she gasped and her hands flew to her face. For there stood Vic—laden with boxes and packages so big she could only just see his face.

"Vic . . . I . . . I didn't know . . . why . . ." she stuttered in surprise.

"May I . . . may I come in?" he said in a small voice.

Pier stood back to let him pass, not knowing quite what to say. And then, as he walked into the living room, Perry saw him from the bed, and the boy came running over towards him shouting, "Daddy . . . Daddy. It is my daddy!" And

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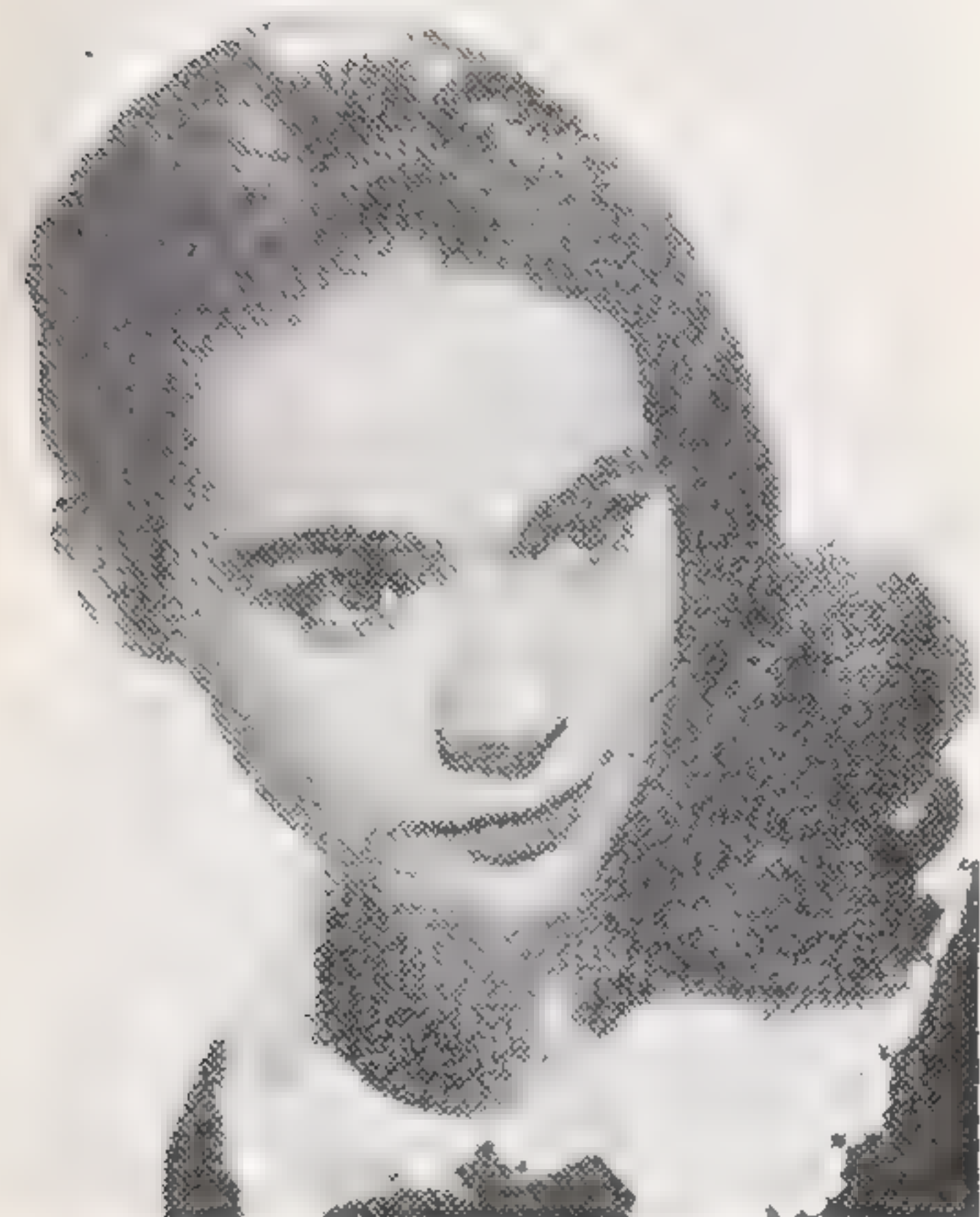
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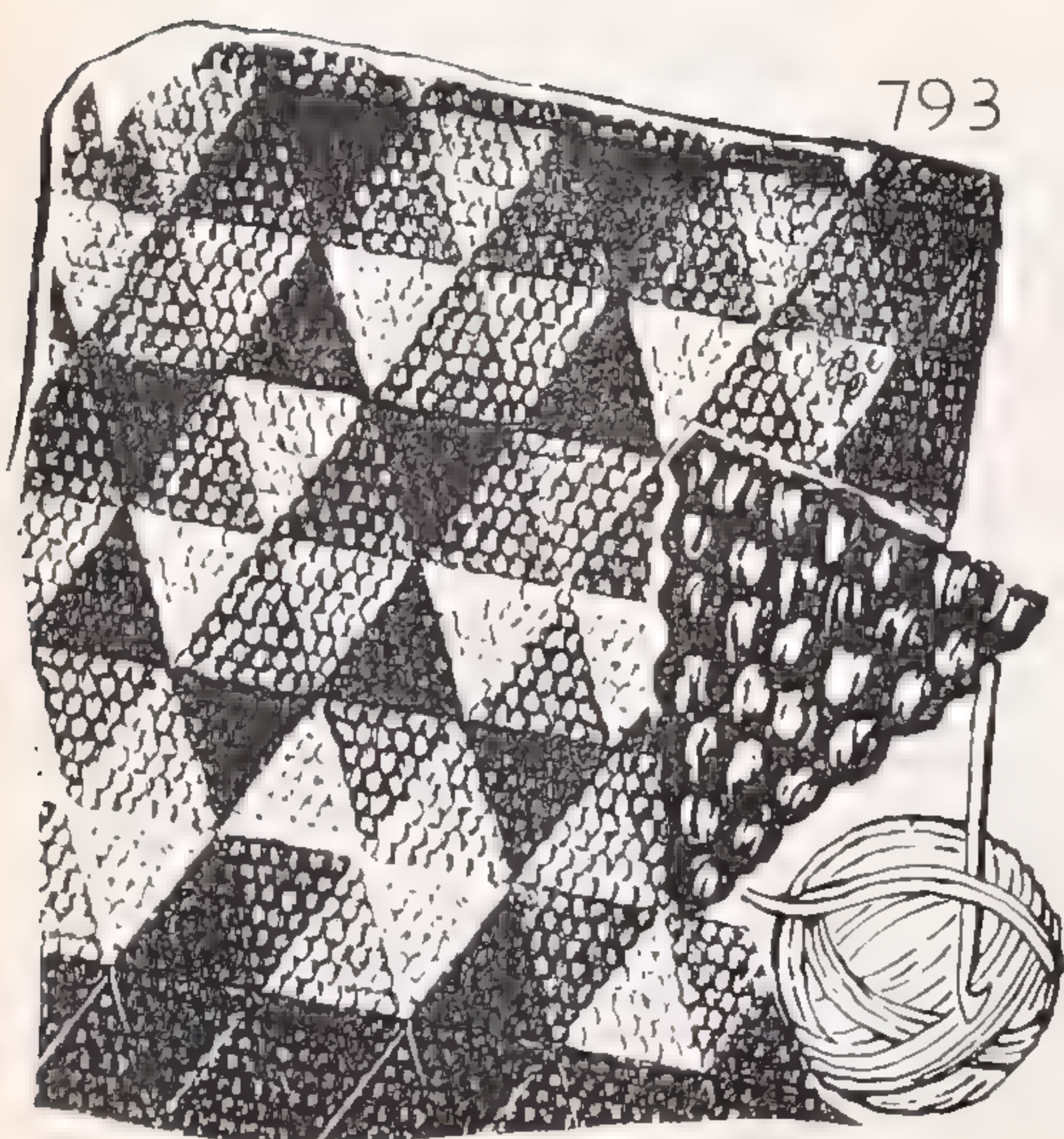
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Heather Sears (you can see her in Columbia's "The Golden Virgin") begins to sew holiday gifts for her family in August. "So I can mail early," Heather laughs.



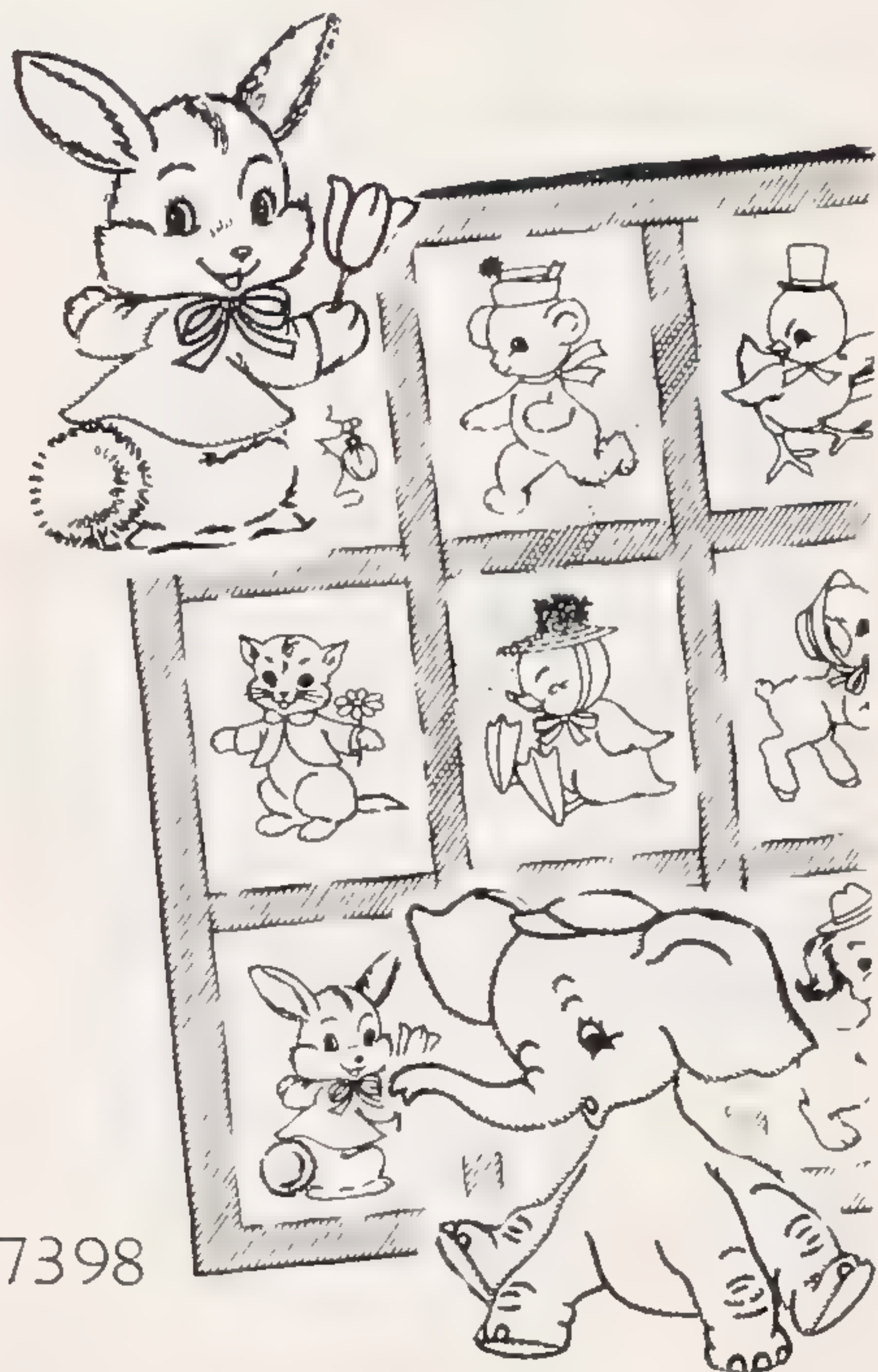
7046
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2-10



793



671



7398

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he clung to Vic's legs, struggling to be picked up.

Then Perry noticed that Pier was crying. "Mommy . . . why are you crying?" he asked, not understanding how such a marvelous thing as his father's arrival after so long, could make anyone want to cry.

"It's nothing," said Pier, embarrassed by her son's question.

Vic sank into a chair and Pier knelt down beside him while Perry climbed onto his lap, wrapping his small arms tightly around Vic's neck.

As the boy clung to his father, an unspoken question seemed to pass between Vic and Pier.

"Are you home for always, Daddy?" Perry asked. But he didn't stop for an answer. Instead, he climbed quickly down from the chair and disappeared into his mother's bedroom.

A few moments later he came back with a pair of scissors. "Daddy cut my hair?" he asked.

Vic laughed and Pier laughed with him, but the laughter caught in her throat. "He hasn't let anyone touch his hair since you left," she explained, "and don't think I haven't tried. He keeps saying, 'No, Daddy do it.'"

"I know, I know," Vic said, as he began snipping away at his son's dark hair, "a child needs his father."

Pier looked at Vic, and then she looked away. "But—"

"I haven't gambled in a year," Vic said softly, "not even when I was singing in Las Vegas for a month. Not one dollar, Pier."

Pier nodded, but she did not speak.

"And your mother . . . I will try, darling. I promise I will. After all, she's Perry's grandmother. Pier?" He did not, perhaps he really could not, finish the question.

But Pier reached out and took his hand. "Yes, Vic," she said, "let's try. I think . . . it will work. It has to." They both looked at Perry.

"He needs someone to play with," Vic said, and Pier held Vic's hand more tightly.

And then the boy had the answer to his question. "It looks like I'm back for always and always, Perry," Vic told him.

Perry beamed, and, through her tears, so did Pier.

Then Vic began unpacking the parcels he had brought with him. There was a magnificent electric train—with fifteen different parts—for Perry; for Pier, an exquisite ruby and diamond leaf brooch with earrings to match. And they began to talk about the future and about how they'd all go back to the States together (although Vic would have to fly just a few days earlier for singing engagements he'd already made) and when they arrived they'd stay in New York for a few weeks so that Vic's parents could see Perry—they hadn't seen him since he was six months old. They talked, too, of another child that they hoped they might have—soon.

That night, for the first time in eight months, Vic tucked his son into bed. "But, Daddy, I've still got to say my prayers," Perry told him, as Vic was about to put off the lights.

So Vic watched as Perry climbed out of bed and knelt on the floor and said—as he always said—"God bless Mommy. God bless Daddy and make Perry good. God is great. God is good. And thank you God for . . ." he stopped and, turning his head around to look up at his father, added shyly, "for Daddy coming home! Make Daddy stay, and I will be good boy—always!"

THE END

PIER RECENTLY SIGNED WITH ROULETTE RECORDS, AND VIC'S, OF COURSE, ARE COLUMBIA.

EFREM ZIMBALIST

Continued from page 41

thought had just struck him, "You know," most people are lucky to have loved deeply once in their lives—and I've been lucky enough," he said, "to have loved twice.

"Believe it or not," he went on, pointing his pipe at me to emphasize his own astonishment, "nine years ago I was at the end of my rope. I had a wife . . . a home . . . a family, and suddenly I felt as though I had nothing, after Emily—she was my first wife—died.

"I was very young when I fell in love with Emily McNair. I was studying acting at the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York and Emily was a student there, too. We started dating immediately and we were together almost every day for nearly two years. Then I went into the Army and, as soon as we could manage it, we were married. That was in December of 1941, a month to remember.

"It was a time when all the world seemed to be falling apart, being destroyed by a war, families being torn apart. But even if the world's future was uncertain, ours was not. We were in love, we married; we would be together . . . always, we thought. We never dreamed how little time we were going to have."

He drew a deep breath, then went on. "I was accepted for Officer's Candidate School and our first child, Nancy, was born just before I went overseas. I didn't see the baby or Emily for the next two years. I spent the war in Europe, finally returning to the States in early 1946. I remember thinking, as the ship pulled homeward, 'At last . . . Emily . . . Nancy . . . From now on, I swear we'll never be separated.'

"From the very beginning, ours was an extraordinary marriage. We were so terribly in love that we lived only for each other, thought only of each other. It was just one of those relationships so incredible that—well, even when we did have an argument, which was almost never, we were so in love that neither of us could bear hurting the other. We'd wind up defending each other's positions until there was no argument left.

"And then, in June of 1947, our son, Efrem III—we nicknamed him Skipper right away—was born. Our lives seemed fuller, richer than anything we'd ever hoped to know. Six months later, this happiness was shattered.

"One day our doctor called me into his office. I had no idea Emily had even been to see him. He tried to be kind, but what he told me, secretly, was that she was seriously ill. 'She has a sickness for which there is no cure,' the doctor said. 'She has only two years left to live.'

"Emily passed away in 1950. And even today, it is still difficult for me to talk about it . . ."

He paused, bending over towards a big glass ashtray and concentrating on knocking the ashes from his pipe. I couldn't see his face. Then he said, "At first, I brooded because I missed her being there with me, and then, because of my faith and belief in the fact that life does not end with death, I was able, after a while, to work things out. It took me two years to really understand that I had a responsibility to make a new life for the children and for myself, too—for Emily's sake as much as for ours.

"I thought the answer was to try to pick up the pieces of my life by throwing myself completely into acting, and for the next few years that seemed to be enough. Then I met Steffi . . .

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SOUTHERN 478 N. HOLLYWOOD, Dept. P-31 MEMPHIS 12, TENNESSEE

I'll always remember that night, December 15, 1955—just a few days before 'Fallen Angels,' the Noel Coward play I was in, was to go on the road for its pre-Broadway tryout. Rehearsals broke earlier than we'd expected that night, so Billy Windom, a fellow in the cast, and I had a few hours to kill between dinner and a party we had to go to later on that evening.

"Like to meet a couple of cute girls?" Billy had asked, and then, I guess because he was afraid I'd say no again, he headed for the phone before I could answer. Ten minutes later we were in a cab on our way to some apartment on the East Side. Billy gabbed away enthusiastically. 'Linda told me her roommate isn't too happy about us coming over. Seems she's working around the apartment and isn't dressed for company, but I told her I'm not company and you won't really mind how she looks.'

"I paid the cabbie as Billy searched for the right apartment number. We walked up and Billy made four hard raps with the brass knocker.

"We're here," he shouted.

"When Linda opened the door, I could see a figure, barefooted and wearing jeans and a wrinkled cotton blouse, sitting on the living-room floor.

"My roommate, Stephanie Spalding," Linda announced.

"She looked up briefly, said hello and then went on busily polishing a pair of riding boots that looked almost as big as she was.

"No wonder she was upset about our coming over," I thought, as I walked over and sat down near her. Her hair was sort of tousled, and she had freckles on her nose and a couple of smudges of black polish on her cheek. She didn't have any makeup on and, looking at her, I figured she could be about fifteen.

"Billy kept teasing her, asking why she was working so hard on her boots. 'I'm polishing them for a hunt,' she finally burst out. 'I'm going to one out on Long Island tomorrow. I love horses,' she added, suddenly beaming, and from then on she seemed to forget that she was angry with us. She chattered for a while and then, in the middle of a sentence, stopped and leaned forward. 'You know,' she said slowly, 'all day long I've had the funniest feeling that I'm going to get hurt tomorrow.'

"I tried to make her laugh about it, but when she insisted she was sure she was going to be thrown from her horse, I asked why she didn't just stay home. 'Because,' she answered shyly, 'I guess you can't go through life hiding from things because you're afraid of getting hurt.'

"All right then," I said, 'just to show how much faith I have in you, I'll bet you fifty cents you come through all in one piece tomorrow.'

"Before we knew it, we had to leave for the party. 'It's been a long time since I've had such a good time talking to anyone,' I told Steffi, and from the doorway, I called, 'Don't forget our bet.'

"You're on," she said, laughing.

"I thought about her when Billy and I were talking at rehearsal the next afternoon. 'I wonder if Steffi's all right?' I asked. 'Woman's intuition,' Billy scoffed, and we both laughed. But when I got home that evening, the housekeeper met me at the door. 'A lady phoned around four o'clock,' she told me. 'She didn't leave her name but she said to tell you that she won the bet.' I knew right away what she meant, and grabbing for the phone, I called information and got Steffi's number. 'I was thrown,' was all she said. I asked if she felt good enough to have company. When she said yes, I rushed out of my apartment and headed right for her place.

"On the way over in the cab I tried to think what I could bring her, and then when I got to her house I ran into a store and bought the first thing that'd popped into my mind. Minutes later, I arrived at her door, carrying a beautifully wrapped bottle of Sloan's liniment!

From that night on we were together almost constantly. Although Steffi and I had never actually discussed my first marriage, I found out later that Billy had told her a little about Emily and the children, and that, somehow, Steffi had understood everything. But I was still pretty worried that first time I took Nancy and Skipper to meet her. Nancy was twelve then and Skipper was only nine. I remember walking into the restaurant, with each child clutching one of my hands, and thinking, 'I'm even more nervous than they are.'

"Steffi was waiting for us at a side table, and after we sat down, there was sort of a shy silence—I think Steffi felt the shyest—and no one quite knew how to break it. Suddenly, Skipper stopped playing with his napkin, looked up at Steffi and gave her a big smile. From that moment on, Steffi's place in their lives, as well as in mine, was taken for granted.

"Shortly after, on the twelfth of February, 1956, Stephanie and I were married at the Episcopal Church in West Hartford, Connecticut. The next day we moved into my apartment, and Nancy and Skipper came to live with us. We didn't go on a honeymoon because Steffi felt the children had been without a mother for nearly six years and she didn't want to let another day go by without their feeling part of a complete family again.

"The following December, Josh Logan asked me to test for a role in 'Sayonara,' and when I went to Hollywood Steffi flew out with me. I didn't get that part, but it did lead to a Warners' contract and a starring role in 'Bombers B-52.'

"Since it looked as though Hollywood was going to be our home for the next few years, Steffi and I started house-hunting. We finally found a place in the Hollywood Hills section and arranged to move in on New Year's Day, less than two weeks away. The studio wanted me to start work right away so Steffi had to go back to New York alone and arrange for the move.

"It was the Saturday morning before Christmas when I took her to the airport. 'This should have been our first Christmas together,' I kept saying, 'and I've been looking forward to it so much.'

"Steffi slipped her hand into mine and said softly, 'I know. I have, too. But at least the children will have one of us with them,' she reminded me, 'and it won't be too long before we'll all be together again.'

"I waited at the airport until her plane had disappeared from sight. I kept feeling more and more depressed, and when Steffi called the next day and told me her plans for the children's Christmas, I felt even worse.

"Maybe I'll call my sister in Nevada and go there for Christmas,' I said, and Steffi encouraged me.

"My hotel room seemed even lonelier after she'd hung up, so I went out for a long walk. When I got back, I called my sister and invited myself for Christmas.

"Oh, Ef, what a shame,' she answered, 'but we've arranged to spend Christmas with some friends. How about coming out for New Year's weekend instead?'

"I'll have my own family then,' I told her and, murmuring a Merry Christmas, I hung up, feeling like a lost soul. A little later that night I got a call from my friends, the Ira Gershwins, asking me to spend Christmas Eve with them. No in-

itation has ever been more welcome.

"That night, I was working at the studio for a while, before going over to the Gershwins, when I received a telephone call from my landlord.

"Look here,' he said, angrily, 'a big package has just arrived at your house and you'll have to come right over and sign for it.'

"I can't,' I answered, 'I'm tied up here. You accept it.'

"Not me,' he said, 'I don't want to be responsible for it.'

"It was almost time for rehearsals to end, so I explained my problem to the director and rushed over to the house. As I drove up, the landlord met me at the door.

"Okay,' I said sharply, 'where is it?'

"In there,' he answered, pointing his thumb in the direction of the den.

"I pushed open the door with one hand and was halfway into the room before I realized what had happened. There in the middle of the floor was a big Christmas tree all decorated with balls and lights and with Christmas packages heaped under it. I just stood and stared until I heard a giggle and, turning around, saw Nancy, and Skipper, and Steffi!

"After we'd stopped laughing, Steffi said she'd wanted us all to be together for our first Christmas and had rushed back to New York and packed up our furniture, rented the apartment and taken Nancy out of school—all in time for them to fly to California that morning. And when she'd told the landlord what she was planning, he'd not only agreed to let her into the house before January 1st, but had suggested the way of getting me out to the house without ruining their surprise. Later Steffi remembered to tell me that she'd been so afraid I'd spoil things by going to Nevada for Christmas that she'd called my sister and made her promise not to let me come and see them.

A lot has taken place since that first holiday in Hollywood. I've made more pictures and, of course, wound up playing Stuart Bailey every week on '77 Sunset Strip.' On the eighth of October in 1957, little Stephanie was born, and since then we've moved into this rambling ranch-type house. I guess I should mention that in addition to my wife's fondness for horses, we're both crazy about the entire animal kingdom. At the moment, our family consists of three healthy children, two horses, seven parakeets, a turtle and my wife's latest possession, a black bantam rooster she calls George, who follows her around like a puppy.

"Being married to Steffi has made my life complete again. It has also taught me that within every mature human being there is the God-given capacity for an infinite amount of love, and that because of this, the love for those who are taken from us does not diminish, ever. I have learned that a new love is never a substitute or a replacement for one that has come before.

"I believe sincerely that all love begins with God, and that every one of us, having received the precious gift of His love, chooses in turn those with whom we want to share that love. To me, love means caring for another more than you care for yourself. And I believe this gift of love is a continuous force, a force that began when time began—that has no ending, that goes on reaching from us to those around us, always. Love is what all human beings exist on: Without it, everything else is meaningless." THE END

FOLLOW EFREM'S ESCAPADES ALONG ABC-TV'S "77 SUNSET STRIP," 9:30-10:30 P.M. EDT, FRIDAYS. NEXT MOVIE: "SAVAGE STREETS," FOR WARNERS.

FABIAN

Continued from page 48

was a minute or two; it could have been a lifetime) there was nothing else. It was as though I were floating. No, I couldn't be floating, I must be in a motorboat. There was a definite beating somewhere in the region of my chest.

Then there were the butterflies in my stomach. And then there were those eyes, those fantastic, deep blue-green eyes . . . They were the ginchiest! But, above the high singing in my ears, I heard a voice. Those eyes had a voice. I mean, whoever those eyes belonged to had a voice.

"I'm Fabian," the voice said.

Of course, it's *Fabian*, that's why—this—this whatever it is, I thought. But I said, "I'm speechless."

And he laughed. "No, I really mean it," he said.

"So do I." Maybe, I thought, if I can look away, I'll be all right. With all the will left in me, I forced myself to concentrate on something else besides his eyes. My gaze settled on his chin and I noticed that my pulse let up somewhat. I cleared my throat.

"Oh, of course!" I told him. "It must have slipped my mind." Slipped my mind, I laughed to myself. All week long we had talked of nothing else. We is me and Flossie. I have a steady boyfriend, myself, but I'd promised Flossie, who works in the filing department and who just graduated from high school, that I'd definitely arrange for her to meet Fabian.

"But you weren't scheduled until eleven-fifteen," I said to Fabian. I looked at my watch. "It's only—" and after I'd said it I wished I could have stopped the words in mid-air.

"Ten," he said. "Yes, I know I'm early. I didn't think you'd mind."

"No, of course I don't," I managed to say. "Uh, sit down."

I knew everyone was tied up in a meeting so I said, "I'll show you around, interview you." But as we walked back to my desk, I knew better than to look at him.

"That's nice," he said.

I started looking around on my desk. "I used to have a steno book," I muttered, still searching.

He picked it up. "Is this it?" It was right there in front of me.

Sneaking a look at him, I saw that he was smiling. "Go easy on me at first, will you?" he asked. "All this is new to me—being interviewed, things like that. I'm just a little scared."

I looked him straight in the eye for a moment. "You're scared!" I said, and thought, I'm petrified. Then I had to look away. Those eyes. They talked. I couldn't look at them long enough to know what they were saying, but my conscience said, They're not good for you. Taking a deep breath, I told my conscience, Go away—now!

"Well," I said, "do you want to look around the place first, or be interviewed?" By not looking at him, I found I could be quite brisk, quite efficient. Only, why was I twisting and twisting a lock of my hair? I couldn't seem to stop.

"Why don't you show me around first?" he suggested.

"Fine," I said, still not looking at him, "but I'd better get someone to mind my phone. Wait just a minute." I picked up the telephone. "Give me Flossie," I said to the switchboard operator.

"Filing," said a cool voice.

"Flossie," I said, "it's me."

"Tobi," she said, "is it—did he . . .?"

"Only an hour ahead of schedule."

"Uh—you mean—"

"Yes, I mean. Would you please mind my telephone while I show him around?"

She groaned. "Darn it!"

"Listen," I whispered, "he'll have to pass right by you. On the way to Evelyn's office, he'll have to walk right in front of you." I lowered my voice still more, so Fabian couldn't hear. But I whispered so softly that even Flossie missed it, and I had to repeat myself. "Make a list of the questions you want to ask. Otherwise," I warned, "you won't be able to ask him any."

There was a pause. Then: "Oh." I could hear her gulp. "Well, all right. I—Did I tell you what I finally wore?"

"Not now, Flossie," I said. "Please, not now!"

After putting the phone back on the hook, I stood up. Only, I couldn't feel my legs under me. "Shall we go?" I asked, but no sound came out. I cleared my throat and repeated my question; this time my voice boomed.

"Sure," he said easily, "let's start the tour. Say, you haven't told me your name."

Keeping my eyes down, I told him my name. "Tobi," I said, "Tobi Simon."

He reached out and shook my hand. "Whew!" he said, grinning. "Things are sure busy around here. Girls have been walking back and forth—and up and down—ever since I got here."

I could feel my face turn beet red. "It isn't usually this bad," I told him. "I think there's a virus going around. Or something." Or something like Fabian, I thought, and started to lead him out of my office into the rest of Macfadden's offices. Right outside the door, we bumped into three girls. Two I recognized, but I don't know where the other one came from. I'd never seen her before in my life!

"Have you met Fabian?" I asked.

Three smiles broke out simultaneously. "Fabian?" they chorused. "Why, no, I don't think we've had the—" And then, when they met his eyes, all three were frozen. Their hands stopped in mid-air. Their smiles looked painted on. Their eyes had the funniest, glassiest look in them. And none of them said another word.

As we went on through the hall, Fabian observed, "Boy, that must be some virus!"

"Oh, it is," I agreed, "it certainly is."

Another crowd of girls was waiting by the water cooler. But this group was better prepared. Shyly, they held out little bits of paper for Fabian to autograph. We will never get this tour over with, I thought, if this keeps up.

We continued walking down the hall to find Claire Safran, our managing editor, but then, as we passed through the reception area, where the walls are hung with big framed portraits of movie stars, he stopped and looked at each one.

"Guess I'm a real movie fan," he admitted, turning to me.

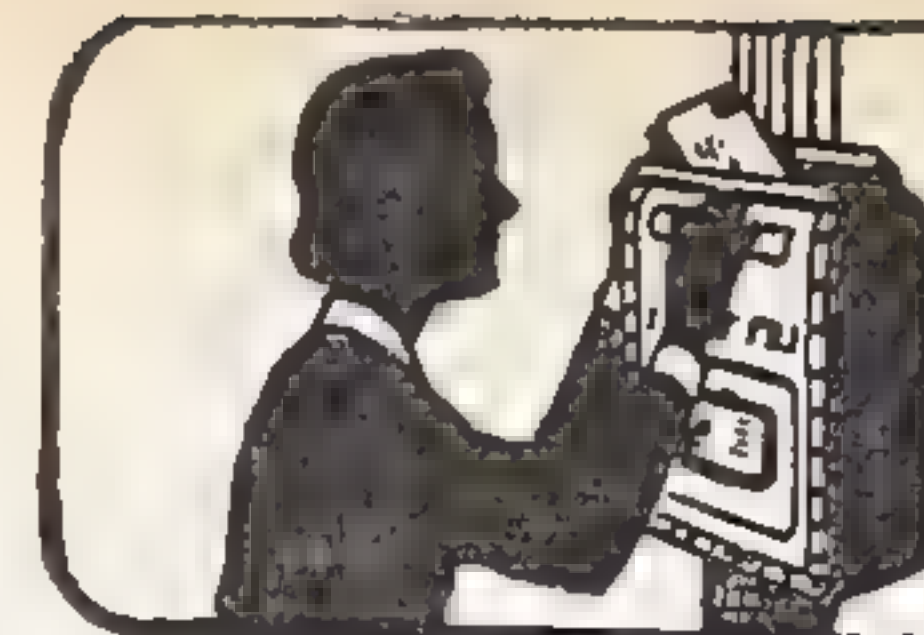
"Honest?" I squeaked.

"Sure, I've been buying movie magazines for years," he told me, "and I know all about the stars."

"Did you ever get to meet any of them?" I asked, finding my voice again.

"Uh-uh," he said, shaking his head. "But maybe this summer, when I'm in Hollywood . . . Boy," he said, his eyes all lit up, "that's going to be the greatest. Imagine . . . Hollywood! I'm going to make my first picture—'The Hound Dog Man,' for Twentieth—and I only hope I don't goof."

"You won't," I said quickly. I looked around me then. "Well, that's it, I guess."



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You've seen it all." And Fabian and I started to walk back toward Evelyn's office.

"Gosh," I said, "I almost forgot. I'm supposed to be interviewing you."

"Sure," he said, "shoot."

But I couldn't think of a single question. We walked on a little bit more and then, as we passed the little office where we have a phonograph and all the new records we're going to review, I said, "Let's go in here."

There were two chairs, facing each other, and I took the one facing the door. After opening my steno book, I gripped my pencil real hard, and then I looked up at him. *Those eyes again.* I gulped. Suddenly, I realized what I'd done. I was all alone with Fabian!

I couldn't think of a thing to say. In that moment Fabian must have read my mind. (I only hoped he couldn't do it *all* the time.) Because he opened up his wallet and took out a photo. A girl? My heart stopped. What would I tell Flossie? It'd break her heart if she knew he had a girl. But I felt good again when I actually saw the picture. It was a snapshot of Fabian and his family—his father, and mother, and two brothers, and himself.

"That's Mom," he said, pointing proudly to a small, pretty woman, "and that's Dad—he's on the Philadelphia police force. His name is Dominick Forte and hers is Josephine. That's Tommy, my kid brother . . . ten years old, although he'd slug me if he heard me say 'kid brother.'"

For a moment Fabian's smile faded as he pointed to the other boy in the photo. "And that's Robert. He's thirteen. Recently he had a serious operation on his spine. But he's getting better. Soon he'll be playing football with me again."

He smiled again. "And that big lug at the end . . . that's me."

"Is there anything you specially like?" I asked, and then, blushing, I added quickly the first thing I could think of. "In food, I mean?"

"My favorite food is meat ball soup."

"What?"

"Meat ball soup," he repeated. "It's something only my mother can make. She takes these tiny meat balls and puts them in a special broth—she won't tell me how she makes *that*, it's her secret—but the results . . . the results . . . the very end."

"Say," he said, pointing to an album cover sticking out from among a pile of other records, "isn't that Frankie Avalon's new one?"

"Mmm," I answered, pulling it out of

the pile, "I heard it the other day. It's great."

"It's the most," Fabian agreed, "and it couldn't happen to a nicer guy. I only wish I could see more of Frankie. But we're both so busy. We hardly ever get a chance to get together any more."

"Last time I had a chance to talk to him we were both selling newspapers. Did you know Frankie and I have the same manager? Bob Marcucci. He's a great guy, but—" He smiled.

"I didn't always think that. It seemed as though every time I sat down on my front steps, up would pop this man, insisting I could sing. It went on so long, even Mom was convinced I ought to *try* to sing anyway." Then he laughed. "So the last time that I called into the house, 'Mom—that crazy man's here again,' she said, 'All right, go with the crazy man.' And I did—and, well, here I am!"

"Well, anyway, Bob owns a place in Philadelphia, The Chancellor Room, and his place sponsors a charity to help handicapped children—sends them to camp, things like that. The charity's tied up with the *Philadelphia Inquirer's* 'Newsboys Day'—June seventeenth—so on that day Frankie Avalon and I stood out on the corner of Thirteenth and Market streets in Philly, selling papers to help the handicapped kids."

At that moment I saw Flossie in the doorway. "Come on out," she motioned. I shook my head, indicating "Not now" to her, and finally, she disappeared.

"You know what?" Fabian was saying. "Some people spent more on one paper that day than they'd spend on newspapers in a month. I didn't have such a tough schedule that day, but Frankie—his was murder! But there he was, right beside me, doing his bit for the kids. And with all the crowds, teenagers and grownups as well, and the photographers, and the rush and noise, we managed to have a longer conversation than we've had in months. About the neighborhood we've grown up in together, about the gang we knew, about South Philadelphia High School. Things like that."

Again, I saw Flossie's head poking in the door, and again I shook my head at her, and she left.

"Well," Fabian continued, "I told Frankie how sad I was to be leaving Philly in the fall, how I almost broke up the last day of school when I realized I'd probably never see my classmates again. But Frankie brought me down to earth. He pointed out that Haddonfield, New

Jersey—that's where we're moving to—is only seven miles from Philly, and that even if I was crazy about my new home and school, I'd never forget the old gang and could always drop back and visit."

"Yes," I said, "of course. Uh—" I looked down at the blank pages of my steno book. "Do you and Frankie talk about girls?" I asked, thinking of Flossie.

"Sure," he said. "Frankie and I *always* talk about girls. And we agree completely: we both like quiet girls. Natural girls. Neither of us can stand girls who wear tight slacks, treader pants or shorts."

I made a mental note to tell Flossie *not* to buy those treader pants we'd seen in the store on the way home last week.

While Fabian had been talking, I'd been rifling through the stacks of records. Finally, I found the one I'd been looking for. "Look," I said, holding up his new album, "Hold That Tiger."

"Let's play it," I suggested.

First he blushed and sort of shook his head "no." But then, when the record was spinning around, he began to sing along softly to the music. For a moment it was as if I weren't there, as if Fabian were all alone with the music. And as the album was spinning to its end and the music got a little tricky, then Fabian did something especially exciting with his voice. The real Fabian, the in-person Fabian, slowly swung his arm upward and then across his body, with his thumb and index finger pressed together and the other three fingers folded into his hand. His eyes, those hypnotic blue-green eyes, seemed to double in size, and his whole face lit up as if someone had thrown a spotlight on it. It was his famous "death ray" look and gesture. And I thought I was going to faint.

When the song was over, Fabian dropped his arm, flushed, and apologized. "I'm a ham," he said, "I'm sorry . . . but music always does something to me."

"Me, too," I breathed.

Then I put on his single record, "Turn Me Loose," and Fabian stood up and smiled at me. Before I could protest, I was in his arms and we were dancing. *Fabian was dancing with me.* Heaven.

But then Flossie brought me out of the clouds. She was standing in the doorway, her eyes blinking, her face an unbecoming green—it contrasted nicely with the new white pleated skirt she was wearing. Her hands were on her hips and her foot was tapping—not in time to the music. I tried to signal with my face that this wasn't my fault, that *I couldn't help myself.* But either she didn't catch the signal, or she simply didn't believe me.

"It seems a shame to end this," she said, her eyes boring into Fabian's back, "but it's eleven-thirty and—"

Fabian snapped off the phonograph switch and turned to face her. He was smiling and his eyes were all lit up. I think he liked what he saw. But Flossie! The piece of paper with all the questions on it she meant to ask him fluttered to the floor. Her face changed from green to white, and her eyes looked glazed, hypnotized almost. Then, slowly, she crumpled up and fell in a heap on the floor.

"My goodness," Fabian gasped as he bent over her, chafing her wrists, "get me some water for this girl. That sure is some virus going around here."

As he said this, he looked up at me, and then, suddenly, I could feel the floor giving out from under me. The last thing I saw were his eyes. The last thing I heard was him saying, "I mean, this is one *awful* virus!"

—TOBI SIMON

WHILE WAITING FOR FABIAN'S MOVIE DEBUT IN TWENTIETH'S ADAPTATION OF "THE HOUND DOG MAN," LISTEN TO "HOLD THAT TIGER!"—HIS LATEST HIT ALBUM FOR CHANCELLOR RECORDS.

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JUDI AND BARRY

Continued from page 39

It was like those waves being drawn back to sea again. Barry, his arms still around me, leaned back to look into my face. Then he brushed my hair back with one hand. "Judi," he said at last. "Judi? Let's make it a good afternoon. Let's try to be a little happy. At least, let's try."

I took a deep breath and tried to smile. "All right," I said then, but my heart begged, Barry, *why?* Tell me why this is happening, why it is over, and it will be all right. Or, at least, it will be a little better.

But I could not say it. I could not make myself ask that question. "What shall we do?" I asked.

"What would you like to do?" he said.

"I—" What would I like to do . . . I'd like to turn the clock back. I'd like to have never met you. No, no, I don't mean that. "I—why don't we sit in one of those rowboats over there and pretend—like we used to—" my voice caught, but I forced myself to go on, "pretend we're in the yacht we dreamed about—going to Costa Brava, or—*anywhere*. Why don't we do that?"

"Fine," he said, taking me by the hand and leading me to the group of boats, bobbing on their moorings. "What will you have?" He bowed ceremoniously. "A red one, or a white one, or—"

"Let's take that one." I pointed out a rainbow-colored rowboat. Someone had really enjoyed painting that boat. Every conceivable color had gone onto it. Barry helped me into it, and we sat down facing each other.

"All right," he said, and assumed the serious pose that was part of the game, "now, where would you like to go? Portugal? The Riviera? Or, how 'bout up the Amazon?"

"Anywhere," I said quickly, "anywhere will be all right with me." For today I was acutely aware that the boats weren't really going anywhere. They weren't going anywhere today, or tomorrow, or ever, as far as we were concerned.

"You're not in the mood for this today, are you?" he asked. "You're not enjoying it."

"No," I said. "No."

"I'm sorry," he told me then, and I knew he was saying he was sorry for a lot of things, a lot of things more important than whether or not I was in the mood for a make-believe voyage.

But his being sorry didn't make it any easier. If anything, it made it even harder. Because, if he were sorry, if he really were truly sorry, and I believed he was, then *why?*

This was the last time we saw each other, after having gone together for a year.

The first time I saw Barry I didn't think twice about him. Not really. . . . I was aware of him before we met. I'd seen him on screen in "Peyton Place" and thought him attractive, extremely so. But the first time we met, last year on the night of the "South Pacific" premiere, we were both dating someone else.

My date that evening was Floyd Simmons. I'd had to work late and couldn't attend the premiere, so Floyd picked me up at eleven and we went straight to the Beverly Hilton Hotel, where the studio was giving a party. We were seated at a table with a few other couples, among them Barry, whose date was a beautiful actress, also under contract to Twentieth.

It was a big party, the room was decorated in bright colors, the women were in their loveliest formals, the men in dinner clothes. There was a real fiesta-type atmosphere about it. Barry and his date were obviously having fun, but suddenly I felt that someone was staring at me. That someone was Barry. There he was, sitting at one end of the table, all dressed up and looking much too handsome, with a beautiful girl at his side, and he kept looking at me! But the most irritating thing of all was that I couldn't help looking at him, either. I didn't want to look at him, but, somehow, I had to. By the end of the evening I felt like a child. I didn't like feeling this way, and I blamed Barry for my loss of poise. I don't like him, I told myself. I don't like him one bit!

I was still feeling a little foolish about "making eyes" at Barry several days later, when I got a message that he had phoned and would call back. He kept calling back and I kept missing his calls. I didn't understand my attitude at the time, but looking back I realize that deep down I probably wanted to talk to him very much, but was fighting it because I felt his "type," the tall, broad-shouldered Adonis type, didn't make a very stable companion. Also, I think maybe I was afraid he'd sweep me off my feet—if the first time I'd seen him was any sample.

A week passed. And then one night my phone rang, and it was Barry again.

"Say, haven't you gotten my messages?" he asked. "I've been telephoning you all week!"

"Yes, I know."

"Well, well . . . how are you?"

"Fine."

"Ah . . . that's nice. . . . Listen, Judi, I understand we're going to do some publicity work for the studio together next week. Don't you think it would be a good idea if we went out first and sort of got acquainted?"

"Not particularly!"

"Oh . . . well, I just thought it would be better if we spent some time together . . . then it would be easier on the photographer when we actually shoot the pictures."

I just sat there. Let *him* talk, I thought.

Finally, he said softly, "Look, how would you like to go to the beach this Sunday? You don't have to stay long. I'll bring you home any time you say."

What could I do? I made the date. It was arranged for him to pick me up at ten in the morning. But on Sunday, a TV rehearsal came up and it slipped my mind entirely that I had made a date for 10 a.m. until I got home and saw him there. He'd been sitting there waiting for two hours. When I tried to apologize, he wouldn't let me. He said he realized it must have been something important that detained me and let it drop right there. His attitude was so unexpected, I couldn't say a word.

I threw my beach towel and stuff in the back seat of the car and off we went. We stopped for lunch. Again I gave him a difficult time. I guess I had a guilty conscience for having acted so badly, when he turned out to be so sweet. To cover my own embarrassment, I decided to make him even more miserable by pretending to be something I'm not. When we sat down to order lunch, I started talking about all sorts of things that really didn't interest me—superficial things—how much I enjoyed parties and how I just couldn't wait to go to a big premiere the following week. I kept rattling on, hoping I'd get him mad enough to be angry with me, but he just sat there so good-naturedly that I finally sighed, dropped the act and

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my defenses and took a good look at Barry Coe. I liked what I saw.

Hours later, when he took me home, we both knew something wonderful had happened. That day at the beach was the beginning.

We became a steady item. What did we do during those 361 days of steady dating? A lot of things. We went to shows, parties, took long drives, went fishing, water skiing, boating, surfing. Sometimes we were with lots of other people, but mostly it was just the two of us. It really didn't matter what we did, where we went. The only important thing was being together. My folks live up in Oregon and, except for the time when my sister and I shared an apartment, I'd been alone, on my own. Then I met Barry and I wasn't alone any more.

From the very beginning, we had so much in common, the same likes, dislikes, hobbies, attitudes, careers. I think maybe it was more that we shared the same dislikes, than likes, that cemented the bond. Neither of us really enjoy big parties and making the Hollywood social scene. We both love sports, the outdoors, just being able to walk down a beach, or ride in on a wave, or skim over the water on skis, with time standing still and no worries about being seen or making an impression or caring about anything except being with each other.

We enjoyed just talking for hours and hours without letup, about life, what we wanted . . . talking philosophy, discussing everything under the sun. We took up painting, and I was interested in Barry's pet hobby, photography. He loves it and takes marvelous pictures. A typical date, when we weren't working, was sheer heaven. We'd leave the city about seven in the morning. Barry would pick me up, we'd stop and have breakfast and buy a newspaper and he'd give me half, and we'd sit in the restaurant like an old married couple, he with the sports page and the editorials and me with the woman's section and the gossip columns. Then we'd get into his car and tell each other what we were reading, laughing at silly items. We'd keep driving until Barry spotted a background or something that looked interesting. Then he'd stop the car and we'd take fifteen minutes getting all his paraphernalia out of the trunk. Like a director, he'd pose me, picking a daisy, or climbing a fence, or looking out at the horizon. We'd stay away all day and come back in time for dinner. We'd stop at a market and buy some steaks and things. We'd usually go back to his place because he has a whole special developer and darkroom setup.

While I made dinner, he'd pull out all the rolls of film and start the developing process. We were both such nuts, we couldn't wait to see what he'd shot. He'd develop the pictures, then let them dry, then print them and then, as if that weren't enough, we would make the job professional by following through on the last step—mounting the works of art on stiff paper matting. Sometimes we'd stay up until three or four the next morning until his living room looked like a picture gallery.

Many times, instead of going out, we'd just stay at home and talk. We didn't need the stimulation of bright lights and crowds. We'd talk and talk about lots of things, like owning a boat someday and how we'd furnish it—we never went into details about a house—but we did dream of a boat. We knew exactly what color it would be and we'd plan imaginary trips in it. Sometimes we'd try and make up names for all the children we were going to have—you know, crazy things between two people.

We celebrated the New Year together, and 1959 started out as wonderful as 1958 had ended. We were pretty busy working, but still we kept seeing each other all the time. Barry did two pictures practically in a row, and I was busy with my television work, and January slipped into February and March and April. And all was well. At the end of April there was a lot going on. My older sister Mab had set her wedding date. We were to be attendants. Mab and Stan and Barry and I had become quite a foursome. It was fun planning things to help celebrate the coming event. Then, on April 23rd, I got a call from home that my grandfather had passed away. I went home to Portland, Oregon, for the funeral, to spend some time with my family. I was gone for a week, and during that time Barry called me at home, sometimes two and three times a day.

It was during one of those phone calls that I detected a difference in him. He was pleasant and very considerate over our loss and yet, inside me, I knew some-

thing was wrong, that he was trying maybe to tell me something, but that he couldn't quite get out the words. It was a weird, strange feeling. At first I thought maybe I was being overly sensitive or intuitive, but, being honest with myself, I knew that Barry and I were too close for me to be deceived by something that didn't exist. It was as if I had an unseen enemy. I couldn't put my finger on what was wrong.

When I got back to Los Angeles it didn't take but a few seconds after I saw Barry to know that I had been right, there was a change in his attitude, a difference. We talked about a lot of things and we left a lot unsaid. But I was afraid that it was over.

Two days after I came back from Portland, my sister got married. Barry was the best man and I was her maid of honor. She was radiant with happiness, but, as I stood at the altar with her, my eyes met Barry's. I was glad that it was customary to cry at weddings. . . . Just before the ceremony, he had finally put it into words.

"Judi," he'd said, "it's over. You know it and I know it, so let's not talk about it. But there is one thing I want to do. Maybe it's crazy, but I want to do it. One last thing to bring us full circle. Judi—let's go to the beach again, and let's pretend that nothing's happened. Let's pretend. . . ."

And so we had come to Paradise Beach, to our beach. We sat in the rowboat that was never going anywhere. We held hands, and we looked at the sea. But I couldn't laugh. I couldn't even smile.

"You've got to try," Barry said, almost fiercely. "I want to remember you happy."

So I tried. "You always wanted to be a dancer," he said. "Pretend you're Pavlova," and he boosted me in the air. "Point your toe!" he said exasperatedly, getting red in the face from swinging me around.

Suddenly, I laughed. Everything he did, he did with such intense concentration, as if it were a matter of life or death. I laughed until he set me down, and I lay weak with laughter on the sand.

". . . We could carve our names in a heart again," I said then, looking around me, "if you could find a stick. And we could build another castle. . . . Oh—there's a perfect stick!"

One last time, we drew the heart and put our names inside of it. One last time, we shaped little rooms out of the damp sand. Then we waited for what had always happened to happen again. Each wave came a little closer than the last, until the big one that, in one sweep, destroyed our castle and erased our names. They would never be entwined again. Why? I will never know.

I shivered. The sun had set, and there was a chill in the air. "I'll take you home now," Barry said.

And that was the last time I saw him. Now, the ragged edge of hurt is gone. I don't sit home alone any more. I go places and do things. Once in a while, though, I hear a song or see something that reminds me of when we were together. Then I ask myself, Was it really love? I know the answer. Yes, it was love. Then I think, Well, if it *was* love, shouldn't that have been enough? And the answer is: Sometimes even love is not enough. For marriage, you need a combination of so many other things. . . . I thought once we had them all. Now I know I was wrong.

THE END

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MARGARET O'BRIEN

Continued from page 29

the shop, Bob," she explained seriously to her fiance. "You know, it's bad luck for you to see me in my wedding dress until . . ." Her voice became faint; no matter how hard she tried she could never say "our wedding day," without choking up.

Her fiance, a tall, sandy-haired, good-looking young man, put his arms around her shoulders and, kissing the tip of her nose, he looked down at her reassuringly. "I'll wait till our wedding day," he smiled.

"Do you think it will ever come?" she said eagerly. "Ten days. It'll never come."

"Anything worthwhile takes time," he answered her softly, for this was their special secret. "I'll see you tonight," he promised.

The bridal shop was empty when she entered, except for a young girl with her mother, sitting on the sofa. I wonder if they can tell I'm going to be a bride, she thought. I wonder if I show it.

Most girls plan their wedding all through their growing-up years. But she had never done this, she thought. It was strange. Except for acting, she had never had another dream. She'd never had time to think about love . . . not until a year ago when she'd started seeing Bob Allen again. He'd never even asked her to marry him—he probably knew it would have scared her to death! They'd just sort of drifted into it. She had been dating three or four boys rather steadily, and then, without a word between Bob and her, she found herself saying no to the other boys, and just going with Bob. He was enough, he was everything.

She heard a door swing open, and the fitter bustled into the showroom, followed by his assistant, whose hands were full of tapes and pins, and a salesgirl holding the wedding dress as if it were a cloud that might blow away.

"Magnifique!" the fitter said.

He held up the short full-skirted dress, spreading out its big cape collar. Made of Italian cotton faille, it was a Simonetta, and it was meant to be worn with the high tight gloves that looked like sleeves, and, of course, the tulle veil.

It is truly beautiful, she thought, taking the dress from him and going with the salesgirl to the dressing room. But then, after she had slipped into it and looked into the mirror, she couldn't help feeling suddenly, unexpectedly, sad. Perhaps it was seeing the other girl with her mother, perhaps it was just a feeling that every girl wants to share this moment with someone close to her. But no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't help feeling, I wish Mother could have seen me in my dress. I just wish she could have lived long enough to see it.

"It was just made for you!" the fitter said, when she returned to the showroom. "A few minutes and it will be perfect."

She smiled; she felt that way, too.

"Will the bridesmaids be here this morning also?" he asked.

She shook her head. "No, they're coming this afternoon," she told him, thinking how lovely Anna Maria Alberghetti and Bob's teenage sister, Jean, would look in their champagne-colored gowns. But—she smiled—Maggie, her cousin, would be the proudest one of all. Ten years old and maid of honor! How happy she had been when she'd asked her.

Handing the fitter the very last pin, the woman assistant stepped back. She shook her head admiringly. "What a beautiful bride you will be," she said. "Oh—and your engagement ring—it goes perfectly with the gown."

"My fiance designed it," Margaret said, touching the ring—two pear-shaped diamonds, with baguettes, forming a butterfly on a platinum band.

Margaret smoothed the skirt of her dress as she added, "Oh, and we're going to Hawaii on our honeymoon."

"Fine," the fitter said. Then he looked at the hem of the gown critically. "Ah," he murmured, "we are done!"

As she stood by the wrapping desk, watching the salesgirl place the gown in tissue paper and then close the box over it, Margaret thought of the hundred-and-one things she still had to do when she got home. She would have to hurry if she wanted to get them done before Bob came tonight.

She raced up the stairs to her apartment and unlocked the door. Then she walked swiftly through the off-white living room she'd designed herself, past the panelled den done in rattan and red, and the green-and-gold papered TV room, to her bedroom. She was glad Bob liked the way she'd decorated the apartment, because this was where they would spend their first year together, while he finished his course at the Art Center. Next year they planned to go to New York, where he'd begin his art career with some advertising agency—and then, maybe, they'd come back west some day, and build a house at the beach. Bob would design the whole thing himself, just as he and his dad had planned their new house. It will all be along simple beautiful lines, she thought. He loves simplicity, he loves beauty . . . Will he love my wedding dress?

Taking it out of the whispering tissue paper, she hung it on the closet door in the bedroom. Oh, it is beautiful, she thought. It's perfect.

But, once she'd hung it up, she could think of nothing else to do. She'd thought she had to hurry home to handle so many last-minute things, but now they seemed to have evaporated. Everything was sorted and ready to pack. The apartment was in perfect order. It didn't even need dusting. The only thing wrong was that it was empty.

Turning from the gown, she walked around the bedroom, touching the red-frocked Oriental geisha dolls she'd brought back from Japan when she'd made a picture there, straightening the perfume bottles on the dressing table. Then, with a sigh, she sat down, feeling more alone now than she had that day eight months ago when she was told her mother was dead.

Then, shock had dulled her sense of loss. But now—when everything should be so perfect, when there should be no room for anything but happiness—there was no one to share it with her—here, now.

She felt her eyes begin to fill with tears. I shouldn't be crying, she thought. That's not the way it's supposed to be. But Mother should be here with me. For a full minute, Margaret stared at the large photograph on the wall without really seeing it. Then, holding back her tears, she focused her eyes again, and looked at the little, pigtailed girl she had been, calmly chatting with President Truman. Mother was so nervous that day, she remembered. And so proud. She'd have been proud now, too, Margaret told herself. Mother had liked Bob from the very beginning.

At that time, Bob had been dating Natalie Wood, and she'd been a blind date for his best friend. She hadn't been able to think of a word to say that whole first evening, she remembered, and had been angry with herself when she got home. But Bob had called her shortly after that, to her surprise.

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"I can't believe anyone's that quiet," he told her. "You must have a scintillating personality hidden somewhere, and I want to be the first one to see it!"

In a way, his words had proved prophetic. Although he had gone into the Army and been stationed in Germany for two years shortly after that, he had given her confidence the few times she'd seen him. While he was away they had written to each other—just friendly notes—and then he had come back.

But he had been different. "I don't understand it," she had told her mother, as she brushed her hair at the dressing table, "he's the same, and yet so changed."

Her mother had set the bedtime glass of milk down on the table and smiled. "I think he's grown up, Margaret," she'd said.

"Yes. That's it. He's a man now. He talks about the future, what he's going to do with his art, things like that. He—do you like him, Mother?" And suddenly she'd blushed.

Sitting down beside her on the dressing-table bench, her mother had pushed back her bangs. "Yes," she'd said, "I do like him. He's not like the others. He's level-headed. He's a good boy."

How much she cared for Bob, she was to learn quite suddenly one day. She'd dated him constantly and learned to depend upon his sound judgment, his quiet strength. But it was that day at the beach that told her everything she wanted to know, that told her this would be forever.

It had started out like any other day. A hot sun beat down on the sand, forcing them to race into the water often, to cool off. Standing uncertainly at the breaker line, she'd tried to make up her mind to dive into the next wave and follow Bob. Then, feeling suddenly reckless, joyously reckless, she'd dived. But she had not dived deep enough. The wave caught her in its angry curling motion and tossed her over and over again, finally pushing her up toward the beach. Her arm was scraped and bleeding, and for a moment she lay there choking and exhausted. But the next wave was bearing down upon her, and she tried frantically to jump up and run away from it. Then, just as she realized there would not be time, Bob swooped down upon her. Picking her up as though she were a doll, he carried her to safety.

In a way, it was such a little thing. She had been in no real danger. The wave would have ducked her again, maybe roughed her up some more, but that would have been all. Yet she had been scared.

The sea had looked so huge, so menacing, and Bob, in his act of saving her, had suddenly seemed a giant god, who would let nothing more harm her. He had gotten his first-aid kit from the car and cleaned off her arm, all the time scolding her for taking chances. Looking up into his eyes, seeing the concern—and something more—she knew then that she loved him.

Mother had been so very happy when they'd told her. And now—now she would never see the ceremony. I miss her most of all now, Margaret thought. At times like this a girl needs her mother most. There are things I need to know, things I meant to ask. There was never time enough...

Big things—and little things too... like how to make beef Stroganoff... an elegant-sounding dish that her mother had said was really easy. She wanted to ask Bob's family to dinner, to show them what a good wife she'd make Bob—and she didn't know how to cook. She even had trouble with coffee. It always tasted like dish water. For several days before Bob's folks were to come to dinner, Margaret experimented with the Stroganoff. Once she burned the onions. The next time the

sour cream curdled. Finally, the night before the dinner, she thought she had it just right.

The night of the dinner Bob came earlier than his family. "I'll help with the hors d'oeuvres," he suggested, looking around.

"The—the hors d'oeuvres?" What hors d'oeuvres? she asked herself, but then she remembered she had a whole box of crackers and some cream cheese. She could top the cheese with olive slices, and that would be all right.

Then Bob's sister Nita and her husband arrived. They'd double-dated a lot with them, so that would make tonight easier, Margaret thought. "I'll set the table, so that when Mother and Dad and Jean get here, everything will be ready," Nita said, and began laying the rose-patterned china and the silver out on the snowy table cloth.

Then the bell rang again. Margaret slid the flank steak she was slicing into slivers back into the refrigerator, pulled off her apron, and went to the door. She smiled at Mr. and Mrs. Allen and at Bob's teen-aged sister, and admitted she was a little nervous.

With Nita's help the Stroganoff, rice and salad were finally served. But during the meal, Margaret didn't say more than two words. Then, at last dinner was over. Nita helped her clear the table and stack the plates in the sink. She was humming to herself. How can she hum? Margaret wondered, feeling even closer to tears. She carried the serving dish of Stroganoff over to the disposal and started to empty it.

"What are you doing?" Nita asked, catching her arm.

"Well, it's awful. I'm throwing it out," she said.

"But it was fine! You just made too much, that's all. I think you must have doubled the recipe or something."

Margaret shook her head. "No, I tasted it. It was awful," she said. And then the story of how she had lived on Stroganoff for the past few days came out.

Nita burst out laughing. "I don't blame you for being sick of it," she said. "After four nights of it I'd hate it, too—but it was new to us and we loved it."

It was hard to believe. Had it really turned out all right? When Bob and his mother came into the kitchen and seconded the motion, Margaret finally broke down and believed it.

The sun was fading from the room now. Margaret watched the square pattern of light change to a rectangle that grew narrower and narrower. Then the light was gone. Still, she could see the shimmering shape of her gown hanging on the door. Next week, she thought, I will meet Bob at the end of the aisle in that dress.

Filled with happiness and excitement, she stood up and took the dress down, holding it against her. It is beautiful, she thought again. But I wish Mother were here to tell me that. And then she realized something wonderful. Though there had not been time for her mother to teach her to cook, or to advise her on this gown, her mother had given her something infinitely more precious. There had been time for her mother to teach her to wait—and then work—for what she wanted, a "secret" she now shared with Bob. Her mother had, indeed, given her the "secret" of happiness.

Margaret turned on the lamp. Her wedding dress sprang into sharp focus in the mirror, and, behind it on the wall, her mother's picture smiled. But tears came once again into Margaret's eyes. Oh, Mother, she said, clutching the dress to her, if only you were here, then everything would be perfect.

THE END

MARGARET WILL SOON BE SEEN WITH SOPHIA LOREN IN PARAMOUNT'S "HELLER WITH A GUN."

Continued from page 54

dow as he passed it, made himself look at the sunlight and shake the mood from himself, for his father's sake.

Already on the table, covered with a white napkin, was a plate of hot biscuits. He sat down, spreading his napkin on his knees, and poured some cream in his coffee. Then Grandma Presley, a calico apron over her cotton house dress, hurried in from the kitchen with his plate.

She sure knew what he liked—and the way he liked it. The bacon was so crisp it broke at the slightest touch; the eggs were turned over slightly, but brown and frizzled along the edges. In front of his plate was a dish of strawberry jam and, just in case he felt hungrier than usual, a slice of coffee cake.

"What time is it?" he asked, after a few minutes of concentrated eating.

"Ten to," his dad said. "You'd better get going. Say, any of the boys coming home with you this afternoon?"

"Yeah. Four of 'em, I think. Grandma knows. Maybe we'll play a little baseball. Chew the fat tonight. Things like that."

"Fine. Guess I'd better pick up a couple extra cases of Coke at the PX this morning when I go over to Friedberg for the mail. Boy, if this fan mail gets any heavier . . ."

He fixed his father with a stern eye. "Now drive carefully, you hear?"

His father nodded, not speaking. The accident was still fresh in both their minds. So fresh that instead of talking about it, they looked for ways to avoid the subject.

Checking his pockets as he rose, he pulled out his car keys and headed for the door. "Oh, I almost forgot. I'd better take the Cadillac, so there'll be room for the guys. You mind using the sports car?"

The light blue Cadillac he'd bought second-hand from an American Army captain ran well and, even at a slow pace (for him), it reached the camp gate at exactly seven-fifteen. Good, he thought to himself, fifteen minutes left till roll call.

A half-hour later, bending over the grass that looked as if it had been manicured instead of cut, he began gathering up odd bits of cellophane wrappers, matches, stray leaves—all part of policing the area, his regular 7:30 to 8 a.m. chore. "If it don't grow, pick it up," was the Army's slogan.

With a mock frown, he called out to two of his friends passing by, "Wish you guys would be more careful where you toss things."

"Look who's talking," they kidded back. "Who keeps messing up the joint with all those kids wanting autographs?"

He grinned, but said nothing. The cracks were good humored, meant in fun, this he knew. There were no more of those dead silences and curious stares.

He had a neat pile of crumpled cigarette packs and candy wrappers when, "Hey, soldier," came a yell from a jeep, "get up off that ground. We gotta check our 'quipment."

"What's with this inspection?" one of his buddies muttered under his breath. "If I polish my rifle and helmet one more time, they're gonna dissolve!"

Elvis had to agree, he thought. He'd already scrubbed and repaired his jeep until it purred like his Caddy. And his belt and helmet and rifle, too. Well, like everybody said, that was the Army!

"Hi, El," a soldier greeted him, pounding his back so enthusiastically he dropped the rifle he was cleaning. "Just got back from a furlough and I heard you made corporal. Say, that's great!"

"Thanks. And how was the furlough?" In answer, the soldier just rolled his eyes heavenwards.

And then he heard a sergeant yell: "Hurry up, you guys, the film's about due!"

"Hurry up—and wait." That was another Army slogan.

After they'd marched, single-file, into the auditorium, they sat for fifteen minutes before the title came on. But when it did, Elvis sat up straight.

This two-hour film was like no other he'd ever seen. No cowboys galloped off in all directions. No pretty girls smiled and melted into young men's arms. It wasn't even like the standard Army films he'd seen. It was a lesson in how to keep alive at the front, how to disguise, camouflage, yourself and your weapons for night patrol.

He watched a jeep roll by, covered with leaves and branches, painted olive drab and yellow and brown to blend with the surroundings. Not far down the road a land mine was buried. The driver came closer . . . closer—and then he hit. For an instant, the jeep simply stopped dead in its tracks; then came the explosion. The whole sky was alight with it. Bouncing high in the air, the jeep turned over and burst into flames as a soldier crawled out of the wreckage.

And Elvis bent his head, covering his eyes with both hands. He couldn't look. The scene had brought death starkly home to him, with all its ugliness, all its emptiness. It took him back to that night not long ago when he'd thought his father had been killed.

It had started off like any other evening. With Bobby West and Lamar Fike, the buddies he'd brought over from the States to keep him company, he'd polished off one of his grandmother's delicious meals. His dad, feeling restless, had said he thought he'd take a drive around the countryside.

Grandma and the boys were all sitting around in the cheerful living room and, getting out the guitar his father had given him on Christmas, he began strumming it and singing a few songs. Then the boys switched to records, and somebody said how about a little refreshment. He got up to check the pantry, since Grandma had gone to bed, and thought of home—of how Mom used to do this, and how things could never really be the same without her.

Did anyone, he wondered, remember him back there? He wondered if the kids still wanted to hear him. Colonel Parker said they did. He'd gotten a letter just that day. "You're already signed up for a dozen movies; for TV, too," he'd written. But he felt he had to see, to know for himself. Not until his discharge would he really know the answer.

"March 24, 1960," he said aloud, "it sure seems a long time. It seems a hundred years away." He laughed suddenly to himself and, pushing his way through the dining-room door, yelled, "Come and get it. Coffee and doughnuts."

Then the phone rang. Funny, it sounded different—loud and almost frightening in the quiet night—in sharp contrast to the records they'd been spinning.

One of the boys moved toward the phone, but something made him shake his head and say, "No, I'll take it." With so many strangers aware of his telephone number, he usually let someone else take charge of the doorbell and the phone, but this time he picked up the receiver.

"Hello?" he said into the mouthpiece.

"Mr. Elvis Presley?" someone asked. "This is the Bureau of Police." The voice was guttural, heavily accented. Elvis struggled to hear him, to understand what he was saying.

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Gripping the old-fashioned telephone so
tightly he could feel his hand beginning
to perspire, he shouted into the instrument.
"Tell me," he asked, "tell me—"

From far down in his chest he could
feel a scream beginning to well up, fight-
ing to rise to the surface, to take over.
"Your father's been in an accident. . . ."

Dad, he thought, Dad . . . and he strug-
gled for control. The room seemed to fade
before him . . . a mixture of antiques and
modern furniture, the soft, thick rug. The
guitars and tape recorder and record
player. The piano . . . when his eyes
rested on the piano, the room stopped
spinning. Time stopped. On the piano sat
the one photograph in the room, a photo-
graph of his mother before her illness.

Not quite a year ago, Mom had been
taken from him. Suddenly there was no
one to listen, to advise him about the mil-
lion big and little things that made up his
life. And so, slowly, falteringly, he had
turned to his father, as his father had
turned to him. They had begun building
something together, something warm and
rich and almost—almost like what he had
known with his mother.

And now, was this being taken away
from him, too? To lose both father and
mother in one short year . . . his whole
body felt drained, numb with shock.

Then, as if from a great distance, he
heard the guttural voice again: "Herr
Presley? Herr Presley, are you there?"
He heard the officer jiggling the phone.

Forming the words with great effort, he
answered: "Yes. I am here."

"Herr Presley—what I meant to tell
you, what I have been trying to say . . .
your father, sir, he is all right. Shaken
up. But all right." And then the voice
added, "Could you come and get him? The
car, it is not so lucky. A total wreck, I'm
afraid. How he escaped alive . . ."

Elvis made no comment as he took
down the address and dropped the re-
ceiver back on the hook. Finally, turning
to the others, he whispered, "He's alive."

They looked at him without under-
standing.

"Dad," he said, nearly collapsing. Then
he forced himself erect again, reaching
with effort into his pocket for the car-keys.
Stiffly, like a sleepwalker, he moved out
of the door to bring his father home.

Gradually he became aware of the
camera grinding behind him, of the
darkened room, the old and flickering
film before him. His dad had not suffered

a scratch. Like the soldier climbing out of
the burning wreckage of the jeep, he had
lived. He had lived.

The film went on. Even with his eyes
closed, he could see the pattern of light
and dark, the changing of scenes. It still
seemed strange to sit in a movie with a
bunch of guys—without a girl. What, he
wondered, will the girl I hope to find one
day and marry—what will she look like?
It didn't really seem to matter any more
how she looked, the way it used to.
Whether she was a blonde, brunette or a
redhead didn't matter, as long as she was
truly feminine. And she's got to be real.
Not a sophisticated girl pretending to be
something she isn't. That's not what I
want.

Will I ever find her? he wondered. Will
I ever find the kind of girl I want? Open-
ing his eyes, he saw "The End" flash by
as lights came on sharply, blindingly. He
blinked and tried to smile. I'll know her
when I see her, he told himself. I'll know
her if she's two blocks away. Then he
smiled. After all, the Army says my
vision's twenty-twenty!

Patiently, he joined the slow line of
soldiers leaving the auditorium. It was
noon. A few more minutes and he'd be in
the car with his buddies, heading home to
one of Grandma's pick-up Saturday
lunches. The chow in the mess hall wasn't
bad, but he knew he was lucky not to
have to eat it three times a day, lucky to
be able to eat breakfast and dinner at
home.

When he got to the Caddy, Red was
already there, his gangly length leaning
against the front bumper. "Exercise, that's
what I need, man," he said. "Those push-
ups barely warm me up!"

Smiling, Elvis waved to three more GI's
approaching on the double. "Hey, every-
body made it," he said. "Let's get this
show on the road. I'm as hungry as a
bear on the first day of spring!"

The house was quiet in the summer
afternoon, its dark-red shutters on the
second and third floors closed against the
heat. The ones on the first floor were
closed, too, but they were seldom open
anyway. They were too much of a tempta-
tion to curious strangers who strolled by
from time to time. He spotted the white
sports car, its black leather upholstery
gleaming, standing in the driveway just
inside the gates. Dad's home, he thought,
as he parked the sedan at the curb and
led his guests up to the side door. Al-
though there was a front entrance, nobody
except strangers ever used it.

"Stow your gear upstairs," he said. "You

Look For!

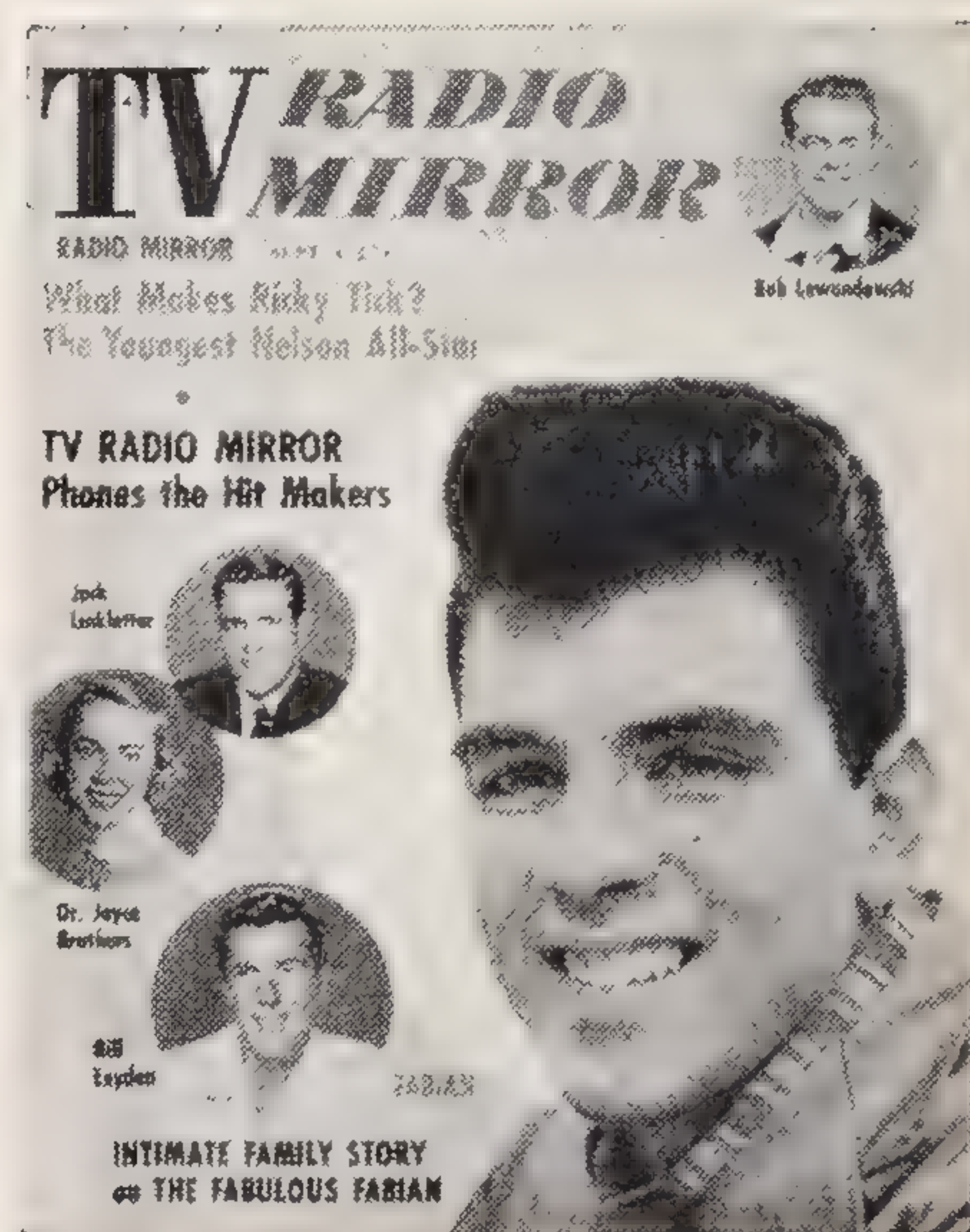
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can put it in my room, and we'll sort it out later."

The four bedrooms in the house were all occupied. He had one to himself, and Dad and Grandma each had a room. The fourth was shared by Lamar and Bobby. But the fact that they had no guest rooms didn't bother anybody. Whenever he had guests, he always knew that somehow they'd find a place for everybody to sleep. And if there were lines in front of the two bathrooms in the mornings, he didn't mind that, either. He knew how much his GI pals, lonely and far from home, appreciated just being in a real house, with a family and home cooking. They weren't looking for luxury, and hospitality to him and Dad—and to Mom—had never been a matter of the size of their house or the number of its rooms.

When he'd changed into slacks, a bright red shirt and a snappy blue jacket, he headed for the kitchen. Sandwich makings were already on the table, along with a big pitcher of milk and a pot of coffee. The refrigerator bulged with ice cream and soft drinks. Helping himself to bread and ham, he added a thick covering of sauerkraut. He topped off the sandwich with a huge bowl of ice cream, dripping with hot-chocolate sauce, and then, sighing contentedly, he went into the living room.

"Come on, El," Red urged, "give us a song."

He picked up his guitar, strumming it briefly, and then started to put it down again. "Aw, come on," he said. "It's too nice a day to stay inside. Let's go out and toss a baseball around a little." He peered through the shutters. "Nobody around."

DICK CLARK

Continued from page 67

through the living room, along with the ones from the local American Legion and V.F.W. posts, but I'd still have to make that call.

Maybe one of the reasons for my slight (?) case of jitters was that I didn't know if the girl I'd decided to call would even recognize the name Dick Clark. I'd sat near her in class for all of two months, and even though we'd smiled and said hello every day, I was still shy enough to think she might crush me with a "Dick who? Sorry, you must have the wrong number."

Still, she seemed to have a friendly personality, and I somehow felt she'd be an ideal companion for one scared fellow on his first date.

Sure enough, when she answered the phone she sounded just as pleasant as I'd imagined (hoped and prayed, too) she would be. Just my luck, I thought as we began talking, she's probably got a date. No, she hadn't, and of course she'd like to see the show. She loved shows, and it should be fun to see the people we knew in school parading around as other people on the stage. While the perspiration formed under my collar (it was November), we talked on and on about nothing . . . absolutely nothing. But the date was made, and you can't know how great I felt. I'd broken the ice . . . without any help. A push? Sure, but in the end I'd done it myself. This was the first . . . the toughest . . . and look how easy it was, I told myself as I put the receiver back on the hook.

When I went back to join the family I was almost strutting like a peacock. Dad was still grinning. "I'll bet you've got a date for the show," he said.

"Sure," I replied, "how'd you know?"

"Better let the boys go first," his father suggested quietly.

He turned back to his guitar while the four soldiers trotted outside into the street, where they began a leisurely game.

Bobby followed them out and looked carefully around. Traffic was lighter than usual for a Saturday afternoon. A few people strolled by, but that was all. "Okay, El, the coast looks clear."

Elvis propped his guitar against the wall, ambled out the door and into the street. He had only caught the ball once, when several small boys appeared from nowhere, armed with the usual pencils. Tossing the ball to Red, Elvis obligingly signed his name. But the strollers were increasing, too, from two or three to what was rapidly becoming a crowd. "Elvis," they called. "Hello, Elvis!"

Smiling, he waved briefly, then disappeared into the house again.

For a few minutes, the others continued to throw the ball back and forth. Then, as the crowd thinned out and the street began to look normal once again, the boys followed him inside.

"It's a shame," Red said. "You can't even have a little ball game."

"Nothing to get shook up about," he grinned and, picking up his guitar again, sank down into a chair. "There're so many good things in my life . . . I've learned a lot about them this past year," he said, and, as his eyes moved from the photograph of his mother, coming to rest on Dad, he added: "And they're more important than a ball game." THE END

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My mother interrupted here. "It's very easy for your father," she told me. "He just has a way of reading faces. And, son, it's written all over yours."

It was quite a night for me, and I guess I turned and tossed in bed for at least an hour, running through the details again, and maybe that's why the making of my first date is still so vivid in my mind. The rest of the event's kind of hazy, although I do remember I enjoyed the date better than the play.

I thought my own ordeal was just about the greatest until I heard from Duane

Eddy. I was telling him about some of the things I'd dragged up in my souvenir searching, and it started him off about his first date in Arizona. Duane was born up in Corning, New York, and when he reached his teens the family moved out to Arizona. It was the start of a new life for Duane, and new friends, of course, went with it.

It isn't easy to move right in with a new crowd of fellows and girls, and take up right where you left off with your old gang. "They all seemed real friendly," Duane told me, "and they'd go out of their way to include me in everything, just as if I'd lived there all my life."

Life out west had its happy moments, and one of them came soon after the Eddy family had settled down. "A group of the fellows at school were going to hold a cookout with steaks, hamburgers, and all the fixings," Duane told me. "They were going to make sure this would be a terrific affair, and since they knew I had been practicing on the guitar, they thought I could help."

"Well," Duane continued, "I hadn't been playing too long, but anything I could do to help was fine by me. Then they threw me off balance with 'Get yourself a date and come along.'" Since Duane had been so busy just trying to learn where the



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school, church, and soda shops were, he hadn't quite had the time to get a run-down on the local belles. He sure had to do some quick research and, practical guy that he is, he soon found out that one of the fellows in the crowd had a sister, and the sister hadn't been invited to the cook-out . . . yet. Duane decided his best approach would be through the brother. "I figured I'd better get his O.K. first, because, you know, some guys don't like to have their sisters and brothers on the same parties with them. Guess they figure the family spoils the fun."

The new friend gave his O.K. as long as Duane would do the asking himself. Since Duane barely knew the sister by sight, he had to figure out a way to get to know her better before inviting her.

"Well, most girls are interested in popular music," Duane continued, "so I got the sheet music of some of the top songs and headed for my buddy's house . . . to see his sister. I knew he wasn't in, but I hoped she might be there. I knocked on the door, guitar in hand, and she answered it. No, her brother wasn't home, but if I cared to wait for him, I could sit in the glider on the porch."

"So, pretending to be real casual about the whole thing, I sat down and began strumming the guitar and playing some of the songs I knew best. Then I started to pick out the melody of the newest one. Well, she'd gone back in the house right away, but pretty soon the door opened and she came out to listen."

After a bit, Duane told me, the object of his intentions remarked about his being new around town. Duane agreed. She allowed as how she liked the guitar. Duane said he loved to play it. She thought it was real fun to sit outside and sing and play all the old favorites. Duane spotted the opening and shot in fast. "Why, that's what I'm practicing for," he told her. "We're having a cookout and afterwards we'll all sit around the fire and sing."

Duane knew he was on the right track the way her interest quickened, but he didn't want to move too fast. They chatted away for a few minutes, and then he heard the words he'd been waiting for. "I'd love to go to something like that," she said.

"Well, gee, why not come along with me?" Duane said, as if the idea had just come to him. And before he could even strum another note, his offer was accepted.

"I was so keyed up," Duane recalled, "I don't think I hit a right note for the rest of the day. When her brother came home, he sat down with us for a few minutes while I tried to play. He soon got up and went inside, muttering that he didn't see why I wasted my time with a guitar, maybe I should try the piano!"

Most of our early dates are made within our own crowds. Paul Anka's first date is an exception. This talented singer-composer met "her" exactly where you'd expect him to—in a music shop. One day after school, he was rifling through records in an Ottawa, Canada store, when he noticed a Perry Como album he'd been wanting for a long time. It seems that a young girl had her eyes on that album, too, and it was the only one left.

Rather than hurt her feelings, Paul politely told the clerk he would wait for a new shipment. As he was leaving, the girl smiled and thanked him, telling him the album was a birthday present for her older sister. Paul began chatting with her about records, and he soon found out her tastes were very similar to his. She also happened to live in the same direction he did, so as they walked home together he told her all about his ambitions to become a singer and learn to write his own songs. "The nicest thing I can remember," Paul

related, "is that she didn't laugh at me. She told me she thought it was wonderful, that I should keep working hard and that I could be successful. We were just in our early teens, but I was very impressed with her sincerity. I was glad I had let her have the album."

On the way home, Paul remembered that a friend of his was having an end-of-school party during the coming weekend. He asked a few questions that let him know his new friend didn't have anything planned for the weekend, and then began to set the groundwork for an invitation. He told her about his pals, and how they all liked music and records, and he could tell she was just as interested. Then he told her, "I think you would like my friends. I'd love to have you meet them." She stepped into the velvet trap by replying that she, too, would like to meet them. "How about Saturday night?" Paul asked breathlessly. "We're having a little party with records and dancing." She gave him a smile that told him she'd like to.

There was a hitch, though.

Wouldn't he like to come in and see her record collection? She knew her mother would like to meet him. What's a fellow to do? "So I went in and met the family," Paul said, "and when she told her mother I'd invited her out Saturday night, I knew I was being given the once over."

When he knocked at the door the night of the date, he was relieved to find himself being greeted as if he were an old friend. By that time Paul felt he really was, because he had passed two tough tests in one day . . . the date and the family.

The family also entered into the first date of Dion (of Dion and the Belmonets). In

New York City, Dion tells me, it's kind of difficult to do anything without someone finding out about it. He found that out on his first date. Some of the fellows were standing around one summer evening and, as fellows do, they started wondering about what they were going to do on the weekend. Well, if you saw Ernest Borgnine in "Marty," you get the idea: "What are you going to do, Marty?" "I don't know, what are you going to do?" "I don't know, let's do something." What?

Well, after the "What?" there's usually a long silence. One warm evening Dion decided to break it by getting himself a date for the movies. "What, are you nuts?" and similar questions stirred the air on Belmont Avenue.

"Nope," Dion assured his buddies, "I'm getting a date." Hours later, at home, he began to think maybe he was off with the heat. Who would he date? The next morning at breakfast, the family noted that he wasn't singing and playing around as usual. He felt it himself. It was almost as if he'd taken a dare. Dion hadn't had a date before, and now he'd put his word on the line in front of the fellows. He had to go through with it if he didn't want them giving him the razzmatazz. The list of eligible girls in New York is pretty long, but Dion knew this one had to be somebody special, since all the fellows would be watching.

This is where the family comes in. You know, Mom and Pop—and sometimes brother and sister—can be pretty good critics. Dion realized this, so he just began to drop the names of various girls he knew, just to hear the response. It started on Wednesday, so time was short, and Dion says it must have sounded as if he were rattling off the names of train stations, he was going so fast. Something was wrong with each name he mentioned. He started to worry and was afraid he'd have to go along with someone the gang could really needle him about. "I guess I saved one name till near the end, though," Dion recalls. "She was the girl I think I must

have had in mind when I mentioned a date in the first place. I was afraid to mention her name because I was scared someone would criticize her. I didn't want anyone to find anything wrong with her, because to me everything about her was perfect. Finally, when I couldn't stand the suspense any longer, I said I had met, let's call her Mary, at the store that day. For the first time no one came out with anything critical. The family liked her. I knew the guys must have, too, and I knew I sure wanted to take her out."

Romance has a strange way of working out, for on the way to the swimming pool the next day, Dion found himself strolling along with his intended first date. She certainly was innocent of any suspicion that the fellow with her desperately hoped she would be at his side Saturday night.

Later that afternoon, spotting a moment when she was sunning herself at the side of the pool, Dion sat down and joined her. "Now's the time," he told himself, and before he knew it the question was out. "Would you like to go to the movies with me Saturday night?" The answer: Yes.

When Dion went back to the crowd, the fellows were still debating plans for the weekend. "Include me out, fellows," Dion told them, "I'm taking Mary to the movies."

"You've got a date?" was the astounded reply, in chorus.

"I sure have," Dion told them. "In fact, I might have a date lots of Saturday nights from now on." And he did. But the first one was the most fun to make.

It's a long stretch of road between Louisiana and New York, but James Reed Clanton has traveled it by train, plane and car. But the first time he made a date, he wasn't much of a traveler.

"My first date was hectic, because it was almost a blind one," Jimmy told me. "One of my buddies and I had met these two girls at a high-school football game, and we thought they were very nice. So nice, in fact, that we wanted to see them again. We asked them if we could walk them home, and after some cakes and sodas we dropped them at a real nice house not too far from our own neighborhood.

"A couple of weeks later," Jimmy continued, "we met them again at a community dance. They were terrific dancers, and we really had a lot of fun. Time came to go home again, and we walked them to the same house again. Things were really going swell, we thought. About a week later, my buddy called me and told me he had a date with this one girl, and he suggested that I take out the other one. Sure, I thought, we'll have another good time."

Then Jimmy had another thought. "How could I get in touch with her? I'd forgotten how to spell her last name, so I figured I might as well stop by the house and ask her in person. When I rang the bell, her girlfriend came out. She knew why I was there, but did she have a surprise for me. Her girlfriend was all set for the date, she told me, but this wasn't her house. She lived out of town, about fifteen miles away! All I had to do was pick her up at eight o'clock Friday night."

The only trouble was, Jimmy didn't have a car. What problems fellows can have. He

was desperate. Here he was in on a date he really hadn't formally made, and he had to go through with it or his name would be mud. Buses to the other town ran about once every two hours, there weren't any trains, and certainly no helicopters. Things really looked dim.

Then his buddy came up with a solution: "Why not have my girl invite her friend over for the weekend?" The idea was passed along, accepted, and waiting at the bus station late Friday afternoon was one Jimmy Clanton, anxious as ever to help a young lady with her suitcases.

"She was wonderful about it," Jimmy now recalls. "There I was, worrying myself to death about how I was going to meet her, and what do you know? She saved my life by coming to meet me. We had a week-end date, and I got a ride home for her on Sunday and went along to meet her folks. It was one of the longest—and best—dates I've ever had."

For my Philadelphia friend, Jimmy Darren, it wasn't transportation that caused his first date to linger in his mind. It was the telephone and that old demon, the busy signal.

One cold January night, Jimmy was anxious to set up a date for a school dance. He just couldn't seem to get near the phone at home. Someone was either calling in or calling out. Jimmy hadn't been too sure he'd be able to go to the dance, so he'd put off getting a date. All the other fellows must have latched on to all the local lovelies by this time, he thought. But after classes that afternoon, a girl he knew had remarked that a certain brunette he admired hadn't been signed up yet. "That's my chance," Jimmy thought, and dashed home for the phone. Busy signal. Dinner. Phone: busy signal. Then the Darren phone started to get tied up. Jimmy couldn't understand how anybody could be so long-winded. He rushed next door. Phone: busy. Man, how long can a guy stand this?

Finally, when he figured that every dateless guy in the class must have been talking to his intended, Jimmy heard that most wonderful of all sounds, the ring on the other end of the line. Her father answered and then called Jimmy's hoped-for date to the phone. Almost as soon as his name was out, he blurted forth the reason for the call. "Why, I'd be delighted to go" is still a phrase that's music to Jimmy Darren's ears. When Jimmy told her how worried he'd been that someone else might have asked her first, she was flattered. And when he told her he'd been getting a busy signal all night, she laughed. He couldn't understand why it was so funny until she told him her father had just finished sending her little brother to bed for being bad. Jimmy wanted to know what he'd done. "Oh," she explained, "he thinks it's funny to take the telephone off the cradle, and he did it again tonight. We just can't break him of that habit!"

Say, I've been rattling off here just from one small card in the souvenir box. Guess Bobbie will have to figure out another way to get rid of those valuables. Or maybe I'll just haul the box over to my little corner at the Photoplay office! Your letters have already started bulging out of that file cabinet they gave me for my very own, so maybe this is a good time to ask 'em for a second one.

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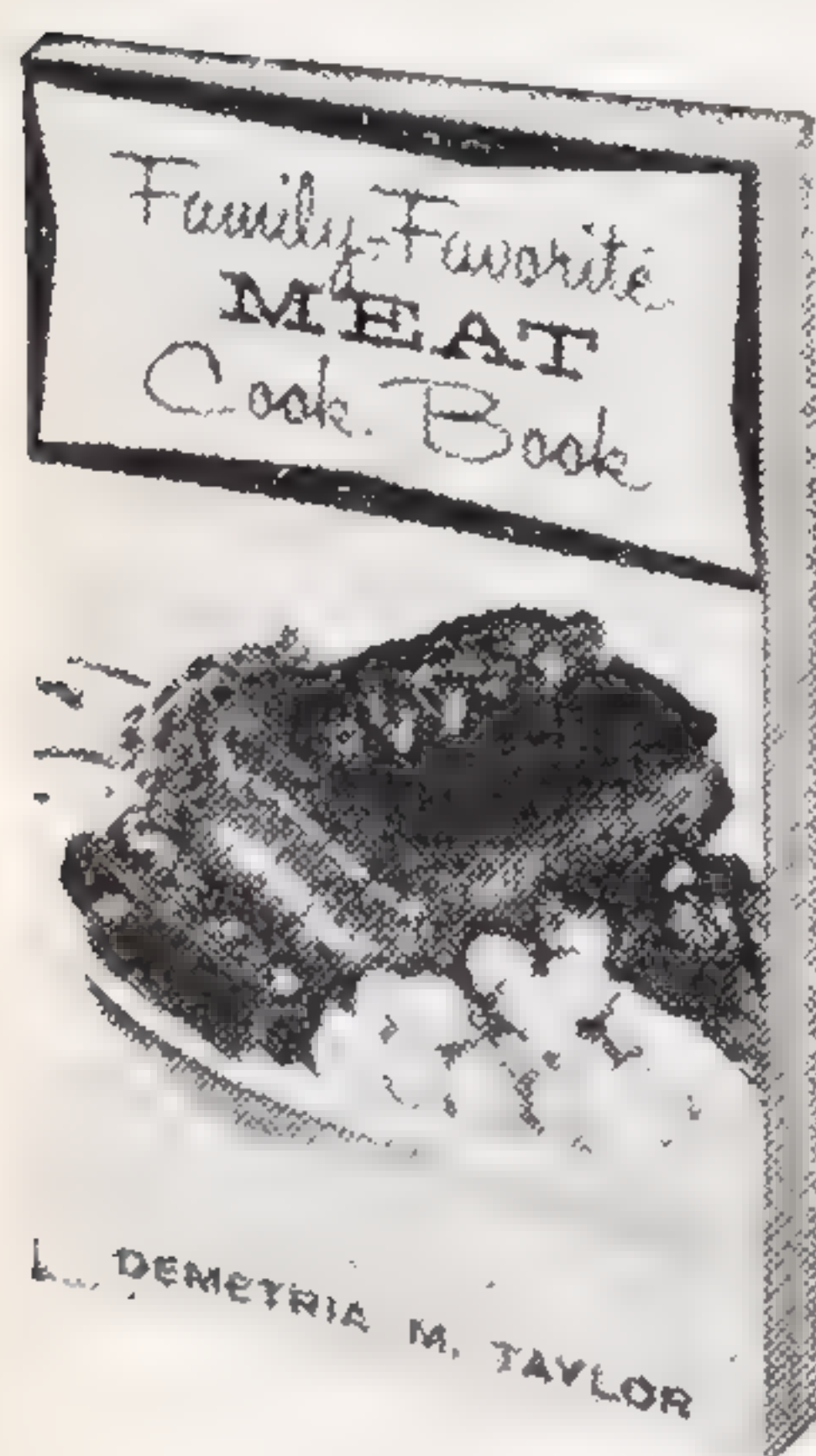
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MOVIES

(Continued from page 16)

Anka records in the background. Alain has long hair and lashes and women *are* (thank God, don't you think?) weak. ADULT

The Five Pennies

PARAMOUNT; VISTA-
VISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Listen to the beat—all the way from Dixieland, through swing, to r'n'r: Red Nichols has played just about everything on his hot cornet, and now he does an off-screen recap while Danny Kaye tells his touching story on film. Listen to the heart-beat, too, as Danny takes a wife (first-rate actress Barbara Bel Geddes) and watches his daughter grow into a charming teenager (Tuesday Weld, with him below left) who is cruelly smitten with polio. Nobody but Louis Armstrong could have played Satchmo, but contemporary musicians such as Bob Crosby and Shelley Manne double nicely as other greats of the day. And thanks to Mrs. Kaye (composer Sylvia Fine), Danny also sings four new songs in his best madcap tradition. FAMILY

John Paul Jones

WARNERS; TECHNI-
RAMA, TECHNICOLOR

✓½ The rousing story of the American Revolution has been pretty much neglected by Hollywood, but now moviemen with patriotic intentions make a laudable, if unsuccessful, effort to fill that gap. Scenes from your schoolbook flash on the screen with a star-jammed cast headed by Robert Stack as America's first naval hero. Two shore loves has he: Marisa Pavan as a mysterious French girl and Erin O'Brien as an impatient Virginian. But his true love is the fighting ship he steers through some of the most spectacular sea battles ever filmed. Among many familiar faces, you'll

spot Charles Coburn as Ben Franklin, Bette Davis as Catherine the Great, MacDonald Carey as Patrick Henry. FAMILY

Born to Be Loved

U-I

✓ Keep an eye on a couple of appealing youngsters in this curiously naive little movie. Even under those standard Hollywood de-beautifiers—dowdy clothes and bifocals—Carol Morris, a former "Miss Universe," still looks like a beauty queen, and though she's sweet as can be, you probably won't believe a word she says. Opposite her is Dick Kallman, the very model of a pop singer, who's supposed to be taking music lessons from elderly Hugo Haas, Carl's neighbor in the darndest tenement house you ever saw, where something's always going on, and everybody sneaks about the halls snooping into everybody else's business. FAMILY

Holiday for Lovers

20TH; CINEMA-SCOPE,
DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ Why not book yourself on this low-fare, fun-filled tour and watch sisters Carol Lynley and Jill St. John get their men in romantic Latin America? Parents Jane Wyman and Clifton Webb think they're doing a good job chaperoning wide-eyed Carol, but they reckon without the ingenuity of the U. S. Army, in the person of Sgt. Gary Crosby (below right with Mom, Dad, Carol). And while we're worrying about whether Jill's seriously involved with "an older man" (Paul Henreid) . . . but why tell the plot, so long as Nico Minardos, "a Brazilian beatnik," according to Clifton, is mixed up in it. (Nico was once married to Debbie Power.) While you need more than a couple of dates to make a double wedding, we're sure you'll take to it all as a kid takes to fairy tales. FAMILY



Sara Hamilton's

INSIDE STUFF



Guess part of a beatnik party is saying whatever's on your mind. But when a friend spoke out frankly to Debbie—Wow!

Around Town: I caught my breath and held it when I overheard a friend say to **Debbie Reynolds** at a recent Beatnik party: "I wish you had dressed as smartly and worn your hair as becomingly a long time ago. It might have helped." For a long minute, Debbie stared at the woman, considering the idea. Then, with her typical honesty, she replied, "I think you have a point there." . . . These come-as-you-woke-up beatnik parties are the latest rage in Hollywood. But after the party, I'm agin the no-lipstick fad among young girls. It's spooky. **Susan Talbot**, for instance, would be twice as lovely with even a faint pink outline on her lips. Although I like **Sandra Dee**'s combination of two pale pink lipsticks, one frosted and the other plain. . . . **Al Hedison** looked forlorn when I ran into him at the Bank of America on Wilshire Boulevard. "Overdrawn, chum?" I asked. "No," Al said, "it isn't that. It's just that the studio wants to change my name before I begin my TV series, 'Five Fingers.'" "But after 'The Fly,' Al Hedison's a famous name," I said. "They want to change it to Ara Hedison, which I think is awful," he moaned. "Personally, I'm holding out for David, which is my real middle name." Why not write and tell Al which name you want him called? . . . **Sal Mineo**, whom I spotted carrying a package that looked suspiciously like still another bongo drum, is having name trouble too. "I'm beginning to be sorry I chose Sal as a name," he told me. "My real name is Salvatore Mineo, but I shortened it one day when I was about eleven and decided it'd be too long for a theater marquee," he explained. "Now, I wish I'd stuck with Salvatore." . . . When I investigated a crowd of teenage girls on the corner of Wilshire and Beverly, I found they were clustered around **Edd Byrnes**, signing bits of paper and every once in a while, at the request of one of the girls, combing his hair. This town usually doesn't even notice movie stars any more, but Edd, of course, is Kookie.

Sadness Hits: The entire town, remembering how she charmed us all on her visits here, was saddened by the death of **Ruth B. Manheimer**, whose husband is the publisher of Photoplay.

For Your Information: "Tony," I said, practically shouting into the phone, "what happened?" "Oh, it's nothing," **Tony Curtis** answered calmly. "I hurt my foot on the set. We're going ahead with the shooting and I'll be off crutches in just a few weeks." "He broke a tendon," Janet cut in from the upstairs extension. It's called—"I'm sure I heard Janet giggle here, "—the Achilles tendon." . . . **Frankie Avalon** says you can borrow his coat, tote his luggage and even share his wallet. But when it comes to touching his guitar—hands off. . . . Saw **Jerry Lewis** riding around the Paramount lot in a golf go-cart. "Saves time between my dressing-room and the set of 'Visit to a Small Planet,'" he explained. Each time I see Jerry, I'm surprised at what a really handsome man he is. But the way he seems to grow more and more nervous has his pals worried. . . . The Italian court's ruling that

she is still legally wed to **Roberto Rossellini** has all of us wondering if Ingrid Bergman's woes will ever end. . . . **Kim Novak** confided, "I love dark men." But curiously enough, Kim's favorite date, director **Richard Quine**, is a medium brown-head. . . . The town's crossing its fingers over the **Vic Damone—Pier Angeli** reunion. One false move and the dream could shatter to bits.



"Don't worry," Tony said. But I did—till I saw him hobbling about with Janet.

Snappers: How about **Peter Lawford**'s new album, "The Thin Man Swings"? It's great—just like the news that Pete's becoming an American citizen after all these years. . . . For my money, **Bobby Darin** has the greatest beat, best timing and sense of rhythm of any of the young singers of his type today. Both Bobby and **Fabian** are battling for roles in "The Most Courageous Game," the movie **Dick Clark** is producing this summer. Their reason? The big boost Dick gave both of 'em. . . . The **Crosby** boys, hitting the road and the public's fancy with their nightclub act, have nicknamed Lindsay, the youngest and the only brunette in the quartet, "Old Mysterious." Seems Lindsay likes to keep his comings and goings to himself. Including dates with **Sandra Dee**?

INSIDE STUFF

continued



The town is happy to have Henry Fonda and Afdera back.

Your Favorites: Movie fans are the loyalest. I'm surer than ever about that since your flood of letters began asking whatever happened to some of the people you've missed seeing on the screen. To fill you in on where they are and what they're up to, let's begin with lovely **Frances Dee**, a former Paramount star. I remember when **Charles Boyer**, then a newcomer from France, was her devoted swain. Instead, she married **Joel McCrea**, and with their sons—Jody, David and three-year-old Peter—they celebrated twenty-five years of marriage at their big ranch out in the valley. . . . **Franchot Tone** left a wealthy family in Niagara Falls, paused long enough to graduate from Cornell U. and gain experience on Broadway, and then hit Hollywood—hard. He immediately became the good friend of **Douglas Fairbanks Jr.**, and later married Doug's ex-wife, **Joan Crawford**. Still later, he wed **Jean Wallace**, now Mrs. **Cornel Wilde**. He now divides his time between stage and TV. . . . On a "77 Sunset Strip" episode, **Doris Kenyon** made a rare appearance in her old world of cameras and lights. One of the loveliest of the silent-screen stars, Doris now lives a quiet, happy life in her beautiful Beverly Hills home. . . . **Corinne**

Griffith, so the jokesters say, *owns* Beverly Hills. Still a great beauty, Corinne does own valuable property in the community and is an ardent campaigner for a museum to commemorate the Hollywood of the past, the present and the future. . . . **Jean Arthur**, who was the finest comedienne ever to appear on the screen, co-starring with such prominent actors as **Jimmy Stewart**, **Fred MacMurray** and **Cary Grant**, finally permitted her shyness and longing for privacy to drive her



If Bob Cummings and Mary had their way, we'd all eat carrots.

from the screen. Hollywood tried hard to hang onto Jean of the delightfully "kookie" voice, but after her divorce from producer **Frank Ross**, Jean retired to Carmel. . . . Looking back, I remembered, too, something **Barbara Stanwyck** once told me about welcoming the years as they come. "Look," she said, pointing to her head, "gray hairs! What a welcome change after that old all-over brown!"



Kirk Douglas and Anne came to the Share party as cowpokes.

TV Jottings: It really happened—honest! A Los Angeles judge warned a brash defendant: "Remember, young man, this is not a *Perry Mason* courtroom. Sometimes, our district attorney *wins* a case." **Raymond Burr** roared when I told him the story. "I think I'll invite that judge home to dinner," said Ray, who's one of our town's great chefs. . . . Now that the Gunsmoke's cleared away, **Jim Arness** has started dating, while his estranged wife, Virginia, busies herself with little-theater work. And fans have taken care of the rumors that Jim, because of his contract demands, would be shot plain "daid" by a gunman next season. "You kill off *Sheriff Dillon*," they wrote, "and we'll shoot up the town." . . . Watch out for **Steve McQueen** in "Never So Few." One look at the first rushes and the studio optioned this brand-new father for a movie a year, which he'll do on TV vacations from "Wanted: Dead or Alive." . . . "Rawhide's" **Eric Fleming** told me that on the first day of his vacation, he met up with an off-camera horse who promptly reared and kicked him in the jaw. Big Eric spent the rest of his vacation behind a bandaged face.



I'm not telling anybody's age, but Gable doesn't look his. And Roz Russell doesn't look old enough to be anybody's famous aunt.

Personal Peeves: Why doesn't Hollywood wake up to **Jane Powell**? She needs a good movie right now—and movies need Janie. . . . **Tuesday Weld**'s two years younger than **Fabian**, her co-star in "Hound Dog Man," but in experience she's many light years ahead of him. Wonder if he'll ever catch up. . . . In my opinion, **Paul Newman** could become an all-time great—if only he avoids those artsy-craftsy pitfalls. . . . Do you agree that **John Kerr** is the most unappreciated actor in Hollywood, **Monty Clift** the weariest and **Tony Perkins** the one who needs a new start in movies?



On the Run: I bought the wildest cowboy shirt I could find, to wear to the Share party, an annual charity shindig that had a western motif this year. And it worked—I landed **Kirk Douglas** as a dancing partner. “There’s **Roz Russell**,” he said. “Wonder why nobody’s ever cast her in a western.” I could almost hear his mind perking. Later, I split a canape with **Milton Berle**. “New York was never like this,” he admitted. . . . I remembered his words as I continued to run into old friends all month long. At the “Hole in the Head” party at Puccino’s, for example, I sat near **Clark Gable**, and, not four feet away, there was **Henry Fonda**. “When **Frank Sinatra** gives a party,” **Jack Oakie** explained, “nobody wants to miss it.” . . . At the annual play presented by the Buckley Schools, I found **Bob Young** and **Bill Bendix**, poring over a program and arguing over which of their offspring really had top billing. And **Bob Cummings**, walking up the aisle to join his Mary, stopped to remind me, “Sara, don’t forget to eat those health foods.” I promised—but then I do every time that I see Bob. . . . And didn’t I predict that—finally—**Dot Malone** would marry **Jacques Bergerac**?



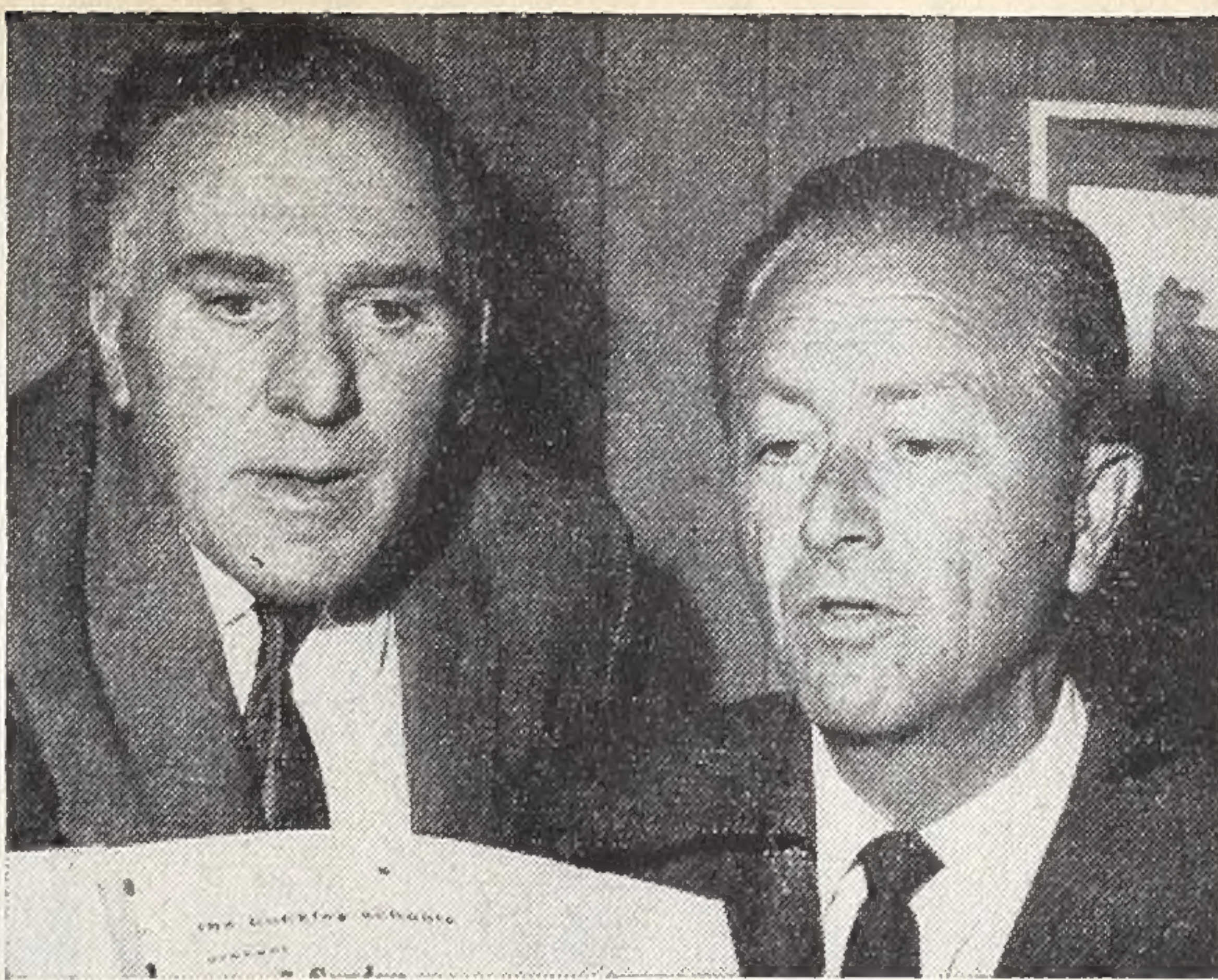
“New York was never like this,” admit Milton Berle and Ruth.

Cal York’s Jottings:

Friends are hoping the trial separation between **Dean Jones** and his wife, after five years, will do just what Dean himself hopes it will—“Help us work out our present problems.” . . . After ten months of marriage, **Barry Sullivan** filed suit to divorce **Gita Hall**. At the time of their marriage, Barry announced, “It was all pretty silly.” And, especially at his age, we agree. . . . **Gordon “Tarzan” Scott** and his mate, **Vera Miles**, are moving to separate jungles. . . . **Terry Moore**’s Mormon wedding to socialite-businessman **Stuart Cramer** caught the town by surprise. . . . **Liz Taylor** donated \$70,000 for the completion of a new theater in Tel Aviv, to be named after **Mike Todd**. . . . When **Marlon Brando** landed in New York, he immediately began to feud with **Anna Magnani**, his co-star in “The Fugitive Kind.” **Joanne Woodward**, also co-starring, has stayed friendly with both volcanos, but fingers are crossed all over town.



Why doesn’t Hollywood put comic Jack Oakie back to work?



Bill Bendix and Bob Young, both dads on TV, play it for real at the Buckley School.

Set of the Month: When I stepped through the door and onto the set of “The Best of Everything,” I shivered. **Hope Lange** and **Stephen Boyd**, who were off in a corner doing a rhumba, waved me over. “Does the picture take place during winter?” I asked. “Oh, it isn’t that,” Hope laughed. “It’s just that **Joan Crawford** likes to keep the set cool—she works better that way.” “I was just showing Hope how we do a rhumba in Ireland,” Steve put in. “It’s a great way to get warm.” I looked around to see Joan, from her set dressing-room, waving a

greeting and, remembering how thoughtful Joan and her husband, the late **Al Steele**, had been to me in London, I decided I didn’t care how cold the set was. **Julie Payne**, John’s lovely teenage daughter, came over to tell me how excited she is to be working in her first movie. “She’ll be great,” director **Jerry Wald** said, and then, pointing to **Sue Carson**, added confidentially, “but there’s the girl who’s likely to steal this picture. Just wait till you hear her make with the Brooklyn accent.” Jerry, whose wonderful “Johnny Belinda” had me crying all through the late show the other night, led me across the maze of wires to the set. “Make you feel at home?” he asked, nodding at the magazine publishing office complete with desks, typewriters and the inevitable paste-pots. “Mmm,” I said, “but it ought to make you a little nostalgic, too. Didn’t you start as a newspaperman?” Jerry laughed and led me over to a corner where **Diane Baker** and **Bob Evans** were practicing a more real than reel love scene! **Martha Hyer** and I clustered around director **Jean Negulesco**, watching him, in one big sweep of his hand, fill a sheet of paper with a sketch of a woman. Then, dissatisfied, he crumbled the paper and tossed it away. But art collector **Martha Hyer**, who knows that Jean well deserves his reputation as a fine artist, bent down and retrieved it. As I left, she was carefully pressing out the creases. (Continued)

I Look Back: I still remember the lilt of the music, the lift of the spirits as I stepped on a Paramount stage in 1930 to watch two newcomers, **Jeannette MacDonald** of Philadelphia and **Maurice Chevalier** of France, make their debut in “The Love Parade.” It made stars of both of



them, but Jeannette really found her niche in the public’s heart when she teamed with **Nelson Eddy** in “Naughty Marietta.” The world adored their romantic duet and redheaded Jeannette and blond Nelson repeated it in “Rose Marie,” “Maytime,” “New Moon,” “Bittersweet.” Jeannette made pictures with other leading men, but the public always expected her to return to Nelson—where she belonged. In 1937, when she married **Gene Raymond**, fans groaned with disappointment. The dream of Jeannette and Nelson as lovers on and off the screen was shattered. Today, she and Gene emerge from their Pacific Palisades home to take occasional flings at night-clubs and TV. And in other homes across the country, late-show fans keep sighing over the perfect pair, MacDonald and Eddy.—CAL YORK

INSIDE STUFF

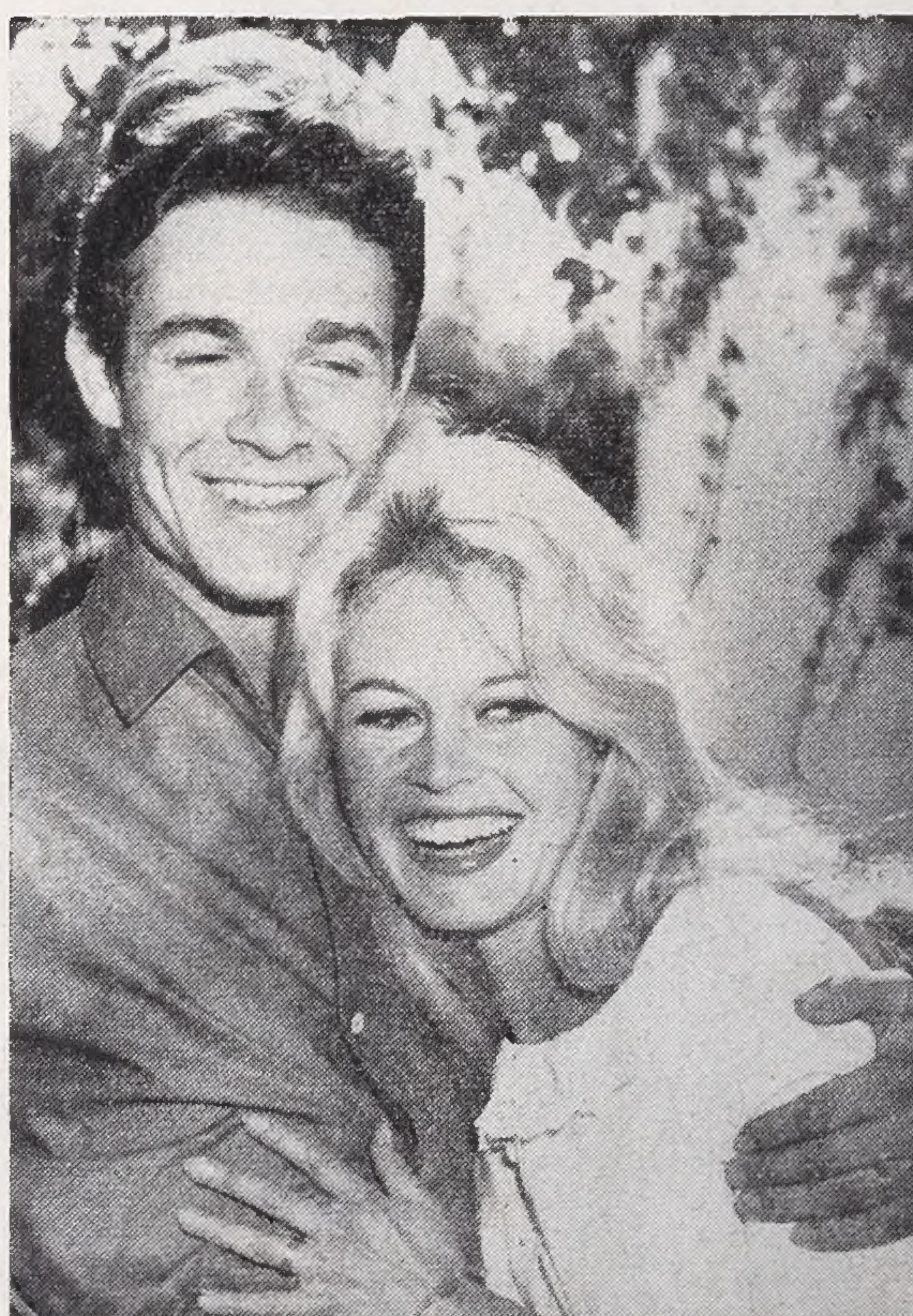
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Honeymooning Brigitte, looking "new" in a brown wig, forgets her wedding tears as she gambles with Jacques. Stakes? A Kiss.

Wish Brigitte Luck

They're off to a harried start—Brigitte bit a photographer's hand; Papa Bardot grabbed a photographer's camera, threatening to whack him with it, then turning on the Mayor of Louveciennes, Fernand Gullaume: "Too many photographers, too few police," he accused; the Mayor declared he wasn't going to turn into a boxer to perform the rites and was so shaken that he blew his lines during the ceremony; this changed Brigitte's tears to giggles. Brigitte, 24, and Jacques Charrier, 23, cooed in St. Tropez, even while he had his appendix out!



BB—this is her own hair—seems happy.

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